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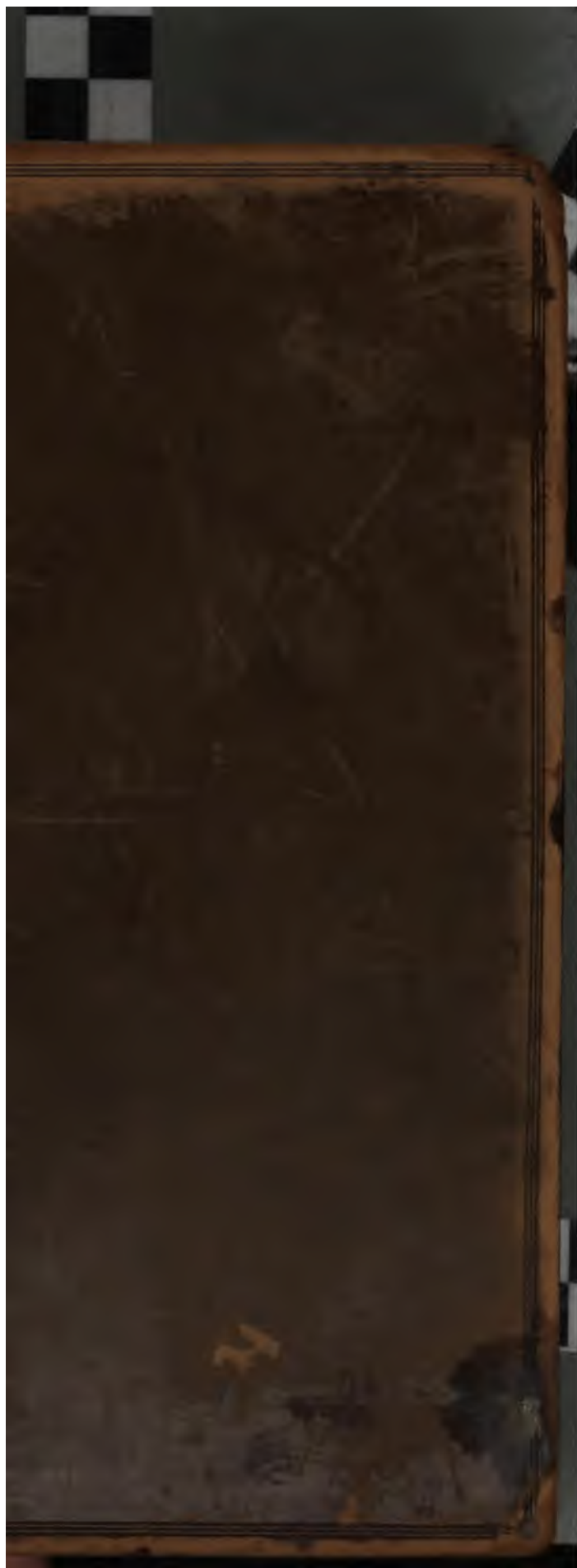
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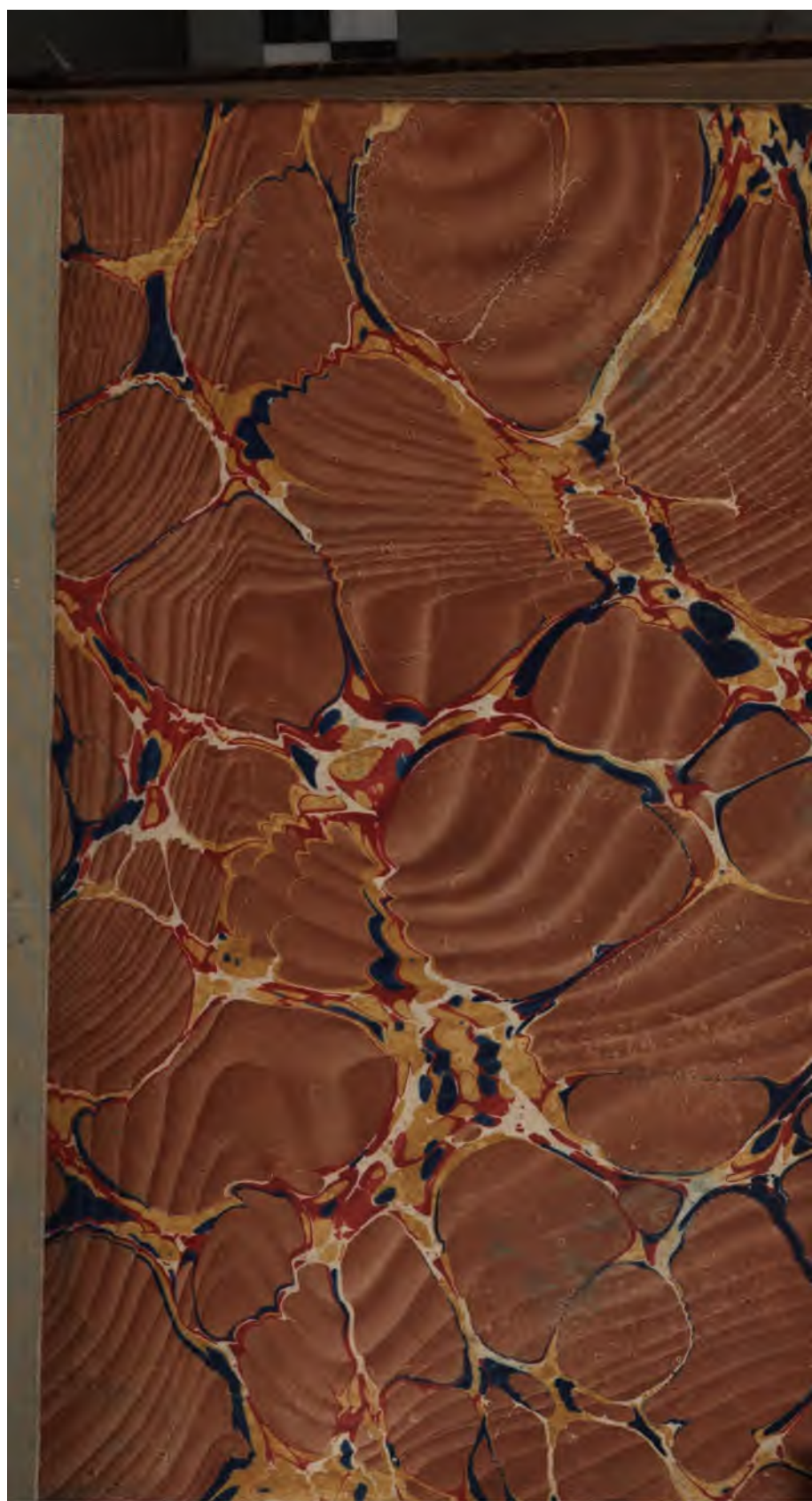
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MEMOIRS
OF
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY M. DE BOURRIENNE,
HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY.

TO WHICH ARE NOW FIRST ADDED,
AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE HUNDRED
DAYS, OF NAPOLEON'S SURRENDER TO THE ENGLISH, AND
OF HIS RESIDENCE AND DEATH AT ST. HELENA.

WITH
ANECDOTES AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES
FROM ALL THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

"Ah! BOURRIENNE, YOU ALSO WILL BE IMMORTAL!" SAID NAPOLEON.—"HOW,
SIRE?"—"ARE YOU NOT MY SECRETARY?"

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

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1815.

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THOSE who opposed the execution of the treaty concluded with Napoleon at the time of his abdication, were guilty of a great error, for they afforded him a fair pretext for leaving the island of Elba. The details of that extraordinary enterprise are known to every one, and I shall not repeat what has been told over and over again.* For my own part, as soon as I saw with what rapidity Bonaparte was marching upon Lyons, and the enthusiasm with which he was received by the troops and the people, I prepared to retire to Belgium, there to await the dénouement of this new drama. Every preparation for my departure was completed on the evening of the 13th of March, and I was ready to depart, to avoid the persecutions of which I expected I should be the object, when I received a message from the Tuileries, stating that the king desired to see me. I of course lost no time in proceeding to the palace. I went straight to M. Hue, to inquire of him why I had been sent for. He occupied the apartments in which I passed the three most laborious and anxious years of my life. M. Hue perceiving that I felt a certain degree of uneasiness at being summoned to the Tuileries at that hour of the night, hastened to inform me that the king wished to appoint me prefect of the police. He conducted me to the king's chamber, where his majesty thus

* The reader will find these details, and an account of Bonaparte's conversations at and his escape from Elba, in the supplements to the present chapter.—*Editor.*

addressed me: "M. de Bourrienne, can we rely upon you? I expect much from your zeal and fidelity."—"Your majesty," replied I, "shall have no reason to complain of my betraying your confidence."—"Well, I restore the prefecture of the police, and I appoint you prefect. Do your best, M. de Bourrienne, in the discharge of your duties; I rely upon you." By a singular coincidence, on the very day (the 13th of March) when I received this appointment, Napoleon, who was at Lyons, signed the decree, which excluded from the amnesty he had granted thirteen individuals, among whose names mine was inscribed.* This decree confirmed me in the presentiments I had conceived as soon as I heard of the landing of Bonaparte. On returning home from the Tuileries, after receiving my appointment, a multitude of ideas crowded on my mind. At the first moment, I had been prompted only by the wish to serve the cause of the king; but I was alarmed when I came to examine the extent of the responsibility I had taken upon myself. However, I determined to meet with courage the difficulties that presented themselves, and I must say, that I had every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which I was seconded by M. Foudras, the inspector-general of the police.

Even now I am filled with astonishment, when I think of the council that was held at the Tuileries on the 13th of March. The ignorance of the members of that council respecting our situation, and their confidence in the useless measures they had adopted against Napoleon, exceed all conception. Will it be believed, that those great statesmen, who had the control of the telegraph, the post-office, the police and its agents, money, in short, every thing which constitutes power, asked me to give them information respecting the advance of Bonaparte? What could I say to them? I could only repeat the reports which were circulated on the Exchange, and those which I had collected here and there, during the last twenty-four hours. I did not conceal that the danger was imminent, and that all their precautions would be of no avail. The question then arose as to what course should be adopted by the king. It was impossible that the monarch could remain in the capital, and yet, where was he to go? One proposed that he should go to Bordeaux; another to La Vendée; and a third to Normandy; and a fourth member of the council was of opinion that the king should be conducted to Melun. I conceived that if a battle should take place any where, it would probably be in the neighbourhood of that town; but the counsellor who made this last suggestion, assured us that the presence of the king, in an open carriage and eight horses,

* This was Napoleon's list of proscription:—"The Prince of Benevento (Talleyrand); the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont); the Duke of Alberg, the Abbé de Montesquiou, the Count de Jaucourt, the Count de Beurnonville, Lynch, Vitrolles, Alexis de Noailles, Bourrienne, Bellard, Larochejacquelin, and Sosthènes de la Rochefoucauld." According to Fouché, the name of Augereau originally stood in this black list, but it was erased at the entreaties of his wife, and in consequence of his proclamation of 23d March.—*Editor.*

would produce a wonderful effect on the minds of the troops. This project was merely ridiculous; the others appeared to be dangerous and impracticable. I declared to the council, that considering the situation of things, it was necessary to renounce all idea of resistance by force of arms; that no soldier would fire a musket, and that it was madness to attempt to take any other view of things. "Defection," said I, "is inevitable. The soldiers are drinking in their barracks the money which you have been giving them, for some days past, to purchase their fidelity. They say Louis XVIII. is a very good sort of man, but *vive le petit caporal!*"

Immediately on the landing of Napoleon, the king sent an extraordinary courier to Marmont, who was at Châtillon, whither he had gone to take a last leave of his dying mother. I saw him one day after he had had an interview with the king; I think it was on the 6th or 7th of March. After some conversation on the landing of Napoleon, and the means of preventing him from reaching Paris, Marmont said to me, "This is what I dwelt most strongly upon in the interview I have just had with the king. 'Sire,' said I, 'I doubt not Bonaparte's intention of coming to Paris; and the best way to prevent him doing so, would be for your majesty to remain here. It is necessary to secure the palace of the Tuileries against a surprise, and to prepare it for resisting a siege, in which it would be indispensable to use cannon. You must shut yourself up in your palace, with the individuals of your household, and the principal public functionaries, while the Duke d'Angoulême should go to Bourdeaux, the Duke de Berri to La Vendée, and Monsieur to the Franche Comté; but they must set off in open day, and announce that they are going to collect defenders for your Majesty. . . . This is what I said to the king this morning, and I added, that I would answer for every thing, if my advice were followed. I am now going to direct my aide-de-camp, Colonel Fabvier, to draw up the plan of defence." I did not concur in Marmont's opinion. It is certainly probable, that, had Louis XVIII. remained in his palace, the numerous defections which took place before the 20th of March would have been checked, and some persons would not have found so ready an excuse for breaking their oaths of allegiance. There can be little doubt, too, but Bonaparte would have reflected well before he attempted the siege of the Tuileries.

Marmont supported his opinion by observing, that the admiration and astonishment excited by the extraordinary enterprise of Napoleon, and his rapid march to Paris, would be counterbalanced by the interest inspired by an old monarch defying his bold rival, and courageously defending his throne. While I rendered full justice to the good intentions of the Duke de Ragusa, yet I did not think that his advice could be adopted. I opposed it, as I opposed all the propositions that were made in the council relative to the different places to which the king

should retire. I myself suggested Lille as being the nearest, and as presenting the greatest degree of safety, especially in the first instance.

It was after midnight when I left the council of the Tuileries. The discussion had terminated, and, without coming to any precise resolution, it was agreed that the different opinions which had been expressed should be submitted to Louis XVIII., in order that his majesty might adopt that which should appear to him the best. The king adopted my opinion, but it was not acted upon until five days after.

My appointment to the prefecture of the police was, as will be seen, a late thought of measure, almost as late, indeed, as Napoleon's proposition to send me as his minister plenipotentiary to Switzerland. In now accepting office, I was well convinced of the inutility of any effort that might be made to arrest the progress of the fast approaching and menacing events. Being introduced into the king's cabinet, his majesty asked me what I thought of the situation of affairs. "I think, sire, that Bonaparte will be here in five or six days."—"Do you say so?"—"Yes, sire."—"But proper measures are taken, the necessary orders given, and the marshals are faithful to me."—"Sire, I suspect no man's fidelity; but I can assure your majesty, that, as Bonaparte has landed, he will be here within a week. I know him, and your majesty cannot know him as well as I do; but I can venture to assure your majesty, with the same confidence, that he will not be here six months hence. He will be hurried into acts of folly which will ruin him."—"M. de Bourrienne, I argue better of events; but if misfortune again compel me to leave France, and your second prediction be fulfilled, you may rely on me." During this short conversation, the king appeared perfectly tranquil and resigned.

Next day I again visited the Tuileries, whither I had at those perilous times frequent occasion to repair. On that day I received a list of twenty-five persons, whom I was ordered to arrest. I took the liberty to observe, that such a proceeding was not only useless, but likely to produce a very injurious effect at that critical moment. The reasons I urged had not all the effect I expected. However, some relaxation as to twenty-three of the twenty-five was conceded, but it was insisted that Fouché and Davoust should be arrested without delay. The king repeatedly said, "I wish you to arrest Fouché."—"Sire, I beseech your majesty to consider the inutility of such a measure."—"I am resolved upon Fouché's arrest. But I am sure you will miss him, for André could not catch him."

After this formal order from the king, I left the Tuileries, carrying with me the following list. I have preserved the autograph in the handwriting of M. de Blacas, and I here insert a faithful copy without even correcting the erroneous orthography of some of the names.

*Fouché; *Davoust; Le Comte, Rue de Bac, corner of the Rue de l'Université—he holds funds belonging to Fouché; M. Guillard, counsellor, of the royal court; Hinguerlot; Le Maire; Gerard; Mejean; Le Grand; Etienne; Rovigo; Real; Monnier; Arnould; Norwins; Bouvier-Dumolard; Maret, absent; Daviquet; Patris, not here; Lavalette, absent; Syeyes; Pierre Pierre; Flao; Excell-monce; Jos. Thurot.

My nocturnal installation, as prefect of the police, took place some time after midnight. I had great repugnance to the arrest of Fouché, but the order having been given, there was no alternative but to obey it. I communicated the order to M. Foudras, who very coolly observed, "Since we are to arrest him you need not be afraid, we shall have him fast to-morrow." Next day, my agents repaired to the Duke of Otranto's hotel, Rue d'Artois. On showing their warrant, Fouché said, "What does this mean? Your warrant is of no force; it is mere waste paper. It purports to come from the prefect of the police, but there is no such prefect." In my opinion, Fouché was right; for my appointment, which took place during the night, had not been legally announced. But be that as it may, on his refusal to surrender, one of my agents applied to the staff of the national guard, requesting the support, in case of need, of an armed force. General Dessolles repaired to the Tuileries, to take the king's orders on the subject. Meanwhile Fouché, who never lost his self-possession, after talking to the police-officers who remained with him, pretended to step aside for some indispensable purpose, but the door which he opened led into a dark passage, through which he slipped, leaving my unfortunate agents groping about in the obscurity. As for himself he speedily gained the Rue Taitbout, where he stepped into a coach and drove off. This is the whole history of the notable arrest of Fouché.†

* The first and the second names have in the original an asterisk prefixed, to indicate the persons whose arrest was more particularly insisted on. The words "absent," "not here," were added by me.

† The following is Fouché's own account of this scene:

"I was sitting, without any mistrust, in my *hotel*, when some agents of the Parisian police, at the head of which Bourrienne had just been placed, suddenly made their appearance, accompanied by *gendarmes*, to arrest me. Having timely intelligence, I hastily took measures for my escape. The agents of police had already proceeded to active search in my apartments, when the *gendarmes*, commissioned to execute the order of the new prefect, presented themselves before me. These men, who had so long obeyed my orders, not daring to lay their hands on my person, contented themselves with giving me their written authority. I took the paper, opened it, and confidently said, 'This order is not regular; stay where you are, while I go and protest it.' I entered my closet, seated myself at my desk, and began to write. I then rose with a paper in my hand, and making a sudden turn, I precipitately descended into my garden by a secret door: there I found a ladder attached to a wall contiguous to the hotel of Queen Hortense. I nimbly climbed it; one of my people raised the ladder, which I took and let it fall on its feet on the other side of the wall; this I

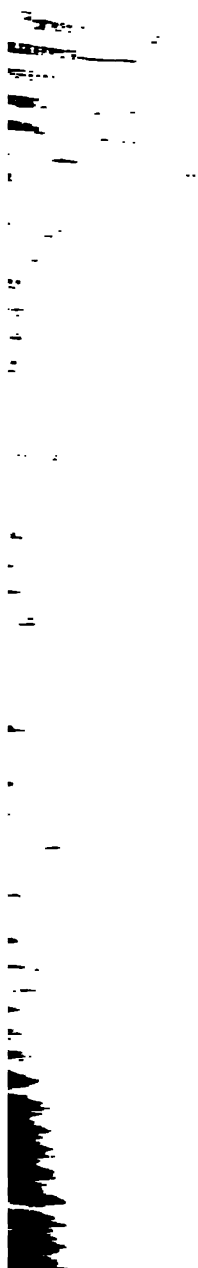
should retire. I myself suggested Lille as being the most secure, and as presenting the greatest degree of safety, especially in the first instance.

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After this formal interview, I was carrying with me a paper in the hand, which I had a faithful copy with me of the na-



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As for Davoust, I felt my hands tied with respect to him. I do not mean to affect generosity, for I acknowledge the enmity I bore him; but I did not wish it to be supposed that I was acting towards him from a spirit of personal vengeance. I therefore merely ordered him to be watched. The other twenty-three were to me, in this matter, as if they had never existed; and some of them, perhaps, will only learn in reading my Memoirs, what dangerous characters they were thought to be.

On the 15th of March, after the conversation which, as I have already related, I had with Louis XVIII., I went to M. de Blacas, and repeated to him what I had stated to the king, on the certainty of Bonaparte's speedy arrival in Paris. I told him that I found it necessary to devote the short time still in our power to prevent a reaction against the royalists, and to preserve public tranquillity until the departure of the royal family; and that I would protect the departure of all persons who had reasons for withdrawing themselves from the scene of the great and, perhaps, disastrous events that might ensue. "You may readily believe, count," added I, "that considering the great interests with which I am intrusted, I am not inclined to lose valuable time in arresting the persons of whose names I have received a list. The execution of such a measure would be useless: it would lead to nothing, or rather, it would serve to irritate public feeling. My conviction of this fact has banished from me all idea of keeping under restraint for four or five days, persons, whose influence, whether real or supposed, is null, since Bonaparte is at Auxerre. Mere supervision appears to me sufficient, and to that I propose confining myself."—"The king," replied M. de Blacas, "relies on you. He knows that, though only forty-eight hours have elapsed since you entered upon your functions, you have already rendered greater services than you are, perhaps, aware of." I then asked M. de Blacas whether he had not received any intimation of Bonaparte's intended departure from the island of Elba by letters, or by secret agents. "The only positive information we received," answered the minister, "was an intercepted letter, dated Elba, February 6th. It was addressed to M. ———, near Grenoble. I will show it you." M. de Blacas opened the drawer of his writing-table, and took out the letter, which he gave to me. The writer thanked his correspondent for the information he had transmitted to Elba. He was informed that every thing was ready for departure, and that the first favourable opportunity would be seized; but that it would be desirable first to receive

quickly scaled, and descended with still more promptitude. I arrived, in the character of a fugitive, at the house of Hortense, who extended her arms to me; and, as if by some sudden transition of an eastern tale, I suddenly found myself in the midst of the *élite* of the Bonapartists, in the head-quarters of the party, where I found mirth, and where my presence caused intoxication."—*Fouché's Memoirs*, vol. ii. (Editor.)

answers to some questions contained in the letter. These questions related to the regiments which had been sent into the south, and the places of their cantonment. It was inquired whether the choice of the commanders was conformable to what had been agreed on in Paris, and whether Labédoyère was at his post. Precise answers were requested on all these points. On returning the letter to M. de Blacas, I remarked that the contents of the letter called for the adoption of some decided measures, and I asked him what had been done. He answered, "I immediately sent a copy of the letter to M. d'André, that he might give orders for arresting the individual to whom it was addressed."

Having had the opportunity of closely observing the machinery of a vigilant and active government, I was, I must confess, not a little amazed at the insufficiency of the measures adopted to defeat this well-planned conspiracy. When M. de Blacas informed me of all that had been done, I could not repress an exclamation of surprise. "Well," said he, "and what would you have done?"—"In the first place I would not have lost twenty-four hours, which were an age in such a crisis." I then explained the plan I would have adopted. "You are perhaps right, sir," said M. de Blacas, "but what could I do? I am new here. I had not the control of the police, and I trusted to M. d'André."—"Well," said I, "Bonaparte will be here on the 20th of March." With these words I parted from M. de Blacas. I remarked a great change in him. He had lost a vast deal of that hauteur of favouritism, which made him be so much disliked.*

* Fouché, who was a great scoundrel, but a very clever one, completely agrees with Bourrienne as to the pride and incapacity of this emigrant-duke minister. But even the sad events of 1815 did not cure M. de Blacas. Some years after the second restoration we had opportunities of seeing some of his political doings, and of watching his demeanour both in public and private. Nothing could be less skilful than the one, or more repulsive than the other. The man was incorrigible. Fouché says, in his Memoirs:

"Towards the end of June, 1814, the king had ordered M. de Blacas to have a conference with me; accordingly I had a visit from that minister, whom I coldly received. I knew him to be surrounded by persons who were my enemies, and who enjoyed no credit with the public; such as Savary, the old prefect of police, Dubois, and a certain Madame P——, a woman in bad repute, and very notorious; I knew that the whole of them, united, exerted themselves to delude and circumvent M. de Blacas. His unconciliating manner, and his inexperience in business, joined to the aversion with which his cabal inspired me, prevented him from fully comprehending me, while it precluded me from yielding him my entire confidence. However, as Louis XVIII. would be informed that I had shown reserve and mistrust in my communications with his minister, I took up my pen, and the next day wrote a detailed letter to M. de Blacas, under the conviction that the king would be shortly made acquainted with it. I told him that the agitation of France was caused among the people by a dread of the re-establishment of feudal rights; by disquietude respecting their acquisitions, on the part of the possessors of emigrant property; by a doubt as to their personal security, on the part of those who had taken a high tone in de-

When I entered upon my duties in the prefecture of police, the evil was already past remedy. The incorrigible emigration required another lesson, and the momentary resurrection of the empire was inevitable. But, if Bonaparte was recalled, it was not owing to any attachment to him personally: it was not from any fidelity to the recollections of the empire. It was resolved at any price to get rid of those imbecile counsellors, who thought they might treat France like a country conquered by the emigrants. The people determined to straighten the curved line of M. Ferrand, and to free themselves from a government which seemed determined to trample on all that was dear to France. In this state of things, some looked upon Bonaparte as a liberator, but the greater number looked upon him as an instrument. In this last character he was viewed by the old republicans, and by a new generation, who thought they caught a glimpse of liberty in promises, and who were blind enough to believe that the idol of France would be restored by Napoleon.

In February, 1815, while every thing was preparing at Elba for the approaching departure of Napoleon, Murat applied to the court of Vienna for leave to march through the Austrian provinces of Upper Italy an army directed on France. It was on the 26th of the same month that Bonaparte escaped from Elba. These two facts were necessarily connected together; for, in spite of Murat's extravagant ideas, he never could have entertained the expectation of obliging the King of France, by the mere force of arms, to acknowledge his continued possession of the throne of Naples. Since the return of Louis XVIII., the cabinet of the Tuileries had never regarded Murat in any other light than as a usurper, and I know from good authority, that the French plenipotentiaries at the congress of Vienna,

declaring either for the republic, or for Bonaparte; by the loss of, and regret for, so many prospects of glory and fortune, on the part of the army; and, finally, by the astonishment produced in the minds of the constitutionalists, on the publication of the charter (which the king had chosen to characterize as an emanation from his hereditary power). Among these causes, the most dangerous of all was precisely that which all the wisdom of the king and his ministers could not entirely foresee, nor exclude from operation. I refer to the discontent of the army, and I explained its motives; among others, I stated that an army, and more especially an army raised by conscription, always imbibes the general feeling of the nation in which it lives, and that it always ends with being either contented or discontented, like the nation, and in conjunction with the nation. With this cause of discontent, I added, that the genius of Bonaparte still interfered. 'A nation,' I observed, 'in which, for five-and-twenty years, opinions and feelings have been thrown into so strong an action as to impart disturbance to the universe, cannot, without long gradations of interval, return to a tranquil and peaceable condition; to attempt to stop the force of that activity would be impolitic; new fuel must be found for its rapacity; the boundless careers of industry in all the branches of commerce, of the arts, of the sciences, and of the discoveries which they have effected, must be thrown open and enlarged as much as possible; in short, every thing which extends the faculties and the power of man.'—Vol. ii. (*Editor*.)

were specially instructed to insist that the restoration of the throne of Naples in favour of the Bourbons of the two Sicilies, should be a consequence of the restoration of the throne of France. I also know that the proposition was firmly opposed on the part of Austria, who had always viewed with jealousy the occupation of three thrones of Europe by the single house of Bourbon.

According to information, for the authenticity of which I can vouch, the following were the plans which Napoleon conceived at Elba: Almost immediately after his arrival in France, he was to order the marshals on whom he could best rely, to defend to the utmost the entrances to the French territory and the approaches to Paris, by a pivot movement round the triple line of fortresses which gird the north and east of France. Davoust was *in petto* singled out for the defence of Paris. He was to arm the inhabitants of the suburbs, and to have, besides, twenty thousand men of the national guard at his disposal. Napoleon, not being aware of the situation of the allies, never supposed that they could concentrate their forces, and march against him so speedily as they did. He hoped to take them by surprise, and defeat their projects, by making Murat march upon Milan, and by stirring up insurrections in Italy. The Po being once crossed, and Murat approaching the capital of Lombardy, Napoleon with the corps of Suchet, Brune, Grouchy, and Masséna, augmented by troops sent, by forced marches, to Lyons, was to cross the Alps, and revolutionize Piedmont. There, having recruited his army and joined the Neapolitans in Milan, he was to proclaim the independence of Italy, unite the whole country under a single chief, and then march at the head of a hundred thousand men on Vienna, by the Julian Alps, across which victory had conducted him in 1797. This was not all; numerous emissaries scattered through Poland and Hungary were to foment discord, and raise the cry of liberty and independence, to alarm Russia and Austria. It must be confessed it would have been an extraordinary spectacle to see Napoleon giving liberty to Europe, in revenge for not having succeeded in enslaving her.

By means of these bold manœuvres and vast combinations, Napoleon calculated that he would have the advantage of commencing the military operations. Perhaps his genius was never more fully developed than in this vast conception. According to this plan, he was to extend his operations over a line of five hundred leagues, from Ostend to Vienna, by the Alps and Italy; to provide himself with immense resources of every kind; to prevent the Emperor of Austria from marching his troops against France, and probably force him to terminate a war, from which the hereditary provinces would have exclusively suffered. Such was the bright prospect which presented itself to Napoleon, when he stepped on board the vessel

which was to convey him from Elba to France. But the mad precipitation of Murat put Europe on the alert, and the brilliant illusion vanished like a dream.*

After being assured that all was tranquil, and that the royal family was secure against every danger, I myself set out at four o'clock on the morning of the 12th of March, taking the road to Lille. Nothing extraordinary occurred until I arrived at the post-office of Fins, in front of which were drawn up a great number of carriages, which had arrived before mine, and the owners of which, like myself, were impatiently waiting for

* "The festivals and entertainments in our court at the beginning of 1815 were more splendid than ever, but much less gay, for the apparent security and confidence of Murat did not sufficiently conceal his real uneasiness; nor did the show of respect on the part of the foreign ambassadors prevent people from seeing that they had an utter aversion to his continuing on the throne. To the surprise of every body not in the secret, Joachim continued his warlike preparations. The movement in the interior of the palace increased every day—couriers were continually despatched, and the arrival and departure of foreigners was more and more frequent. And behold! after some days of extraordinary agitation at court, the news arrived that the Emperor Napoleon, having embarked on the 26th of February at Porto-Ferrajo, with a thousand soldiers, was sailing for France. The messenger who brought this news to Murat, to whom the whole plot was well known previously, arrived in Naples on the evening of the 4th of March, while the king was amusing himself in the private apartments of his wife, where only a few courtiers, ministers, and foreign ambassadors, were present. The king and queen instantly retired alone to another room, whence in a few minutes they returned and joyfully announced the news so welcome to them.

"On the following day Murat despatched extraordinary couriers to the courts of Austria and England, with letters declaring that whether Napoleon succeeded or failed in his enterprise, he (Joachim), firm in his policy, would not fail in faithfully maintaining the anti-Bonaparte alliances he had formed. These declarations were frauds and deceptions, for the king nourished in his heart designs perfectly contrary to them. He doubted the good faith of Austria and the congress assembled at Vienna: he remembered all the faults and acts of injustice committed there, as also the threats he had received. He again relied upon the good fortune of Napoleon, whom he already fancied re-seated on his throne, the most powerful—the first monarch in Europe! His heart grieved at the recollection of the evil he had recently done the French in Upper Italy, and he now hoped to make amends for it, by deeds which should aid and assist the bold enterprise of his brother-in-law. And mixed up with all these thoughts was the ambitious desire of making himself master of all Italy—to hold it, and then after the event, to treat diplomatically with Austria or with France, according as victory should declare herself for Napoleon or for the allies. He knew he should surprise the Austrians; he did not fear the English, because he had concluded an armistice with them; nor did the allies cause him uneasiness, as they would be fully occupied with the war on the French frontiers."

Murat's ministers, his friends, nay, even his wife, the very sister of Bonaparte, endeavoured to dissuade him from this rash undertaking, or to induce him at least to delay its execution and quietly wait events. But he would not listen to reason. He would not be bound by the engagements he had entered into with Napoleon, who was to give him the *mot-d'ordre*, when he was to throw off the mask, and on the 15th of March, just eleven days after his receiving the news of his brother-in-law's escape from Elba, he openly declared war. On the 22d of March, the Neapolitan army advanced upon Upper Italy, and Murat rushed blindly and precipitately to his ruin.—See *Storia del Reame di Napoli, del Generale Pietro Colletta*. (Editor.)

horses. I soon observed that some one called the postmaster aside, in a way which did not appear entirely exempt from mystery, and I acknowledge I felt some degree of alarm. I was in the room in which the travellers were waiting, and my attention was attracted by a large bill fixed against the wall. It was printed in French and Russian, and it proved to be the order of the day which I had been fortunate enough to obtain from the Emperor Alexander to exempt posthorses, &c., from the requisitions of the allied troops.

I was standing looking at the bill when the postmaster came into the room, and advanced towards me:—"Sir," said he, "that is an order of the day which saved me from ruin."—"Then, surely you would not harm the man by whom it is signed?"—"I know you, sir, I recognised you immediately. I saw you in Paris, when you were director of the post-office, and you granted a just claim which I had upon you. I have now come to tell you that they are harnessing two horses to your calash, and you may set off at full speed." The worthy man had assigned to my use the only two horses at his disposal; his son performed the office of postilion, and I set off, to the no small dissatisfaction of some of the travellers who had arrived before me, and who, perhaps, had as good reasons as I to avoid the presence of Napoleon.

I arrived at Lille at eleven o'clock on the night of the 21st. Here I encountered another vexation, though not of an alarming kind. The gates of the town were closed, and I was obliged to content myself with a miserable night's lodging in the suburb.

I entered Lille on the 22d and Louis XVIII. arrived on the 23d. His majesty also found the gates closed, and more than an hour elapsed before an order could be obtained for opening them; for the Duke of Orleans, who commanded the town, was inspecting the troops when his majesty arrived. The king was perfectly well received at Lille. There indeed appeared some symptoms of defection, but it must be acknowledged that the officers of the old army had been so singularly sacrificed to the promotion of the returned emigrants, that it was very natural the former should hail the return of the man who had so often led them to victory. I put up at the Hotel de Gand, certainly without forming any prognostic respecting the future residence of the king. When I saw his majesty's retinue I went down and stood at the door of the hotel, where, as soon as Louis XVIII. perceived me, he distinguished me from among all the persons who were awaiting his arrival, and holding out his hand for me to kiss, he said, "Follow me, M. de Bourrienne."

On entering the apartments prepared for him the king expressed to me his satisfaction of my conduct since the restoration, and especially during the short interval I had discharged the functions of prefect of the police. He did me the honour to invite me to breakfast with him. The conversation naturally

turned on the events of the day, of which every one present spoke according to his hopes or fears. Observing that Louis XVIII. concurred in Berthier's discouraging view of affairs, I ventured to repeat what I had already said at the Tuileries, that judging from the disposition of the sovereigns of Europe, and the information which I had received, it appeared very probable that his majesty would be seated on his throne in three months. Berthier bit his nails as he did when he wanted to leave the army of Egypt and return to Paris to the object of his adoration. I could perceive that the king regarded my observation as one of those compliments which he was accustomed to receive, and that he had no great confidence in the fulfilment of my prediction. However, wishing to seem to believe it, he said what he had more than hinted before: "M. de Bourrienne, as long as I am king, you shall be my prefect of the police."

It was the decided resolution of Louis XVIII. to remain in France as long as he could; but the Napoleon fever, which spread like an epidemic among the troops, had infected the garrison of Lille. Mortier expressed to me his well-founded fears, and repeatedly recommended me to urge the king to quit Lille speedily, in order to avoid any fatal occurrence. During the two days I passed with his majesty, I entreated him to yield to the imperious circumstances in which he was placed. At length the king, with deep regret, consented to go, and I left Lille the day before that fixed for his majesty's departure.

In September, 1814, the king had appointed me chargé-d'affaires from France to Hamburg, but not having received orders to repair to my post, I have not hitherto mentioned this nomination. However, when Louis XVIII. was on the point of leaving France, he thought that my presence in Hamburg might be useful for the purpose of making him acquainted with all that might interest him in the north of Germany. But it was not there that danger was to be apprehended. There were two points to be watched: the head-quarters of Napoleon and the king's council at Ghent. I lost no time in repairing to a city where I was sure of finding a great many friends. On passing through Brussels I alighted at the Hotel de Bellevue, where the Duke de Berri arrived shortly after me. His royal highness then invited me to breakfast with him, and conversed with me very confidentially. I afterwards continued my journey.

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CHAPTER II.

1815.

Message to Madame de Bourrienne on the 20th of March—Napoleon's nocturnal entrance into Paris—General Berton sent to my family by Caulaincourt—Recollection of old persecutions—General Driesen—Solution of an enigma—Seals placed on my effects—Useless searches—Persecution of women—Madame de Staël and Madame de Récamier—Paris during the hundred days—The federates and patriotic songs—Declaration of the plenipotentiaries at Vienna.

At Lille, and afterwards at Hamburg, I received letters from my family, which I had looked for with great impatience. They contained particulars of what had occurred relative to me since Bonaparte's return to Paris. Two hours after my departure, Madame de Bourrienne also left Paris, accompanied by her children, and proceeded to an asylum which had been offered her seven leagues from the capital. She left, at my house in Paris, her sister, two of her brothers, and her friend the Countess Neuilly, who had resided with us since her return from emigration.

On the very morning of my wife's departure, namely, the 20th of March, a man, with whom I had always been on terms of friendship, and who was entirely devoted to Bonaparte, sent to request that Madame de Bourrienne would call on him, as he wished to speak to her on most important and urgent business. My sister-in-law informed the messenger that my wife had left Paris; but begging a friend to accompany her, she went herself to the individual, whose name will be probably guessed, though I do not mention it. The person who came with the message to my house, put many questions to Madame de Bourrienne's sister respecting my absence, and advised her, above all things, to conjure me not to follow the king; observing, that the cause of Louis XVIII. was utterly lost, and that I should do well to retire quietly to Burgundy, as there was no doubt of my obtaining the emperor's pardon.

At nine o'clock on the same evening, the very hour of Bonaparte's arrival at the Tuileries, a lady, a friend of my family, and whose son served in the young guard, called and requested to see Madame de Bourrienne. She refused to enter the house lest she should be seen, and my sister-in-law went down to

the garden to speak to her without a light. This lady's brother had been, on the preceding night, to Fontainebleau to see Bonaparte, and he had directed his sister to desire me to remain in Paris, and to retain my post in the prefecture of the police, as I was sure of a full and complete pardon.

Nothing could be more gloomy than Bonaparte's entrance into Paris. He arrived at night, in the midst of a thick fog. The streets were almost deserted, and a vague feeling of terror prevailed almost generally in the capital. On the morning of the 21st, General Berton, who has since been the victim of his mad enterprises, called at my house, and requested to speak with me and Madame de Bourrienne. He was received by my wife's sister and brothers, and stated that he came from M. de Caulaincourt, to renew the assurances of safety which had already been given to me. I was, I confess, very sensible of these proofs of friendship when they came to my knowledge; but I did not, for a single moment, repent the course I adopted. I could not forget the intrigues of which I had been the object since 1811, nor the continual threats of arrest which, during that year, had not left me a moment's quiet; and since I now revert to that time, I may take the opportunity of explaining how, in 1814, I was made acquainted with the real causes of the persecution to which I had been a prey. A person, whose name prudence forbids me mentioning, communicated to me the following letter, the original copy of which is in my possession :

MONSIEUR LE DUC DE BASSANO,

I send you some very important documents respecting the Sieur Bourrienne; and I beg you will make me a confidential report on this affair. Keep these documents for yourself alone. This business demands the utmost secrecy. Every thing induces me to believe that Bourrienne has carried on a series of intrigues with London. Bring me the report on Thursday. I pray God, &c.

NAPOLEON.

Paris, December 25, 1811.

I could now clearly perceive what to me had hitherto been enveloped in obscurity; but I was not, as yet, made acquainted with the documents mentioned in Napoleon's epistle. Still, however, the cause of his animosity directed against me was an enigma which I was unable to guess; but I obtained its solution some time afterwards.

General Driesen, who was the governor of Mittau while Louis XVIII. resided in that town, came to Paris in 1814. I had been well acquainted with him in 1810, at Hamburg, where he lived for a considerable time. While at Mittau he conceived a chivalrous and enthusiastic friendship for the King of France. We were at first distrustful of each other; but afterwards the most intimate confidence arose between us. General Driesen looked forward with certainty to the return of

the Bourbons to France; and in the course of our frequent conversations on his favourite theme, he gradually threw off all reserve, and at length disclosed to me that he was maintaining a correspondence with the king. He told me that he had sent to Hartwell several drafts of proclamations, with none of which, he said, the king was satisfied. On showing me the copy of the last of these drafts, I frankly told him, that I was quite of the king's opinion as to its unfitness. I observed, that if the king should one day return to France, and act as the general advised, he would not keep possession of his throne six months. Driesen then requested me to dictate a draft of a proclamation conformably with my ideas. This I consented to do, on one condition, viz., that he would never mention my name in connexion with the business, either in writing or conversation. General Driesen promised this, and I then dictated to him a draft which I would now candidly lay before the reader if I had a copy of it. I may add, that in the different proclamations of Louis XVIII., I remarked several passages precisely corresponding with the draft I had dictated at Hamburg.

During the four years which intervened between my return to Paris and the downfall of the empire, it several times occurred to me that General Driesen had betrayed my secret; and on his very first visit to me after the restoration, our conversation happening to turn on Hamburg, I asked him whether he had not disclosed what I wished him to conceal? "Well," said he, "there is no harm in telling the truth now. After you had left Hamburg, the king wrote to me, inquiring the name of the author of the last draft I had sent him, which was very different from all that had preceded it. I did not answer this question; but the king having repeated it in a second letter, and having demanded an answer, I was compelled to break my promise to you; and I put into the post-office of Gothenberg, in Sweden, a letter for the king, in which I mentioned your name."

The mystery was now revealed to me. I clearly saw what had excited in Napoleon's mind the suspicion that I was carrying on intrigues with England. I have no doubt as to the way in which the affair came to his knowledge. The king must have disclosed my name to one of those persons whose situations placed them above the suspicion of any betrayal of confidence, and thus the circumstance must have reached the ear of Bonaparte. This is not a mere hypothesis; for I well know how promptly and faithfully Napoleon was informed of all that was said and done at Hartwell.

Having shown General Driesen Napoleon's accusatory letter, he begged that I would intrust him with it for a day or two, saying he would show it to the king at a private audience. His object was to serve me, and to excite Louis XVIII's interest in my behalf, by briefly relating to him the whole affair. The

general came to me on leaving the Tuileries, and assured me that the king, after perusing the letter, had observed, that I might think myself very happy in not having been shot. I know not whether Napoleon was afterwards informed of the details of this affair, which certainly had no connexion with any intrigues with England, and which, after all, would have been a mere peccadillo in comparison with the conduct I thought it my duty to adopt at the time of the restoration.

Meanwhile, Madame de Bourrienne informed me by an express, that seals were to be placed on the effects of all the persons included in the decree of Lyons, and consequently upon mine. As soon as my wife received information of this she quitted her retreat, and repaired to Paris to face the storm. On the 29th of March, at nine in the evening, the police-agents presented themselves at my house. Madame de Bourrienne remonstrated against the measure, and the undue hour that was chosen for its execution; but all was in vain, and there was no alternative but to submit.

But the matter did not end with the first formalities performed by Fouché's alguazils. During the month of May, seven persons were appointed to examine my papers, and among the inquisitorial septemvirate were two men well known, and filling high situations. One of these executed his commission, but the other, sensible of the odium attached to it, wrote to say he was unwell, and never came. The number of my inquisitors, *in domo*, was thus reduced to six. They behaved with great rudeness, and executed their mission with a rigour and severity exceedingly painful to my family. They carried their search so far as to rummage the pockets of my old clothes, and even to unrip the linings. All this was done in the hope of finding something that would commit me in the eyes of the new master of France. But I was not to be caught in that way; and before leaving home, I had taken such precautions as to set my mind perfectly at ease.

However, those who had declared themselves strongly against Napoleon, were not the only persons who had reason to be alarmed at his return. Women even, by a system of inquisition unworthy of the emperor, but unfortunately quite in unison with his hatred of all liberty, were condemned to exile, and had cause to apprehend further severity. It is for the exclusive admirers of the chief of the empire to approve of every thing which proceeded from him, even his rigour against a defenceless sex: it is for them to laugh at the misery of a woman, and a writer of genius, condemned, without any form of trial, to the most severe punishment, short of death. For my part, I saw neither justice nor pleasantry in the exile of Madame de Chevreuse, for having had the courage (and courage was not common then, even among men) to say that she was not made to be the jailer of the Queen

of Spain.* In the communications between the illustrious exile of Coppet and the emperor, (as for example in the interview between the latter and young Baron Augustus de Staël, which I have described,) I leave the unprejudiced reader to determine on which side was the advantage of dignity of conduct and greatness of mind. On Napoleon's return from the isle of Elba, Madame de Staël was in a state of weakness, which rendered her unable to bear any sudden and violent emotion. This debilitated state of health had been produced by her flight from Coppet to Russia, immediately after the birth of the son, who was the fruit of her marriage with M. Rocca. In spite of the danger of a journey in such circumstances, she saw greater danger in staying where she was, and she set out on her new exile. That exile was not of long duration; but Madame de Staël never recovered from the effect of the alarm and fatigue it occasioned her.

The name of the authoress of "Corinne," naturally calls to mind that of the friend who was most faithful to her in misfortune, and who was not herself screened from the severity of Napoleon, by the just and universal admiration of which she was the object. In 1815, Madame Récamier did not leave Paris, to which she had returned in 1814, though her exile was not revoked. I know positively that Hortense assured her of the pleasure she would feel in receiving her, and that Madame Récamier, as an excuse for declining the perilous honour, observed, that she had determined never again to appear in the world, as long as her friends should be persecuted.

The frequent interviews between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël were not calculated to bring Napoleon to sentiments and measures of moderation. He became more and more irritated at this friendship between two women formed for each other's society; and, on the occasion of one of Madame de Récamier's journeys to Coppet, he informed her, through the medium of Fouché, that she was perfectly at liberty to go to Switzerland, but not to return to Paris: "Ah! Monseigneur, a great man may be pardoned for the weakness of loving women, but not for fearing them." This was the only reply of Madame Récamier to Fouché, when she set out for Coppet.†

* Napoleon, on being informed of this remark said, "She would like to act the part of the Duchess de Chevreuse, of the Fronde; but I will let her see that she has not to deal with a minor king." Madame de Chevreuse died of a broken heart, caused by her exile.

† The beautiful Madame Récamier, whose pure reputation stood unassailed during those stormy times in which few escaped censure, was residing with Madame de Staël, to whom she had heroically devoted herself, when one of the Prussian princes, who had been made prisoner at Eylau, and who was proceeding to Italy by Napoleon's permission, alighted at the castle of Coppet, with the intention of resting only for a few hours. Here, however, he was detained during the whole of the summer by the charms of Madame Récamier, who was voluntarily sharing the exile of her friend. This lady, and the young

I had no opportunity of observing the aspect of Paris during that memorable period, recorded in history by the name of the hundred days; but the letters which I received at the time, together with all that I afterwards heard, concurred in assuring me that the capital never presented so melancholy a picture as during those three months. No one felt any confidence in the duration of Napoleon's second reign; and it was said, without any sort of reserve, that Fouché, while serving the cause of usurpation, would secretly betray it. The future was viewed with alarm, and the present with dissatisfaction. The sight of the federates who paraded the Faubourgs and the Boulevards, vociferating, "The republic for ever!" and "Death to the royalists!" their sanguinary songs, the revolutionary airs played in our theatres, all tended to produce a fearful torpor in the public mind, and the issue of the impending events was anxiously awaited.

One of the circumstances, which, at the commencement of the hundred days, most contributed to open the eyes of those who were yet dazzled by the past glory of Napoleon, was the assurance with which he declared that the empress and his son would be restored to him, though nothing warranted that announcement. It was evident that he could not count on any ally; and in spite of the prodigious activity with which a new army was raised, those persons must have been blind indeed who could imagine the possibility of his triumphing over Europe, again armed to oppose him. I deplored the inevitable disasters which Bonaparte's bold enterprise would entail; but I had such certain information respecting the intentions of the allied powers, and the spirit which animated the plenipotentiaries at Vienna, that I could not for a moment doubt the issue of the conflict. Thus, I was not at all surprised, when I received at Hamburg the minutes of the conferences at Vienna, dated May 1815.

When the first intelligence of Bonaparte's landing was received at Vienna, it must be confessed that very little had been

prince, both considered themselves as the victims of Napoleon, and their common hatred of him, whom they looked upon as their oppressor, probably engendered the interest which they mutually conceived for each other. Inspired with an ardent passion, the prince, in spite of the difficulties which his exalted rank naturally suggested, conceived the idea of marrying Madame Récamier. He communicated his designs to Madame de Staël, whose poetic imagination prompted her to favour a scheme that was calculated to diffuse a sort of romantic interest over Coppet. The prince was recalled to Berlin, but absence produced no change in his sentiments. He still ardently prosecuted his suit; but Madame Récamier constantly declined this unexpected elevation, either from natural generosity of feeling, or from her catholic prejudices against divorce.

"To this circumstance we are indebted for the picture of Corinne, which is accounted one of the most original creations of Gerard's pencil. The prince ordered the picture as a compliment to Madame Récamier."—*Mémoires de Sainte Hélène*.

done at the congress; for measures calculated to reconstruct a solid and durable order of things, could only be framed and adopted deliberately, and upon mature reflection. Louis XVIII. had instructed his plenipotentiaries to defend and support the principles of justice and the law of nations, so as to secure the rights of all parties, and avert the chances of a new war. The congress was occupied with these important objects, when intelligence was received of Napoleon's departure from Elba, and his landing at the Gulf of Juan. The plenipotentiaries then signed the protocol of the conferences to which I have above alluded.

MANIFESTO ISSUED BY THE ALLIED MINISTERS ASSEMBLED AT THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

"By breaking the convention which had established him in the island of Elba, Bonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended; and, by appearing again in France with projects of confusion and disorders, he has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and has manifested to the universe, that there can be neither peace nor truce with him.

"The powers consequently declare, that Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world, he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance. They declare at the same time, that firmly resolved to maintain entire the Treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814, and the dispositions sanctioned by that treaty, and those which they have resolved on, or shall hereafter resolve on, to complete and to consolidate it, they will employ all their means, and will unite all their efforts, that the general peace, the object of the wishes of Europe, and the constant purpose of their labours, may not again be troubled; and to provide against every attempt which shall threaten to replunge the world into the disorders of revolution."

In escaping from Elba, Napoleon had calculated largely on the old dilatoriness of the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian cabinet, and on the difficulties they would encounter in combining their movements with such heterogeneous masses of troops. But in this calculation he was disappointed: This time all the allied powers acted with admirable promptitude and decision. Their manifesto was immediately followed by a treaty between England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, renewing the league formerly entered into at Chaumont.

Art. 1. Declared that they would enforce the treaty of Paris, which excluded Napoleon from the throne, and also enforce the decree of outlawry issued against him.

Art. 2. Each of the contracting parties agreed to maintain constantly in the field not less than 150,000 men.

Art. 3. They agreed never to lay down their arms except by common consent, until Bonaparte was disposed of and the peace of Europe made secure.

The articles 4, 5, and 6, were merely explanatory, but it was stipulated in

Art. 7. That the other European powers should be invited to accede to the treaty.

Art. 8. Set forth that Louis XVIII., the legitimate King of France, should be particularly called upon to become a party to it.

A separate article provided that Great Britain, unaccustomed to raise armies of 150,000 men, should have the option of furnishing her contingent in men, or of paying instead at the rate of 20*l.* per annum for every foot-soldier, and 30*l.* for every horse-soldier that might be deficient in her complement. Another clause inserted does infinite honour to an accomplished, but much abused diplomatist—we mean the late Lord Castlereagh.

Referring to the 8th article of the treaty, it declared that it should not be considered as binding his Britannic Majesty to prosecute the war, with the aim and attempt of forcibly imposing on France any particular government.

Though very unpalatable to some of them, the other contracting powers accepted the adhesion of England under this explanation and explicit limitation.—*Editor.*

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.*

Napoleon at Elba—His conversations and transactions there—His escape from Elba—His landing near Cannes—March on Paris.

AT the very moment that Lord Byron (who, in common with almost every one else, thought the first abdication and retirement to Elba the last page of Bonaparte's public history) was engaged in composing his magnificent ode to Bonaparte,†

* By the Editor.

† This ode describes so accurately the fallen state of the great conqueror, that we shall be pardoned for introducing it in this place, by permission of Mr. Murray.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

I.

'Tis done—but yesterday a king !
And arm'd with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing :
So subject—yet alive !
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive !
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fall'n so far.

II.

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee ?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee ;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness !

III.

Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those pagod things of sabre-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV.

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of victory,
To thee the breath of life ;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd !—Dark spirit ! what must be
The madness of thy memory !

V.

The desolator desolate !
The victor overthrown !
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own !
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope,
Or dread of death alone ?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

VI.

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dream'd not of the rebound ;
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how look'd he round !
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found :
He fell, the forest-prowlers' prey ;
But thou must eat thy heart away !

VII.

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom !
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

VIII.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell ;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well :
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrong—
Too late thou leavest the high command
To which thy weakness clung ;
All evil spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart,
To see thine own unstrung ;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean ;

X.

And earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own !
And monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne !
Fair freedom ! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh ! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind !

Napoleon was devising the means of escape from the place of his exile, in order that he might carry into effect the most daring scheme ever conceived in the whole course of his extraordinary career. We mean, of course, his march on Paris, his dethroning of Louis XVIII., and his braving the hostile alliance of nearly the whole of Europe.

Lord Ebrington visited Napoleon at Elba just at this point of time, and the memoranda he afterwards presented to the public of his conversations with the ex-emperor, form one of the most interesting documents we are acquainted with. By his kind permission we are enabled to make use of the materials which his lordship collected.

“ Porto-Ferrajo, Monday, Dec. 6, 1814.

“ I went by appointment at eight o'clock in the evening to the palace, and after waiting a few minutes, was shown into the room to Napoleon.

“ After some questions about myself and my family, he asked eagerly about France, saying, ‘ *Dites-moi franchement, sont-ils contents*’ (Tell me frankly, are they contented)? I said, ‘ *Comme ça*’ (So so). He replied, ‘ They cannot be; they have been too much humbled by the peace—they have had a king imposed upon them, and imposed upon them by England. Lord Wellington’s appointment must be very galling to the army, and so must the great attentions shown him by the king, as if opposing his own private feelings to those of the country.* The Bourbons were not calculated to be popular with a people like the French.’ Madame d’An-

XI.

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain—
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII.

Weigh’d in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, mortality! are just
To all that pass away;
But yet, methought, the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deem’d contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

XIII.

And she, proud Austria’s mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side!
Must she too bend; must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless homicide!
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
’Tis worth thy vanish’d diadem!

XIV.

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile,
It ne’er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That earth is now as free!
That Corinth’s pedagogue hath now
Transferr’d his by-word to thy brow.

XV.

Thou Timour! in thy captive cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison’d rage?
But one—“The world *was* mine!”
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour’d so widely forth—
So long obey’d—so little worth!

XVI.

Or like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock?
Foredoom’d by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very fiend’s arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

* Lord Wellington was appointed British ambassador to France at the conclusion of the campaign of 1814.

goulême, he had heard was plain and awkward. '*Il falloit pour l'ange de la paix du moins une femme spirituelle ou jolie.*' (For the angel of peace, a witty or a pretty woman was required at least.) The king and Monsieur were too much influenced by priests. The Duke d'Angoulême, he had been told, was weak, '*et le Duc de Berri a fait dernièrement, à ce que l'on dit, bien sottises*' (and the Duke de Berri, according to report, has been committing a great many follies of late). Besides they had been the instruments of making a peace on terms to which he (Napoleon) never would have consented; giving up Belgium, which the nation had been taught to consider as an integral part of the dominions of France, and of which it would never quietly submit to be stripped. He said he spoke not from what he had heard: 'for I have no news except from the newspapers, or from the reports of travellers; but I know the French character well: it is not proud, like the English, but it is much more vain-glorious; vanity is its principal feature, and the vanity of a Frenchman makes him capable of undertaking any thing.' The army was naturally attached to him (Napoleon): 'for I had been their comrade. I had had some success with them, and they knew that I recompensed them handsomely: but at present they feel that they are nothing. There are at this moment in France 700,000 men who have borne arms, and the last campaigns have only served to show them how superior they are to their enemies. They render justice to the valour of your British troops; but they despise all the rest.'"

This last assertion was, doubtless, insincere. More than one bloody campaign had taught the French soldiery that the Russians and their iron columns were not to be despised, and in the course of the war, in 1813 and 1814, the Austrians and Prussians (particularly the latter) had commanded respect.

Bonaparte then talked about the conscription, on which subject he advanced what was decidedly untrue. He spoke of corps of a higher description for gentlemen to serve in, 'For,' said he, 'I know it is hard for a gentleman to be taken for a common soldier.' He said he had always been desirous of bringing forward the nobility, and that he had had in his army many young men of old families who behaved very well.

All this was pretty true, but Bonaparte felt at the time he was talking to an English nobleman, and shaped his discourse accordingly.

"He felt that France wanted an aristocracy: 'but for that it required time. I have made princes and dukes, and given them large estates; but I could not make real noblemen of them.' He meant, however, gradually to have intermarried them with the old nobility, as he had done in some instances, 'and if,' said he, 'the twenty years I demanded for the grandeur of France had been granted me, I would have done a good deal: but fate

has determined otherwise.' The king, he thought, ought to follow the same plan, instead of advancing those so much who, for the last twenty years, had been '*enterrés dans les greniers de Londres*' (buried in the garrets of London).

"He considered the House of Peers as the great bulwark of the English constitution, which he thought would be overturned, if there were in the country materials for making another such assembly, equal in all respects to the present; 'but in France,' he observed, 'I could make you forty senates just as good as the one they have got.' On my remarking, that I thought he laid too much stress on the peerage, he said, that in mentioning the House of Peers, he meant to include the parliament in general, which he considered as representing, by descent or by election, the heads of the commercial, as well as the landed interest, which were what he called the aristocracy of a country. That this aristocracy had enabled the royal family to get over that affair of the Duke of York.

"He had read most of the pamphlets published in France since his abdication. 'Some of them,' said he, 'call me a traitor—a coward; but it is only truth that wounds—the French well know that I am no coward.' The wisest plan of the Bourbons would be to follow, with regard to me, the same rule I observed with respect to them, which was not to suffer people to speak either ill or well of them.

"Speaking of the finances of France, he said, '*Tout ce que j'ai fait imprimer sur ce sujet est de l'évangile*' (All that I directed to be printed upon this subject is strictly true). His civil list income was 30,000,000 francs, but the expenditure seldom exceeded 18,000,000, and with that he had finished two or three of the palaces. His table cost 1,000,000 francs. His stable and *chasse*, including 700 horses, 2,000,000. He had an excellent treasurer, whom he named, but I forget—it has escaped my recollection. Besides this he had the disposal of the '*Domaines extraordinaires*,' a fund of 200,000,000, out of which he made presents, and rewarded those who distinguished themselves. To my question 'whence was this fund derived?' he answered, 'Out of the contributions of my enemies: Austria, for two treaties of peace, paid me by secret articles 300,000,000 francs, and Prussia just as enormously.' I inquired whether he had received any thing from Russia? He said, 'No!' I asked him what he thought of the Emperor Alexander? 'Oh! he is a true Greek! one cannot rely on him. He is, however, intelligent, and has certain liberal ideas with which he was imbued by one of our French *philosophes*—Laharpe, who brought him up. But he is so fickle and false that one can never know whether the sentiments he utters proceed from his real conviction, or from a species of vanity to put himself in contrast with his real position.'

"In elucidation of this he mentioned an argument they had

had upon forms of government, in which Alexander maintained a preference for elective monarchy. His (Napoleon's) opinion was quite contrary, for 'who is fit to be so elected? *Un César, un Alexandre, dont on ne trouve pas un par siècle*' (A Cæsar or an Alexander, who is not to be found once in a century): so that the election must after all be a matter of chance, *et la succession vaut sûrement mieux que les dez*' (and the law of succession is surely better than the dice). During the fortnight that they were at Tilsit, the two emperors dined together nearly every day, '*mais nous nous levions bientôt de table pour nous débarrasser du Roi de Prusse qui nous ennuyoit. Vers les neuf heures, l'Empereur revenait chez moi en frac prendre le thé*' (but we rose early from table to get rid of the King of Prussia who bored us. About nine o'clock the Emperor Alexander returned in plain clothes to drink tea with me), and remained conversing very agreeably on different subjects, for the most part philosophical or political, sometimes till two or three o'clock in the morning. The Emperor Francis, he said, had more honesty but less capacity. '*Je me fierois à lui bien plutôt qu'à l'autre, et s'il me donnait sa parole de faire telle ou telle chose, je serois persuadé qu'au moment de la donner, il aurait l'intention de s'y tenir; mais son esprit est bien borné, point d'énergie, point de caractère*' (I would rely upon him sooner than on the other, and if he gave me his word to do such or such a thing, I would be persuaded that at the moment of giving it he meant to keep it; but his mind is very limited—no energy—no character). The King of Prussia he called '*un caporal*,' without an idea beyond the dress of a soldier, '*infinitement le plus bête des trois*' (infinitely the greatest fool of the three). The Archduke Charles was '*un esprit très-médiocre*,' who had, however, on some occasion, shewn himself not to be without military talent."

He discoursed for some time on the Russian campaign; but on that subject, as on several others he attempted to mystify Lord Ebrington, and did not tell him the whole of the truth.

"He spoke lightly of the talents of his marshals, but having once elevated them it had been his system to maintain them. He had always been indulgent respecting military errors, as he evinced in not removing Marmont from his command, after the loss of his artillery at Laon, which he now believed to have been treachery. He said that Augereau was a '*mauvais sujet*' (a bad fellow), who he thought had made his terms a month before he declared himself. He spoke well of Massena, '*Il s'est, je crois, bien comporté, comme aussi les Maréchaux Soult et Davoust*' (I believe he behaved well as did also Marshals Soult and Davoust). I asked if he was not surprised at Berthier having been among the first to hail the king's arrival. He answered with a smile, '*On m'a dit qu'il a fait quelques sottises de cette espèce; mais ce n'est pas une tête forte. Je l'avois avancé plus qu'il ne méritoit, puisqu'il m'étoit utile pour la plume.*' D'ail-

leurs je vous assure que c'est un bon diable, qui s'il me voyoit seroit le premier à me témoigner ses regret de ce qu'il a fait, les larmes aux yeux (I have been told he has committed some follies of the kind; but his head is not a strong one. I had promoted him more than he deserved, because I found his pen useful. Besides, I assure you, he is a good fellow, and if he saw me he would be the first to express regret for what he has done, with tears in his eyes).

"I asked him what he thought of the King of Spain? he said he was not without natural understanding, but ignorant and bigoted from the faults of his education, which had been left entirely to priests. '*D'ailleurs le caractère le plus dissimulé que j'ai jamais vu*' (Moreover the most dissimulating character I ever knew). He considered Charles IV. to be honest and well-intentioned, but with very little capacity. His queen, I think, he called '*une méchante femme*' (a wicked woman); but I do not recollect his saying much about her.

"He inquired if I had seen '*le beau Musée que je leur ai donné à Paris*' (the beautiful museum that I have given them at Paris)? But expressed some regret at having taken away so many fine things from Italy. '*J'ai été en cela un peu injuste; mais je ne pensois alors qu'à la France*' (I was rather unjust in that, but at that time I thought only of France). He had meant, however, to acquit his debt one day to Italy, by separating it from the French empire, and by forming it altogether into an independent kingdom for his son. I asked him if the King of Naples (Murat), would not have made an obstacle to this arrangement. He said, 'Yes, for the present, but I should have settled that somehow or other by the time my son came of age.' He had found the Italians lazy and effeminate, '*Mais j'ai fini par en faire d'aussi bons soldats que les Français*' (But I finished by making them as good soldiers as the French). On my naming the Viceroy, he said, '*C'est un jeune homme que j'ai toujours traité comme mon fils, et dont j'ai toujours eu lieu de me louer*' (He is a young man whom I have always treated as my son, and who has always deserved my praise). I asked if he was not a very good officer, he said, '*Oui, il s'est toujours très-bien conduit*' (Yes, he has always behaved very well); but he is by no means a man of superior talents.' He questioned me a good deal about Milan; the disposition of the people towards him; whether the things he had begun there were going on, &c.; and seemed pleased at my admiration of the Simplon, which led him to speak of the roads and other public works he had made, or intended to have made, in different parts of the French dominions. Among them he particularly mentioned the dockyards at Antwerp and Venice.

"He asked me, '*Que feroit-on avec moi si je venois en Angleterre? serois-je lapidé*' (What would they do with me if I were to go to England? Should I be stoned)? I replied, that

he would be perfectly safe there, as the violent feelings which had been excited against him were daily subsiding, now that we were no longer at war. He said, smiling, '*Je crois pourtant qu'il y auroit toujours quelque risque de la part de votre mob de Londres*' (I believe, however, that there would always be some risk on the part of your London mob). I then mentioned to him the odium that some of his acts had produced in England, and instanced the execution of the Duke d'Enghien. He justified it on the score of his being engaged in a treasonable conspiracy; and having made two journeys to Strasburg in disguise, in consequence of which he had been seized and tried by a military commission, which sentenced him to be shot. '*On m'a dit qu'il demanda à me parler; ce qui me toucha, car je savois que c'étoit un jeune homme de cœur et de mérite; je crois même que je l'aurois peut-être vu; mais M. de Talleyrand m'en empêcha, disant: * N'allez pas vous compromettre avec un Bourbon: vous ne savez pas ce qui en pourront être les suites; le vin est tiré, il faut le boire*' (I have been told he desired to speak with me; which affected me, for I knew he was a young man of spirit and talent. I even believe that I would have seen him; but M. de Talleyrand hindered me, saying, 'Don't commit yourself with a Bourbon: you know not what may be the consequences of it: the wine is drawn—it must be drank'). I asked him if it was true that the duke was shot by torch-light? He replied, '*Eh! non; cela auroit été contre la loi* (Ah! no; that would have been contrary to law). The execution took place at the usual hour, about eight in the morning; and I immediately ordered the official report of it, with the sentence, to be published in every town in France.' I mentioned the idea that prevailed in England as to the murder of Captain Wright. He did not recollect the name; but on my saying that he was a companion of Sir Sidney Smith, he said, '*Est-il donc mort en prison? car j'ai entièrement oublié la circonstance*' (Did he then die in prison? for I have entirely forgotten the circumstance). He

* We think it due to this extraordinary personage to state our firm conviction that what Napoleon says here is utterly untrue. Napoleon knew the wonderful talent and address of M. de Talleyrand, as also how largely they had contributed to the first restoration of the Bourbons in 1814. From that moment he entertained a most rancorous spite against his ex-minister, on whose shoulders he tried to throw the weight of many of his politics, mistakes, and crimes. He roundly asserted, on several occasions, that Talleyrand projected and counselled the usurpation of the Spanish throne; whereas, that minister strongly dissuaded him from it, and thereby incurred the wrath and insults of his master. It was when madly rushing into this destructive war that M. de Talleyrand (as we believe) first made use of that piquant expression, "This is the beginning of the end." When Bonaparte commenced his Spanish manœuvres M. de Talleyrand was not minister for foreign affairs—in his anger the emperor had coarsely and suddenly taken that office from him and given it to Champagny, the Duke of Cadore. Even Fouché, who never loses an opportunity of hitting Talleyrand, wholly exculpates him on this head.—See Notes at the end of this chapter.

scouted the notion of foul play, adding, that he had never put any man to death clandestinely, or without a trial: '*Ma conscience est sans reproche sur ce point* (My conscience is without reproach on that point); and had I been less sparing of blood, perhaps I might not have been here now. But your newspapers charged me also with the death of Pichegru, who strangled himself with his neckcloth.'

"He then went into an interesting account of Georges's conspiracy; its discovery by the confession of —, an apothecary, a *Chouan*; and a curious conversation which was overheard between Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges, at a house on the Boulevards.

"He spoke with apparent pleasure of Egypt, and described humorously enough his admission and that of his army into Mahometanism, on receiving from the men of the law, after many meetings and grave discussions at Cairo, a dispensation from being circumcised, and a permission to drink wine, under the condition of their doing a good action after each draught: 'You can hardly imagine,' said he, 'the advantages which I gained in the country from this adoption of their religion.' I mentioned Sir Robert Wilson's statement of his having poisoned his sick: he answered, '*Il y a dans cela quelque fondement de vrai* (There is some foundation of truth in that). Three or four* men of the army had the plague: they could not have lived twenty-four hours; I was about to march; I consulted Desgenettes as to the means of removing them; he said that it must be attended with some risk of infection, and would be useless to them as they were past recovery. I then recommended him to give them a dose of opium rather than leave them to the mercy of the Turks. '*Il me répondit en fort honnête homme que son métier étoit de guérir et non de tuer*' (He answered me like a very honest man, that it was his business to cure, and not to kill): so the men were left to their fate. Perhaps he was right, though I asked for them what I should under similar circumstances have wished my best friends to have done for me. I have often thought since on the morality of this and have conversed on it with others, *et je crois qu'au fond il vaut toujours mieux souffrir qu'un homme finisse sa destinée quelle qu'elle soit*' (And I believe, that after all it is always better to suffer a man to finish his destiny, be it what it may). I judged so afterwards in the case of my friend Duroc, who, when his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me to have him put out of his misery. '*Je lui dis, je vous plains, mon ami, mais il n'y a pas de remède, il faut souffrir jusqu'à la fin*' (I said to him, I pity you my friend, but there is no help for it—you must suffer on to the end). I then asked him about the

* Bourrienne who was with Bonaparte in Egypt, says there were nearly sixty cases of plague in the military hospital. See *ante*, vol. i., p. 194.

massacre of the Turks at Jaffa: he answered, '*C'est vrai—J'en fis fusiller à peu près deux mille.—Vous trouvez cela un peu fort—mais je leur avois accordé une capitulation à El Arish à condition qu'ils retourneroient chez eux. Ils l'ont rompue et se sont jettés dans Jaffa où je les pris par assault. Je ne pouvois les emmener prisonniers avec moi, car je manquois de pain, et ils étoient des diables trop dangereux pour les lâcher une seconde fois, de sorte que je n'avois d'autre moyen que de les tuer*' (It is true: I had about two thousand of them shot—you think that rather strong—but I had granted them a capitulation at El Arish, upon condition that they should return to their homes. They broke the condition and threw themselves into Jaffa, where I took them by assault. I could not carry them off as prisoners, for I was in want of bread, and they were by far too dangerous devils to be let go a second time: so that I had no other means but to kill them).

"This," says Lord Ebrington, "is all that I accurately recollect of this interesting conversation, which lasted from eight till half-past eleven o'clock, as we walked up and down the room. His manner put me quite at my ease almost from the first, and seemed to invite my questions, which he answered upon all subjects without the slightest hesitation, and with a quickness of comprehension and clearness of expression beyond what I ever saw in any other man: nor did he, in the whole course of the conversation, betray either by his countenance or manner, a single emotion of resentment or regret."

Lord Ebrington's then continues:

"Wednesday, Dec. 8, 1814.

"As I was embarking to return to Leghorn, an aide-de-camp brought me an invitation to dine with the Emperor, which I accepted. I went at seven o'clock, and soon afterwards dinner was announced. It was plain, but well served, on plate, which from its size and substance most probably had been his camp service. General Drouot dined with us, but did not join in the conversation, and almost immediately after we went into the next room to coffee, left me alone with Napoleon.

"He asked me several questions about the administration of justice, the courts of law, and the magistracy of England; answering, at the same time, mine respecting the administration of justice in France, and discussing their comparative merits. From this topic we got to the two Houses of Parliament, and some of the principal speakers in them, such as Mr. Canning, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Liverpool, Lord Grey, and Lord Grenville. He said that he had seen some very good speeches of the latter, which gave him a great idea of his talents. He added, '*Lord Grey est aussi un de vos grands orateurs*' (Lord Grey also is one of your great orators). He asked me about the motion I had made in behalf of Lord Cochrane, and said, '*Vous*

aviez raison ; un homme comme lui ne devoit pas souffrir une peine si infamante (You were right ; a man like him ought not to suffer so degrading a punishment). But he was astonished that the House of Commons should have allowed one of their own body to be so condemned ; seeming in this, as in our former conversation, to confound the two Houses of Parliament together, and to consider them as the only tribunal for the trial of their own members.

“ He entered a good deal into the state of parties, and asked if there existed any in England *‘ assez Jacobin pour célébrer comme fête le jour de la mort de Charles I. ’* (Jacobin enough to celebrate as a holiday the day of Charles the First’s death).* I answered, that I believed not ; but that, on the contrary some of the zealous Jacobite clergy still read the service appointed for that day as a fast in our liturgy. He then praised our political consistency : ‘ for,’ said he, ‘ in England, a man who quits his party is, to a certain degree, disgraced, unless he has some good reason to assign for it ; whereas in France, they change sides just as it may suit their present interests, without feeling accountable to any one.’ He was surprised at the impolicy of our government with respect to the Catholics.

“ He inquired after several persons whom he had seen at Paris during the peace : the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord Whitworth, Lord Erskine, Lord Holland ; and a good deal about Mr. Fox, with whom he said he had conversed much : *‘ Et il a été content de moi, n’est-ce pas ’* (And he was satisfied with me, was he not)? I told him that I was not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Fox to have ever heard him say so, but that I understood he had been much flattered by the reception he met with from him, as well as generally in France. He said, *‘ Il en avoit bien raison : on l’a reçu partout comme un Dieu, parce qu’on savoit qu’il étoit toujours pour la paix ’* (He had good reason to be so—he was received every where like a god, because people knew he was always for peace). He spoke of his oratory, as compared with that of Mr. Pitt.

“ He said that it was his wish to have kept the peace of Amiens, but that we chose to break it. He praised, in the highest terms, the late Lord Cornwallis, as a man who, without superior talents, was, from his integrity and goodness, an honour to his country. *‘ C’est là ce que j’appelle la belle race de votre noblesse Anglaise ’* (That is what I call the fine race of your English nobility), and he wished that he had had some of his stamp in France. He added, that he always knew whether the English cabinet were sincere in any proposal for peace, by the

* This was the case formerly, and a calf’s head was always served up at dinner, as an emblem and in derision of the king, but the Calf Head Club had been out of fashion for about half a century when Bonaparte put this question to Lord Ebrington.—*Editor.*

persons they sent to treat. I remarked, that the impression we had of his views of aggrandizement made many of our statesmen, and Lord Grenville among them, afraid of making peace with him. He replied, '*Vous aviez tort ; je ne voulois que vous rendre justes ; je respecte le caractère Anglais, mais je voulois la liberté du commerce et de la mer. Les circonstances en me suscitant des guerres m'ont fourni les moyens d'aggrandir mon empire, et je ne les ai pas négligés ; mais il me falloit plusieurs années de répos pour tout ce que je voulois faire pour la France. Dites à Lord Grenville qu'il vienne me voir à l'île d'Elbe*' (You were wrong ; I only wanted to render you just : I respect the English character—but I wished for the liberty of trade and of the seas. Circumstances which provoked me to carry on war furnished me with the means of aggrandizing my empire, and I certainly did not neglect them : but I required a good many years of quiet to complete what I wished to do for France. Tell Lord Grenville to come to see me at the island of Elba). 'I believe you thought, in England, that I was the devil ; but now that you have seen France, and seen me, you will probably allow that you have, in some respects, been deceived.'

"I blamed his detention of the English travellers, which he justified on the score of retaliation, for our making prizes at sea before a declaration of war. I replied, that this had been in a manner sanctioned by long use. He said, 'Yes, to you who gain, but not to others who suffer from it ; and if you make new laws of nations, I have a right to do the same.'

"He went at some length into his plan for the re-establishment of an aristocracy, by restoring or giving titles of nobility to all who could prove their immediate descent from persons who had served the country in any high office, civil or military ; buying estates for them, according to their several degrees of nobility, out of the '*Domaines extraordinaires*,' and uniting them by intermarriages with the families of his marshals.

"He asked me if I had seen his '*Temple de la Gloire*' at Paris. He intended it for a very different purpose, having contrived the inside so that it might, with a little alteration, be made into a church, which he should, in some eighteen or twenty years, have dedicated to the expiation of the massacres of the revolution. He spoke of the church establishment of France, which had been entirely his own work ; the revolution having destroyed the old one without substituting any thing in its place. 'In this,' said he, 'I had a great advantage, from beginning *de novo*.' He thought an establishment essential to every state, to prevent the disorders that might arise from a general indulgence of wild, speculative opinions : '*Nous ne savons d'où nous venons, ce que nous deviendrons*' (We know not whence we come or what will become of us) ; but our minds, if not otherwise employed, turn naturally to our own situation ; and the mass of the people ought to have some fixed point of

faith, whereon to rest their thoughts. '*D'ailleurs pourvu qu'un homme soit un bon sujet, je ne m'embarrasse pas de sa manière de prier Dieu; je suis Catholique puisque mon Père l'étoit, et parce que c'étoit la Religion de la France*' (Moreover, provided a man be a good subject, I do not care in what manner he worships God: I am a catholic because my father was one, and because that was the religion of France). On my observing that there seemed a great indifference generally throughout the country about public worship, he said, '*Eh! non: le Français aime bien son curé, sa messe, pourvu toujours qu'il n'aye pas à le payer*' (No! the Frenchman likes his curate and his mass well enough, provided he has not to pay for them). He had frequently petitions from villages and districts for a parish priest, to which he always assented, '*à condition qu'ils le payeroient*' (on condition that they pay him): this they as constantly declined. He then inquired into their case, and if he found the request reasonable, gave them the curé; for he rather liked to encourage devotion among the people. Not so, however, in his armies: '*Je ne souffrois pas des prêtres là, car je n'aime point le soldat dévot*' (I never allowed priests there, because I do not like the devout soldier). He also carefully excluded the priesthood from any thing like civil jurisdiction; and therefore enacted that all marriages should be registered in a civil court, making that register the legal proof, without the necessity of any certificate from the priest, or even of any religious ceremony at all, if the parties were content to have it so. He asked if we did not continue to pay tithes in England; and wondered that Henry VIII., when he reformed our church, did not get rid of them altogether.

"He discussed the policy of France with respect to St. Domingo, and condemned the measures they were adopting, as ill calculated to promote their views there. He did not object to the abolition of the slave trade, though he might to a treaty compelling him to it; but, in his opinion, the best mode of at once tranquillizing and civilizing the colonies, would be by the encouragement of intermarriages between the whites and blacks. For that purpose he would allow every man to have two wives, provided they were of different colours; so that the children of both, brought up under the same roof, and upon the same footing, would, from their infancy, learn to consider themselves as equal, and in the ties of relationship to forget the distinction of colour. He believed that the origin of polygamy in the East had been derived from the same principle, of uniting nations of different colours and habits, separated by great deserts and rivers, when they came under one government; and wisely had it been adopted by Mahomet in his law. The Jews acted on a contrary system, from a desire of keeping themselves a distinct nation, and from them is derived our law respecting

marriage; but why should we carry it among people where, from the nature of our relations with them, it can only do us harm?*

"He asked how our affairs went on in America: '*Comment font-ils pour vous battre sur la mer?*' (How do they manage to beat you by sea?) I answered, that their frigates were of a larger size, and more fully manned. He said, with a smile, '*Mais c'est toujours vrai qu'ils vous battent*' (But it is still true that they beat you). He entered into some discussion on the grounds of the war, and concluded, by observing that 'You had better make peace; you will gain more by trading with them than by burning their towns; besides, your state of war at this time weakens your influence at the Congress.'

"He inquired kindly after '*Mon bon ami Usher*' (My good friend Usher), and spoke with great admiration of our discipline and skill in the management of our ships.

"On my expressing my surprise at the admirable *sang froid* with which he bore the change of his situation, he said, '*C'est que tout le monde en a été, je crois, plus étonné que moi: je n'ai pas une trop bonne opinion des hommes, et je me suis toujours méfié de la fortune: d'ailleurs j'ai peu joui: mes frères ont été beaucoup plus rois que moi.*' (Every body has been more astonished at it than myself. I have not a good opinion of men; and I have always been doubtful of fortune: besides I have had few enjoyments. My brothers have been much more kings than I.) 'They have had the enjoyments of royalty, whilst I have had little but its fatigues.' He asked if I knew his brother Lucien, and what success his poem had had?† said he was a clever man, but doubted his understanding sufficiently the '*finesses*' of the French language for an epic poet. '*C'est de tous mes frères celui qui a le plus de talent.*' (Of all my brothers he is the one that has most talent.)

"Speaking of some of the events of the last campaign, he observed, that when the allies crossed the Rhine, he had urged the senate to decree that no peace should be made whilst the enemy was within the territory of France. '*Cela auroit donné de la confiance au peuple qui commençoit à se soulever contre les alliés—c'étoit là le moment de montrer du caractère. Les Romains furent souvent vainqueurs, mais ils ne furent jamais si grands qu'après la bataille de Cannes*' (That would have given confidence to the people who had begun to rise against the allies; that was the moment to show firmness of character. The Romans were often victorious, but they were never so great as after their defeat at Canne). A parliament like that of England would

* This odd system of polygamy was a favourite subject with Bonaparte, and one he frequently talked about, even in the presence of the ladies who accompanied him to Elba. Some of his illustrations were very gross.—*Editor*.

† A short time before this interview, Lucien Bonaparte had published in England his epic poem of Charlemagne.—*Editor*.

have done so, *mais le Sénat n'en eut pas le courage* (but the senate had not the necessary courage). They began *à me chicaner sur des misères* (they began to quarrel with me about miserable trifles),* which had been matter of dispute between us : *Ils se disoient : l'Empereur n'est pas comme les autres hommes, il ne se plait qu'à la guerre, il hait le repos, les plaisirs, les femmes.* (They said among themselves the emperor is not like other men—he is pleased only with war : he hates repose, pleasure, and women). This was by no means the case : I enjoyed my pleasures like another man, when I had time for them : *J'ai eu deux femmes—vous savez l'histoire de mon divorce* (I have had two wives—you know the history of my divorce). He believed there could hardly be found an example of another grounded so exclusively on public motives, *'et dans l'amitié la plus parfaite. J'ai depuis épousé une jeune princesse, d'un âge un peu disconvenable à la mienne ; mais personne, je crois, ne doute qu'elle ne me soit beaucoup attachée. J'ai aussi eu des maîtresses qui m'ont bien aimées ; mais je n'ai jamais eu une maîtresse en titre, et je ne me suis jamais laissé gouverner par une femme'* (I afterwards married a young princess of an age rather unsuitable to mine ; but nobody, I believe, doubts that she is much attached to me. I have also had mistresses that loved me well ; but I never kept a declared mistress, nor permitted myself to be ruled by a woman).

“He asked me about my intended stay in Italy, and the places I proposed visiting, &c. On my mentioning Naples, he said, *'Vous verrez donc sûrement le Roi de Naples. C'est un bon militaire ; c'est un des hommes les plus brillants que j'ai jamais vu sur un champ de bataille. Pas d'un talent supérieur, sans beaucoup de courage moral, assez timide même pour le plan des opérations ; mais le moment qu'il voyoit l'ennemi, tout cela disparoissoit. C'étoit alors le coup d'œil le plus rapide, une valeur vraiment chevaleresque.—D'ailleurs un bel homme, grand, bien mis, et avec beaucoup de soin : quelque fois un peu fantastiquement.—Enfin un magnifique Lazzarone'* (You will then be sure to see the King of Naples. He is a good soldier—one of the most brilliant men I ever saw on a field of battle. Not of superior talents, without much moral courage, timid even in forming his plan of operations ; but the moment he saw the enemy, all that vanished—his eye was the most sure and most rapid, his courage truly chivalrous. Moreover he is a fine man, tall, well dressed, though at times rather fantastically. In short, a magnificent Lazzarone). I asked if he did not make a fine charge

* This accusation of cowardice seems to us absurd. How could Bonaparte expect political courage from a body of men whom he had constantly made tremble under his absolute will—whom he had reduced to the last stage of servility and passive obedience ?

When the liberties of Rome were annihilated, the courage of the Roman senate expired with them.—*Editor.*

with the cavalry at the battle of Leipsic, on the first day? He replied, '*Parbleu il les menoit toujours même trop bien, il les faisoit trop tuer—et toujours en avant lui-même. C'étoit vraiment un superbe spectacle de le voir dans les combats à la tête de la cavalerie*' (By Jove! he always carried them forward even too well, getting too many of them killed, and he himself always foremost—always at their head. It was really a magnificent sight to see him in battle, heading the cavalry).

"He showed more animation in speaking on this than on any other topic in the whole course of conversation, and seemed quite to dwell on it with pleasure. He said, '*Vous verrez aussi la Reine; c'est une belle personne, et très-fine*' (You will also see the queen; she is a handsome person, and very cunning).

"He then asked me how long I proposed remaining at Elba; offered me a horse from his stables to ride about the island; and at a little past eleven o'clock dismissed me."

CONVERSATION OF FOUCHÉ WITH THE EMPEROR ON THE SUBJECT OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

Bonaparte had secretly made up his mind to entrap the royal family and seize upon Spain. Upon his return to St. Cloud, after the treaty of Tilsit, and his very friendly intercourse with the Emperor Alexander there, he received the most vapid and extravagant adulations from all the principal authorities.

"Every day," says the astute Fouché, "I saw more and more the change which vanity and infatuation were producing in this great character: he became more reserved than ever with his ministers. Eight days after his return he made some sudden changes: General Clarke, since Duke of Feltre, was named war-minister, Cretet, a simple counsellor of state, was appointed to the Interior, and Berthier was made vice-constable. But that which caused the greatest astonishment was to see the portfolio of foreign affairs placed in the hands of Champagny, since Duke of Cadore. To deprive M. de Talleyrand of this department was a sign of disgrace, which however was partly disguised by favours conferring merely empty honours. M. de Talleyrand was appointed to be vice-grand elector, which did not fail to furnish subject matter for the punsters of Paris. *It is certain that a disagreement of opinion upon the projects relative to Spain was the principal cause of his disgrace*; but this important subject had, as yet, been treated only in private by the Emperor and M. de Talleyrand. I however penetrated the mystery even before the secret treaty of Fontainebleau.

"Here opens the memorable year of 1808, the period of a new era, in which Napoleon's star began to wax dim. I had at length a confidential communication of the real object which had induced him to enter into the secret treaty of Fontainebleau, and to determine upon the invasion of Portugal. Napoleon announced to me that the Bourbons of Spain, and the house of Braganza, would shortly cease to

reign. 'Leaving Portugal out of the question,' said I to him, 'which is truly an English colony, with respect to Spain, you have no cause for complaint; those Bourbons are, and will be as long as you wish it, your most humble prefects. Besides, are you not mistaken with respect to the character of the people of the Peninsula? Take care: you have, it is true, many partisans there; but only because they consider you as a great and powerful potentate, as a friend and an ally. If you declare without any cause against the reigning family; if, favoured by domestic dissensions, you realize the fable of the oyster and the lawyers, you must declare against the majority of the population. Besides, you ought to know that the Spaniards are not a cold, phlegmatic people, like the Germans; they are attached to their manners, their governments and old customs; the mass of the nation is not to be estimated by the heads of society, who are, as every where else, corrupted and possessed but of little patriotism. Once more, take care you do not transform a tributary kingdom into a new Vendée.'—'What is it you say?' replied he, 'every reflecting person in Spain despises the government; the Prince of the Peace, a true mayor of the palace, is detested by the nation; he is a scoundrel who will himself open the gates of Spain for me. As to the rabble, whom you have mentioned, who are still under the influence of monks and priests, a few cannon-shot will quickly disperse them. You have seen warlike Prussia, that heritage of the great Frederick, fall before my arms like a heap of rubbish; well, you will see Spain surrender itself into my hands without knowing it, and afterwards applaud itself; I have there an immense party. I have resolved to continue in my own dynasty the family system of Louis XIV.; uniting Spain to the destinies of France. I am desirous of availing myself of the only opportunity afforded me by fortune of regenerating Spain, of detaching it entirely from England, and of uniting it inseparably to my system. Reflect that the sun never sets in the immense inheritance of Charles V., and that I shall have the empire of both worlds.'

"I found that it was a design resolved upon, that all the counsels of reason would avail nothing, and that the torrent must be left to take its course. However, I thought it my duty to add, that I entreated his Majesty to consider in his wisdom, whether all that was taking place was not a *ruse-de-guerre*; whether the northern powers were not anxious to embroil him with the south, as a useful diversion, and with the ultimate view of reuniting with England, at a convenient opportunity, in order to place the empire between two fires."

"'You are,' cried he, 'a true minister of police, who mistrusts every thing, and believes in nothing good. I am sure of Alexander, who is very sincere. I now exercise over him a kind of charm, independently of the guarantee offered me by those about him, of whom I am equally certain.' Here Napoleon related to me all the trifling nonsense which I had heard from his suite respecting the interview at Tilsit, and the sudden predilection of the Russian court for the emperor and his people; he did not omit the flattery by means of which he believed he had captivated the Grand Duke Constantine himself, who, it is said, was not displeased at being told that he was the best dressed prince in Europe, and had the finest thighs in the world."

"The affairs of Rome and the Pope were now thrown into shade by

the events which took place at Madrid and Bayonne, where Napoleon arrived on the 15th of April, with his court and suite. Spain was already invaded; and, under the mask of friendship, the French had taken possession of the principal fortresses in the north.

"Having seized Spain, and full of hopes, Napoleon now prepared to appropriate to himself the treasures of the new world, which five or six adventurers came to offer him as the infallible result of their intrigues. All the machinery of this vast plot was prepared; a perfect understanding prevailed from the château of Marrac to Madrid, Lisbon, Cadiz, Buenos Ayres, and Mexico. Napoleon was followed by his private establishment of political imposture; his Duke of Rovigo, Savary; his Archbishop of Molines, the Abbé Pradt; his Prince Pignatelli; and many other tools, more or less active, of his diplomatic frauds. *The ex-minister, Talleyrand, was also in his suite, but more as a passive observer than an agent.*

"I had warned Napoleon, on the eve of his departure, that the public opinion became irritated by the anxiety of expectation, and that the talk of the day had already reached a height far above the power of my three hundred regulators of Paris to suppress.

"This was still worse when events developed themselves; when by stratagem and perfidy, all the family of Spain found itself caught in the Bayonne nets; when the Madrid massacre of the 2d of May took place; and when the rising of nearly an entire nation had set almost the whole of the Peninsula in conflagration. All was known and ascertained in Paris, notwithstanding the incredible efforts of all the police establishments to intercept or prevent the knowledge of public events. Never in the whole course of my two ministries did I see so decided a reprobation of the insatiable ambition and machiavelism of the head of the state. This convinced me, that in an important crisis truth would assert all its rights, and regain all its empire. I received from Bayonne two or three very harsh letters respecting the bad state of the public mind, for which I seemed to be in some degree considered as responsible; my bulletins were a sufficient answer. Towards the end of July, after the capitulation of Baylen, it became impossible to restrain it. The counter-police, and the Emperor's private correspondents, took the alarm; they even deceived themselves so far as to put him on his guard against the symptoms of a conspiracy, totally imaginary, in Paris. The Emperor quitted Bayonne in all haste, after several fits of rage, which were metamorphosed in the saloons of the Chaussée d'Antin, and the Faubourg Saint-Germain, into an attack of fever. Traversing La Vendée, he returned to Saint-Cloud, by the Loire. I expected some severe observations upon my first audience, and was consequently on my guard. 'You have been too indulgent, Duke d'Otranto,' were his first words. 'How is it you have permitted so many nests of babblers and slanderers to be formed in Paris?'—'Sire, when every one is implicated, what is to be done; besides, the police cannot penetrate into the interior of families, and the confidences of friendship.'—'But foreigners have excited disaffection in Paris.'—'No, sire, the public discontent has been confined to itself; old passions have been revived, and in this respect there has been much expression of discontent. But nations cannot be aroused, without arousing the passions.

It would be impolitic, imprudent even, to exasperate the public mind by unseasonable severity. This disturbance has likewise been exaggerated to your majesty: it will be appeased, as so many others have been; all will depend upon this Spanish war, and the attitude assumed by continental Europe. Your Majesty has surmounted difficulties much more serious, and crises much more important.' It was then that, striding up and down his cabinet, he again spoke to me of the Spanish war as a mere skirmish, which scarcely deserved a few cannon shot; at the same time flying into a rage against Murat, Moncey, and especially Dupont, whose capitulation he stigmatized with the term infamous, declaring that he would make an example of him in the army. 'I will conduct this war of peasants and monks,' continued he, 'myself, and I hope to thrash the English soundly. I will immediately come to an understanding with the Emperor Alexander, for the ratification of the treaties and the preservation of the tranquillity of Europe. In three months I will reconduct my brother to Madrid, and in four I myself will enter Lisbon, if the English dare to set foot there. I will punish this rabble, and will drive out the English.'—*Memoirs of Fouché. (Editor.)*

It is evident that Napoleon created no suspicion in the mind of Lord Ebrington as to the escape he was then meditating, and which he carried into effect only two months and a few days after his lordship's departure from Elba.

Napoleon, indeed, with equal skill concealed his purposes from long and close observers, whom we cannot accuse of being indolent, or men of low or weak capacities: but nevertheless a faint and uncertain glimmering of the truth now and then broke upon certain minds, while many thousand French partisans in different parts of Europe, who had been let into the secret, knew perfectly well that it was not Bonaparte's intention to give up the game and throw down his last card at Elba.

About the middle of May, 1814, Baron Kohler, the Austrian commissioner, took farewell of Napoleon, to return to Vienna. The scene of Napoleon's parting with this gentleman is said to have been quite pathetic on the Emperor's side. He wept as he embraced General Kohler, and entreated him to procure, if possible, his reunion with his wife and child—called him the preserver of his life—regretted his poverty, which prevented his bestowing on him some valuable token of remembrance—finally, folding the Austrian general in his arms, he held him there for some time, repeating expressions of warm attachment. This sensibility existed all upon one side; for an English gentleman who witnessed the scene, having asked Kohler afterwards what he was thinking of while locked in the Emperor's embraces—"Of Judas Iscariot," answered the Austrian.*

* See Quarterly Review, and Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon.

After the departure of Baron Kohler, Colonel Sir Niel Campbell was the only one of the four commissioners who remained at Elba by orders of the British cabinet. It was difficult to say what his office really was, or what were his instructions. He had neither power, right, nor means, to interfere with Napoleon's motions. The Emperor had been recognised by a treaty as an independent sovereign. It was, therefore, only as a nondescript kind of envoy that Sir Niel Campbell was permitted to reside at his court. In fact, Sir Niel Campbell had no direct or ostensible situation, and of this the French at Elba soon took advantage. Drouot, the governor of Porto-Ferrajo, made such particular inquiries into the character assumed by the British envoy, and the length of his stay, as obliged Campbell to declare, that his orders were to remain in Elba till the breaking up of the Congress, which was now settling the affairs of Europe; but if his orders should direct him to continue there after that period, he would apply to have his situation placed on some recognised public footing.

Napoleon did not oppose or murmur at the equivocal residence of Sir Niel Campbell at Elba; he affected, on the contrary, to be pleased with it. For a considerable time he even seemed to seek the society of the British envoy, held frequent intercourse with him, and conversed with apparent confidence on public affairs. It appeared from these conversations, that Napoleon's expressions were arranged, generally speaking, on a premeditated plan, yet it is equally evident that his ardent temperament, when once engaged in discourse, led him to discover more of his own private thoughts than he would on cool reflection have suffered to escape him.

On the 16th of September, 1814, for example, Sir Niel Campbell had an audience of three hours, during which, Napoleon, with his habitual impatience of a sedentary posture, walked from one end of the room to the other, and talked incessantly. He was happy, he said, that Sir Niel remained in Elba, *pour rompre la chimère* (to destroy, the idea that he, Bonaparte, had any further intention of disturbing the peace of Europe). "I think," he continued, "of nothing beyond the verge of my little isles. I could have supported the war for twenty years, if I had chosen. I am now a deceased person, occupied with nothing but my family, my retreat, my house, my cows, and my poultry." And yet not unfrequently the very moment after assertions like these, Napoleon's eye would flash, his lips quiver, and on some sudden reference to the Bourbons, or to his army, he would let words escape him that proved ambition was still alive and working within him.

On another occasion, he described the ferment in France, which he said he had learned from the correspondence of his guards with their native country, and so far forgot the character of a defunct person as to say plainly, that the present disaffec-

tion would break out with all the fury of the former revolution, and require his own resurrection. "For then," he added, "the sovereigns of Europe will soon find it necessary for their own repose, to call on me to tranquillize matters."

Sir Niel Campbell conceived some suspicions, but upon the whole, thought it unlikely that he meditated an escape, unless a very tempting opening should present itself in France or Italy.

Napoleon frequently talked about his wife and son, whose society at Elba he claimed as a right, and as a thing indispensable to his happiness. On these topics his language was furious. General Kohler, on the other hand, insisted that her remaining apart from her husband was entirely voluntary on the part of Maria Louisa. He also expressed a doubt that Napoleon was actuated by other feelings than those of domestic affection, and this, though we believe he tenderly loved his child and his wife also, we can readily believe.

A curious manoeuvre made the simple-minded people of Elba believe for a short time that the Empress and the young Napoleon had really been among them to visit the fallen monarch. In August, 1814, a lady, with a fine little boy, arrived from Leghorn at Porto-Ferrajo in a very mysterious manner. She was received with distinction, around which, however, Bonaparte threw a certain veil of secrecy. She was lodged in a retired casino, or country-house in the least frequented part of the island, where she only stopped two days, and then made sail for Naples. Even some of the French soldiery who had only seen the lady at a distance, or had not seen her at all, wrote to their friends that Maria Louisa had been to visit her husband, and that it was quite certain the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria were on the point of making up matters, and then making common head against the allies.

The fine little boy was indeed the son of Bonaparte, but an illegitimate son: and the mysterious lady in question was not Maria Louisa, but a Polish countess, with whom Napoleon had intrigued at Warsaw during the winter of 1807. We have given a note from the Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs, wherein Savary alludes to this connexion.*

As the winter approached, a change was discernible in Napoleon. The alterations which he had planned in the island ceased to interest him; he rode less frequently on horseback, and sunk occasionally into fits of deep contemplation, mingled with gloomy anxiety. And yet it was after this that he could play his part so consummately with Lord Ebrington. "He became, also," says Sir Walter Scott, "subjected to uneasiness, to which he had hitherto been a stranger, being that arising from pecuniary inconveniences. He had plunged into expenses with imprudent eagerness, and without weighing the amount of his resources

* See *ante*, vol. iii., p. 9.

against the cost of the proposed alterations. The ready money which he brought from France seems to have been soon exhausted, and to raise supplies, he commanded the inhabitants of his island to pay up, in the month of June, the contributions of the last year. This produced petitions, personal solicitations, and discontent. It was represented to him, that, so poor were the inhabitants of the island, in consequence of want of sale for their wine for months past, that they would be driven to the most extreme difficulties if the requisition should be persisted in. In some of the villages, the tax-gatherers of the Emperor were resisted and insulted. Napoleon, on his side, sent part of his troops to quarter upon the insurgent peasantry, and to be supported by them at free cost, till the contributions should be paid up."

We cannot help thinking that at Elba as afterwards at St. Helena, Napoleon for very obvious purposes tried to make people believe he was much poorer than he really was. An exhibition of poverty and destitution could hardly fail of exasperating to madness and preparing for any enterprise, however desperate, his faithful followers and attached troops, who had been accustomed to see him with such immense wealth at his command—with the ample means of executing the most stupendous works.* It would besides sound badly in Europe, and tell against them that the dishonesty of the Bourbons in not executing the treaty of Fontainebleau, exposed the great Napoleon to want. We repeat that we suspect Bonaparte, who was then actually sending large sums of money to his brother Joseph for political objects, was not so poor as he seemed, but still that the Court of France did not keep the treaty.

Sir Walter Scott, who believes his poverty to have been real, and who can hardly be suspected of favouring Bonaparte in opposition to the Bourbons, remarks—

"We have said, that Napoleon's impatience to execute whatsoever plans occurred to his fertile imagination, was the original cause of these pecuniary distresses. But they are not less to be imputed to the unfair and unworthy conduct of the French ministry. The French administration were, of all others, most intimately bound in conscience, honour, and policy, to see the treaty of Fontainebleau, as forming the footstool by which Louis XVIII. mounted his restored throne, distinctly observed towards Napoleon. The sixth article of that treaty provides an annuity or revenue of two millions five hundred thousand francs, to be registered on the great book of France, and paid without abatement or deduction to Napoleon Bonaparte. This annual provision was stipulated by the Marshals Macdonald and Ney, as the price of Napoleon's resignation, and the French ministers, could not refuse a declaration of payment without gross injustice to Bonaparte, and at the same time a severe in-

* For an account of the sums spent by Napoleon in public works, see *Addenda*.

sult to the allied powers. Nevertheless, so far from this pension being paid with regularity, we have seen no evidence that Napoleon ever received a single remittance on account of it. The British resident observing how much the ex-emperor was harassed by pecuniary straits, gave it, not once, but repeatedly as his opinion, "that, if these difficulties pressed upon him much longer, so as to prevent him from continuing the external show of a court, he was perfectly capable of crossing over to Piombino with his troops, or committing any other extravagance."

This was Sir Niel Campbell's opinion on the 31st of October, 1814; and Lord Castlereagh made strong remonstrances on the subject, although Great Britain was the only power among the allies, who, being no principal party to the treaty of Fontainebleau, might safely have left it to those States who were.

Not only were the claims of Napoleon left unsatisfied, but the pensions, stipulated for by the sixth article of the treaty of Fontainebleau, for the different members of his family were never paid by the restored Bourbons.

A portion of this disgrace most undeniably fell upon such of the allies as guaranteed the execution of the treaty of Fontainebleau. Baron Fain says—

"It must be recorded to the disgrace of European diplomacy, that those generous professions were never carried into execution. The legacies which Napoleon distributed to persons about him, on the faith of the treaty, have not been paid, and the legatees have not found in the signatures of princes, that irrevocable which is furnished by the signature of two attorneys in the most trifling matters of this nature between private individuals."

We cannot, indeed, believe for a moment, that Bonaparte ever intended to remain quietly at Elba; but the Bourbons, the Blacases, and the Ferrands, indisputably did all in their power to furnish him with justifiable grounds and excuses for leaving that island. The obstinate blindness (for such it was at last) of certain governments is altogether inexplicable, unless we seek explanations in causes of action or of passiveness most disgraceful to them. A distinguished writer, commenting on Bonaparte's projected return about the time of these events, observes—

"We have the best reason for believing that these accurate observers did not conceal their conviction from the principal governments of Europe, especially from the government of Great Britain. Indeed, from the condition of some of them, it was impossible that their opinion, with its reasons, should not have found its way to the British government. It is not our business to inquire in what country, or by what ministers, information relating to this subject was received with indifference and neglect, if not with scorn. The large remittances of money

made to Joseph Bonaparte in the Pays de Vaud,—the preparations made by him to assemble men, under pretence of the differences between that country and their ancient sovereigns at Bern,—his arrangement of quarters for several hundred French officers in his pay, are said to have been communicated by the Swiss government to the great courts with no other than a most mischievous effect on their policy. In the villages around Paris, as well as on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, the violet was the secret symbol by which they denoted their chief, and recognised each other. They wore rings of a violet colour, with the device, '*Elle reparaitra au printemps*' (It will reappear in the spring.)

"When they asked, '*Aimez vous la violette*?' (Do you love the violet)? if the answer was '*Oui*' (Yes), they inferred that the answer was not a confederate. But if the answer was, '*Eh bien*' (Well then), they recognised a brother, initiated in the secrets of the conspiracy, and they completed his sentence, '*Elle reparaitra au printemps*.'

"These secret symbols, less important for their professed purposes of secrecy than as a romantic garniture of conspiracy, calculated to excite the imagination, and peculiarly adapted in that respect to the character of Frenchmen, had been employed a twelvemonth before by the partisans of the house of Bourbon. A royalist then sounded any man, of whom he entertained hopes, by saying '*Deli*.' If the answer was '*Vrance*,' the recognition of principle was reciprocal and satisfactory.

"M. Ferrand (one of the old regime heroes celebrated by Bourrienne), an old bigot of despotism, made a minister in France for no apparent merit but the extravagance of his monarchical opinions, who was intrusted with the department of the post-office, has, since the landing of Bonaparte, publicly stated, that he had read the whole project in the letters broken open at his office! The seizure of a Bonaparteian correspondence on Lord Oxford, though it is said to have produced no discovery more interesting than a letter of Excelmans to Joachim, was a proof of the suspicions of the French government; though it is not improbable that Lord Oxford was chosen as bearer of so many letters to Italy, and information given of their number to the police, as a false scent, to divert the attention of that government from the real channels of information."*

The universality of the opinion that Napoleon was making mysterious preparations in Elba, ought to have opened the eyes of the blind; but those who could not, and those who *would not* see, preserved all their former apathy.

As early as the month of July, 1814, there was much fermentation in Italy, to which the close neighbourhood of Elba, and the sovereignty of Murat, at Naples, occasioned a general

* See Edinburgh Review.

resort of Bonaparte's friends and admirers. This agitation gradually increased, and means were adopted for disseminating a prospect of Napoleon's return to power. Parties of recruits came over from Italy to enlist in his guards, and two persons employed in this service were arrested at Leghorn, in whose possession were found written lists of the names of several hundred persons willing to serve Napoleon.

The embers of discontent were fanned into a flame by the unpopular, imprudent conduct of Prince Rospigliosi, the civil Governor of Tuscany, and of the other ministers of the restored governments. In Italy, as in France, these obsolete old men seemed to think, that twenty-five years of revolutions and wars had wrought no change in the spirits of men, and that the world was to be governed in 1815 as it had been in 1790.

In Piedmont, among other precious relics of the past, the legitimate sovereign of the House of Savoy had positively restored the use of torture to the criminal courts! All these things must be taken into consideration when we attempt to account for Napoleon's movements in 1815.

Napoleon's conduct towards those who joined him at Elba was well calculated to make devoted partisans. On the 11th of July, Colomboni, commandant of a battalion of the 4th regiment of the line in Italy, was presented to the Emperor as newly arrived. "Well, Colomboni, your business in Elba?"—"First, to pay my duty to your Majesty; secondly, to offer myself to carry a musket among your guards."—"That is too low a situation, you must have something better," said Napoleon; and instantly named him to an appointment of 1200 francs yearly.

About the middle of summer, Napoleon was visited by his mother, and his sister the Princess Pauline. Both these ladies had very considerable talents for political intrigue, and their natural faculties in this way had not lain dormant or been injured by want of practice. In Pauline this finesse was partially concealed by a languor and indecision of manner, and an occasional assumption of *niaiserie*, or almost infantine simplicity; but this only threw people the more off their guard, and made her finesse the more sure in its operation. Pauline was handsome too, uncommonly graceful, and had all that power of fascination which has been attributed to the Bonaparte family. She could gain hearts with ease, and those whom her charms enslaved were generally ready to devote themselves, absolutely to her brother. She went and came between Naples and Elba, and kept her brother-in-law, Murat, in mind of the fact, that the lion was not yet dead, nor so much as sleeping, but merely retiring the better to spring forward on his quarry.

Porto-Ferrajo gradually merited its name in the Greek sense, for it became really Cosmopolitan, being resorted to by men of all nations—by Italians, Sicilians, Corsicans, Frenchmen, Germans, and even Greeks. A certain Theologos, a Greek, was

much spoken of at the time as being one of the most active and skilful of Napoleon's secret agents. Another of these agents was one Domenico Etti, a monk who had fled from his convent to Elba. These men were continually going to and fro, now to the Tuscan coast, scarcely three leagues off, now to Naples, and now to the shores of France. In the latter country, moreover, the cause of Bonaparte was served by a number of the soldiers of his guard, to whom he gave leave of absence, in order that they might *visit their friends*. In France, too, as we have already said, the conduct of the restored Bourbons was so unwise as necessarily to accelerate a crisis. The text of Bourrienne has shown some of the many follies committed there by an imbecile ministry; and the following are the comments of Fouché, who was at the time employed by Louis XVIII., and involved in some way or other in every intrigue that was carrying on. The astute old jacobin disliked Napoleon more than he did the Bourbons, but he was anxious to keep power and place under whichever of them might eventually prevail. He therefore closely studied the conduct and resources of both parties, and actually intrigued with both at one and the same time.

"I was convinced, beforehand, that the feeble and incompetent individuals who grasped the helm of government, would continue to follow erroneous maxims of policy, and to impart a false direction to affairs.

"What serious reflections, therefore, assailed my mind, with regard to the equivocal and incoherent position of the new government! As a statesman, it could not escape my notice, that a restoration had been effected without a revolution, since all the wheel-marks of the imperial government still subsisted; and nothing was changed, if I may so express it, except the individuality of power; and, in fact, what could be found after the lapse of twenty years in an immovable condition? Clergy, nobility, institutions, municipalities, hereditary proprietorships, nothing had escaped the general overthrow.

"The Bourbons, in reascending the throne, found support in public inclination, but not in national interest. Such was the origin and first cause of the commotion, the first indications of which already began to exhibit themselves to my eyes. France was divided between the votaries and adversaries of the restoration. Louis XVIII. reigned over a suffering and divided nation; all the favourers of imperial despotism, all the individuals who had distinguished themselves in our revolutionary crisis, feared to be obliged to share their dignities with the ancient nobility; they had required securities, and they had obtained them by that declaration which was solicited from the king, and promulgated by that prince before his entrance into his capital.

"But, on the other hand, the reverses of Napoleon had suc-

ceeded each other with so much rapidity, that the possessors of superior employments and great incomes had not sufficient time to retrench the luxury of their establishments. When the Bourbons were recalled, some calculation was necessary on their part, and it was indispensable to put a sudden stop to the unlimited course of their expenses. Here was a plentiful source of discontent and irritation among the upper ranks of the social order. Another still more alarming cause of instability for the new government, was to be found in the hitherto unmodified scale of the army; it had not received its *congé*, (an enormous error,) for all the old soldiers, and all the prisoners who were restored to France, were imbued with a spirit at variance with the restoration, and devoted to the interests of the ex-emperor.*

The king, instead of accepting the charter, had granted it; another subject of discontent to that great body of Frenchmen, whose political era dated from the revolution. The charter, it is true, confirmed titles, honours, and in some respect, places; it legalized the acquisition of national property; but that was not entirely satisfactory for so many restless and prejudiced individuals. The charter, moreover, had a multitude of objectors. According to one party it was not sufficiently liberal; according to the partisans of the ancient régime, the old constitution of the kingdom was preferable. To this state of things must be added, the laxity and uncertainty of the ministers, who, without being either royalists or patriots, took it into their heads that they could render France ministerial. The general apprehension must also be borne in mind which was entertained of the Congress of Vienna, which, while employed in the reconstruction of Europe, menaced such states as had become the seat of revolution with subjection to an anti-revolutionary régime; in this manner the interests produced by twenty-five years of troubles were thrown into alarm. The royalists enfeebled and divided their party in the same proportion as their adversaries, shuddering at the very name of the Bourbons, exhibited more pertinacity in disputing their rights. The possibility of Napoleon's return, considered at first as a chimera, became the favourite idea of the army; plots were formed, and the royal police countermined. It is easy to conceive, that having occupied so many elevated

* The allies most imprudently restored without any stipulation whatever, all the French prisoners they had taken during the war. In this manner more than 150,000 men, for the most part tried soldiers, were thrown like a lava-stream into France, where they soon openly expressed their old enthusiasm for Napoleon, and their contempt and hatred of the new government. They toasted the ex-emperor as "the little corporal," or, "Corporal Violet," and they confidently repeated wherever they went, "He will come back with the spring." It was impossible to prove to these men, that had they been present in France instead of being, as they were, prisoners to the Russians, the Prussians, and Austrians, Paris could never have been taken by the allies: there was no convincing them that Napoleon had not been betrayed, for when did the French ever acknowledge to have been defeated, except through treachery?—*Editor.*

posts in the state, and still preserving such numerous links of connexion with public affairs, and with so devoted a body of clients in the capital, my observations extended over all the intrigues which were concocting.”*

When the Bourbon government evinced an intention of reclaiming part of the landed property of the emigrants, which they soon did, they threw a very large portion of the nation into great alarm. Every man who had risen to wealth during the revolution—nay, every peasant in the kingdom, who had bought his five or six acres of ground, trembled at the prospect of having them wrenched from him and restored to the old and noble proprietors. Much of this property had changed hands several times, and was then held by individuals who had had nothing to do with the revolution, but had bought their lands or houses at a fair market-price, from sellers whose rights were acknowledged by the existing laws.

An old emigrant, one of the objects of Bourrienne’s scorn, was the first to make this dangerous move.

Monsieur Ferrand brought forward in the Chamber of Deputies, a motion for the restoration of such estates of emigrants as yet remained unsold. But this involved a question respecting the rights of the much more numerous class whose property had been seized upon by the state, and disposed of to third parties, to whom it was guaranteed by the charter. Since these gentlemen could not be restored *ex jure*, to their estates, as was proposed towards their more fortunate brethren, they had at least a title to the price which had been substituted for the property, of which price the nation had still possession.

These proposals called forth Monsieur Durbach, who charged Ferrand with the fatal purpose of opening the door on the vast subject of national domains. “Already,” continued the orator, “the two extremities of the kingdom have resounded with the words of the minister, as with the claps which precede the thunderbolt. The effect which they have produced has been so rapid and so general, that all civil transactions have been at once suspended. A general distrust and excessive fear have caused a stagnation, the effects of which even the royal treasury has felt. The proprietors of national property can no longer sell or mortgage their estates. They are suddenly reduced to poverty in the very bosom of wealth. Whence arises this calamity? The cause of it is the declaration of the minister, that the property they possessed does not legally belong to them. For this is, in fact, the consequence of his assertion, that the law recognises in the emigrants a right to property which always existed in them.”

The highminded and the most honourable Marshal MacDonald, who after serving Bonaparte to the very last with un-

* Fouché’s Memoirs, vol. ii.

blemished faith, had entered the service of the Bourbons and the constitutional monarchy with a determination of being equally faithful to them, endeavoured to compromise these matters, by coupling a boon to the army with partial compensation to the emigrants so to satisfy both parties.

At the king's request he undertook to bring forward a plan for satisfying the emigrants, as far as the condition of the nation permitted; and for giving, at the same time, some indemnity for the pensions assigned by Bonaparte to veteran soldiers, which, during his reign, had been paid from countries beyond the verge of France, until after the retreat from Moscow, when they ceased to be paid at all. The marshal's statement of the extent of the sale of the national domains, shows how formidable the task of undoing that extensive transference of property must necessarily have been; the number of persons directly or indirectly interested in the question of their security, amounting to nine or ten millions. "Against this colossus," continued the marshal, "whose height the eye cannot measure, some impotent efforts would affect to direct themselves; but the wisdom of the king has foreseen this danger, even for the sake of those imprudent persons who might have exposed themselves to it." He proceeded to eulogize the conduct of the emigrants, to express respect for their persons, compassion for their misfortunes, honour for their fidelity, and proceeded to observe, that the existence of these old proprietors, as having claims on the estates which had been acquired by others, placed them in a situation which ought not to exist. He therefore proposed that the nation should satisfy the claims of these unfortunate persons, if not in full, at least upon such terms of composition as had been applied to other national obligations. Upon this footing, he calculated that an annuity of twelve millions of livres yearly, would pay off the claims of the various emigrants of all descriptions. He next drew a picture of the distressed veteran soldiers; pensioners of the state, who had been reduced to distress by the discontinuance of their pensions, bought with their blood in a thousand battles. Three millions more of livres he computed as necessary to discharge this sacred obligation.

The wise and manly plan of the marshal was rejected by government, because (as it was made to appear) they were too poor to afford to pay a yearly sum of fifteen millions of francs, unless, indeed, they continued the *droits-réunis*, which oppressive tax the Bourbons, on their entrance into France, had solemnly promised to abolish. As far as it applied to the emigrants, something like Macdonald's project was carried into execution some ten years later; but, at the crisis of 1815, things were left *in statu quo*: consequently, while the emigrants were abandoned to poverty and dissatisfaction, the veterans of the army were goaded into fury, and the alarms of the holders of national property continued. These, in themselves, were causes sufficient to

facilitate Napoleon's march from the coast of Provence to Paris, and there were many others almost equally strong in full operation during the spring of 1815.

One of these causes was only an extension or enlargement of what we have already alluded to. It arose out of the numerical preponderance, the deadly spite, and still untamed pride of the military—out of the warlike habits, recklessness, and ferocity of character, that so many years of war had produced on the great body of the French people, no fewer than seven hundred thousand of whom were said to have borne arms at one time.

In 1814 nearly all France looked like a disbanded camp. A friend of the editor, who visited the country in that memorable year, was forcibly struck by the appearance of the people. He says—

“The most impressive feature of the crowd before us, and that which most struck us with a sense of novelty and of interest, was its military aspect. Almost every man had some indication of the military profession about his person, sufficient to denote that he had been engaged in war; at the same time, there was a self-willed variety in the dress of each, which had a very unpleasant effect, inasmuch as it prevented us from recognising that stamped assurance of legitimacy as an armed force which is impressed on the aspect of British troops. We could scarcely imagine that the dark-visaged beings, some in long, loose great-coats, some in jackets, some in cocked-hats, some in round ones, some in caps, who darted at us keen looks of a very overclouded cast, had ever belonged to regiments, steady, controlled, and lawful;—they seemed, rather, the fragments of broken-up gangs, brave, dexterous, and fierce, but unprincipled and unrestrained. Much of this irregularity and angriiness of appearance was, doubtless, occasioned by the great disbandment of the army that had just taken place. The disbanded had no call to observe the niceties of military discipline, although they still retained such parts of their military-uniform as they found convenient. They had not then either pursuits to occupy their time, or even prospects to keep up their hopes; they still lounged about in idleness, although their pay had been stopped; and disappointment and necessity threw into their faces an expression deeper than that of irritation—approaching, in fact, to the indications of indiscriminate and inveterate hatred. They carried about with them in their air the branded characteristics of forlorn men, whose interests and habits were opposed to the peace of mankind;—men who would cry, with the desperate Constance—

“‘War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war!’”—*King John*.*

We deplore the carnage, but, taking a large view of the state of affairs, we *do* consider the return of Bonaparte, and the battle of

* See a Visit to France in 1814, by the late John Scott, Esq.

Waterloo, as having been indispensably necessary to the great settlement of Europe—a settlement not secured in 1814, when the allies showed so much forbearance to the French, that all the Bonapartists (giving them no credit for generosity) thought, and even boasted, that they were *afraid* of them. With a few exceptions on the part of Prussia, the allies left intact the wonderful Napoleon Museum, enriched with pictures and statues, forcibly torn from Italy, Spain, and Germany; which stolen works of art, and the books and rare manuscripts exacted in treaties, signed at the bayonet's point, were all considered by a large portion of the Parisians and military as trophies of victory. The influence exercised on public opinion by this single circumstance was really considerable, and it required the great moral lesson, the restitution of these treasures (which was made in 1815), to bring the French to reason. If at the time of that restitution it had been deemed right (which it *was*) and feasible (which in many cases it was not) to insist on the restoration of the works of art which had been seized by Napoleon's generals, and kept on their own account, how many more pictures would have been sent back to Italy and Spain than actually were sent! The history of Marshal Soult's collection, so rich in the pictures of Murillo, Velasquez, Alonzo Cano, Casa del Campo, Coello, and others of the best Spanish masters, is perfectly well known. Marshal Soult lately sold this collection to King Louis Philippe.

Even as respected the Bourbons, the returned emigrants, and all the ultra-royalists, the events of 1815, and the convulsion of the hundred days, were absolutely required to put them into a proper state of mind. On the second restoration, which took place in consequence of the battle of Waterloo, a great improvement was obvious in the spirit and in the measures of government; and though, undeniably, many errors continued to be committed, and some prejudices to be indulged in, France had never before seen so much *real* liberty as that which she enjoyed during the years which intervened between the second return and the death of Louis.

These facts, most of which were proved only after the event, did not enter into the calculations of the allied powers, whose object, and whose duty it was, at that period, to place Bonaparte in such a retreat as should offer the least possible facilities to him for endangering anew the peace of Europe. But instead of doing this, they positively selected the point most favourable to him for such an enterprise. Next to France the main strength of Napoleon's party was in Italy, and Elba was an Italian island lying close to the coast of Italy, and at a convenient distance from Naples, where his brother-in-law was king.

On the prudence of selecting that spot as the place of residence for the restless Napoleon we subjoin the following remarks:

"When the secret history of the negotiations which passed from the 20th of March to the 10th of April, is disclosed to our

posterity, the motives, if not the reasons, of this singular convention may be understood. At the moment of its publication, all its conditions, but especially the place of his residence, excited universal astonishment. This sentiment was expressed by men of all parties and conditions, from the most celebrated statesmen of England to the porters of Vienna; and the former might have expressed them as openly as the latter did, if they had not been silenced by the most obvious considerations of prudence. The island of Elba appears to have been (at least publicly) suggested by Marshal Ney. It is said that Bonaparte originally demanded Corfu, which was refused as too valuable a possession, under the ludicrous pretext that his residence there *might disturb the tranquillity of Turkey!* The island to which he was sent united every property which Bonaparte could have desired for new plans of ambition. Its small size and population disarmed jealousy, and gave it the appearance of a mere retreat. It contained an impregnable fortress, capable of being defended by a handful of faithful soldiers. It was within a few hours' sail of the coast of Italy, even then dreading the yoke of her old masters. Through Italy and Switzerland, communications with the French army might be opened through unsuspected channels; and, in the long line of the Alps and the Jura, it was scarcely possible to intercept them. The distance from the coast of France somewhat diminished the facility of watching the port; and he was near enough to Provence for such a sudden enterprise as his situation allowed. If the globe had been searched for that residence in which Napoleon was most dangerous to France, all sagacious searchers must have pointed to Elba.

"The decision of the majority who took a part in that deliberation, will not astonish those who know them. But it is not so easy to comprehend the acquiescence of such men as M. Talleyrand and M. Pozzo-di-Borgo; men certainly of distinguished talents, and familiarly acquainted with the character of Napoleon. Perhaps, indeed, it may one day appear, that they were both overruled. Perhaps in the noise of triumph, and in the eagerness to carry the main point, every contingent danger was overlooked; and in the insolence of victory, a prostrate enemy might be despised. The parade of cheap magnanimity which distinguishes some sovereigns—the family connexion of others with the deposed emperor—the remains of habitual deference from them all to their late master, probably contributed to their acquiescence in the plan which he had suggested, or which he had approved. The anxiety of all to prevent the bloodshed which the prolongation of uncertainty might still produce, was a commendable, and, within certain limits, a reasonable ground of action. It was thought proper, perhaps, to give a decent disguise to the conduct of the marshal or marshals who had betrayed him, and a reasonable satisfaction to the scruples of the marshals, who, though without personal attachment or poli-

tical connexion, were influenced by the military virtue of fidelity to him from whom they had accepted command. Forty thousand soldiers, in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau, and probably thirty more in the provinces on the Loire, still showed symptoms of attachment to their chief; irregular, indeed, and fluctuating, sometimes appearing to be suspended, but at other times seeming to be capable of being kindled into a terrible flame. The dispositions of Soult were more than suspected; and it is now known that he fought the battle of Toulouse with a full knowledge of the changes at Paris. These military fears might, indeed, justify the purchase of Napoleon's abdication at a liberal price. But they do not account for the choice of his residence.

"The sudden and apparently complete change in the opinion of the army as well as of the people, which followed the abdication of Fontainebleau, is a symptom of the character of Frenchmen and of armies, which deserves much more reflection than we can bestow on it. He who, ten months before, had seemed the undisputed sovereign of France—who, a week before, seemed to retain the enthusiastic affection of the flower of the army, was then conducted by four foreign officers to the place of embarkation—unnoticed during the first part of his journey, and, during the latter part of it, protected by a foreign escort from destruction by the populace of Provence. Every opponent yielded to the Bourbons. Carnot, with the garrison of Antwerp, proclaimed their submission, and exemplified it by the surrender of that fortress—above all other conquests the object of national pride and policy. Davoust acknowledged the authority of a prince before whom he was sure to be accused by the people of Hamburg. Soult, who had rendered himself so odious to the royal family, by his insulting proclamations against the Duc d'Angoulême, evinced, by his tardy adhesion, that the torrent was too strong even for him to resist. The restoration of the house of Bourbon had every character of an unanimous national act. Louis XVIII. might almost wonder where his enemies had fled, and where his friends had been so long hidden. All seemed to be allegiance, and jubilee, and triumph."*

Having shown the facilities allowed him by his position, we may now proceed to Napoleon's escape into France.

Having taken his resolution, and chosen his time, he kept the secret of his expedition until the last moment; and means were found to make the requisite preparations. A portion of the soldiers were embarked in a brig called "The Inconstant," and the remainder in six small craft. It was not till they were all on board that the troops first conceived a suspicion of the Emperor's purpose; a thousand or twelve hundred men had sailed to regain possession of an empire containing a population of thirty millions! He commenced his voyage on Sunday, the 25th of

* Edinburgh Review.

February, 1815; and the next morning at ten o'clock, was not out of sight of the island, to the great annoyance of the few friends he had left behind. At this time, Colonel Sir Neil Campbell was absent on a tour to Leghorn, but being informed by the French consul and by Spanocchi, the Tuscan governor of the town, that Napoleon was certainly about to sail for the continent, he hastened back; and giving chase to the little squadron in the Partridge sloop of war, which was cruising in the neighbourhood, only arrived in time to get a distant view of the flotilla, after Bonaparte and his troops had landed.*

* The whole conduct of Sir Neil Campbell was severely censured at the time in various quarters. The following defence of it was set forward by his friends, and published in a London newspaper. Campbell was a gallant officer, and it is but justice to him to reprint that letter here:

"From this period, until the assembling of the congress at Vienna, Bonaparte evinced the greatest predilection for the constant personal presence and society of Sir Neil Campbell; but the discussion of the allied powers touching his future situation, and the arrangements of the Italian states, seemed to awaken his slumbering passions, and create raucour in his mind; and he evidently alienated himself from the habits he had before cultivated with the British resident. Bonaparte's restlessness and dissatisfaction with his situation at Elba daily increased. About this time, several of his relations and old friends arrived at Elba from the continent; and a frequent intercourse with Italy, and he evidently showed Sir N. Campbell, that his company was not so acceptable as formerly. Under these and other circumstances, Colonel Campbell found it expedient occasionally to visit the continent, for the purpose of being the better enabled to watch, ascertain, and communicate to his government and its functionaries on the continent, such intrigues and ramifications of Bonaparte as might be carried forward, and which it was impossible to do by a constant residence at Elba; and there is reason to believe, that he did not fail to report, from time to time, what appeared to him deserving of notice, as well on the continent as in Elba. It is therefore to be presumed, that even this exposition of the footing on which he was at Elba, will evince the injustice of the disgraceful language in which the public prints have indulged, in attributing to him a situation which he would have scorned to hold,—a power which he did not possess, and a negligence, which the whole tenour of his military life most decidedly contradicts: nor will the public ascribe to an insulated individual, so situated, the means of preventing his departure from Elba; the signal for which, had Colonel Campbell been on the spot, would have been his imprisonment, and consequent deprivation of all means of previous report to Government. It is necessary to observe, that Colonel Campbell's absence from Elba, at the time of Bonaparte's departure from it, was as short as possible, consistent with the performance of the public duty on which he was then employed."

The pointed allusion in this letter to discussions carried on at Vienna "*touching his (Napoleon's) future situation*," merits a very particular attention. It is confidently asserted by many that *the island of St. Helena was talked of in congress, and that Napoleon was told it was the intention of the allies to send him to that island, before he made up his mind to quit Elba, and again try the fortune of his sword*. Such an announcement was certainly enough to force him into the most desperate chances; and if it be true that those who were parties to the treaty of Fontainebleau contemplated the seizure and deportation of Bonaparte's person, why then they must have been, what we cannot designate without using very coarse language. There is, however, just one little doubt in favour of the allies at Vienna. May they not, must they not, have known of Bonaparte's plots of escape and counter-revolution? And did they not speak of the security of St. Helena after obtaining that knowledge? In such a case it was justifiable, and indeed a duty, to place the perilous man where he could do no further mischief.

There were between five and six hundred men on board the brig (The Inconstant) in which Bonaparte embarked. On the passage, they met with a French ship of war, with which they spoke. The guards were ordered to pull off their caps, and lie down on the deck or go below, while the captain exchanged some words with the commander of the frigate, whom he afterwards proposed to pursue and capture. Bonaparte rejected the idea as absurd, and asked why he should introduce this new episode into his plan?

As they stood over to the coast of France, the Emperor was in the highest spirits. The dye was cast, and he seemed to be quite himself again. He sat upon the deck, and amused the officers collected round him with a little history of his campaigns, particularly those of Italy and Egypt. When he had finished, he observed the deck to be encumbered with several large chests belonging to him. He asked the *maître d'hôtel* what they contained. Upon being told they were filled with wine, he ordered them to be immediately broken open, saying, "*Nous partagerons le butin.*" (We will divide the booty.) The Emperor superintended the distribution himself, and presented bottle by bottle to his comrades, till tired of this occupation, he called out to Bertrand, "*Grand maréchal, aidez-moi, je vous prie. Servons à ces messieurs.*" And then with emphasis, "*Ils nous serviront un jour!*" (Grand Marshal, assist me, if you please. Let us wait upon these gentlemen.—They will help us some day.) It was with this species of bonhomie that he captivated, when he chose, all around him. The following day he was employed in various arrangements, and among others in dictating to Colonel Raoul the proclamations to be issued on his landing. In one of these, after observing, "*Il faut oublier que nous avons donné la loi aux nations voisines*" (We must forget that we have given law to the neighbouring nations), Napoleon stopped. "*Qu'est-ce que j'ai dit?*" (What have I said?) Colonel Raoul read the passage. "*Halte!*" said Napoleon, "*Effacez voisines, dites toujours aux nations!*" (Stop! Omit the word "neighbouring:" say simply "to nations.") It was thus his pride blazed out on every occasion; and his ambition seemed to rekindle at the very recollections of his former greatness. The world could have no hope of peace with such a man.

He landed without any accident on the 1st of March at Cannes, a small seaport in the Gulf of St. Juan, not far from Frejus, where he had disembarked on his return from Egypt sixteen years before, and where he had embarked the preceding year for Elba. A small party of the guards who presented themselves before the neighbouring garrison of Antibes, were made prisoners by General Corsin, the governor of the place. Some one hinted that it was not right to proceed till they had released their comrades; but the Emperor observed, that this was poorly to estimate the magnitude of the undertaking;

before them were thirty millions of men *waiting to be set free!* He, however, sent the war commissioner to try what he could do, calling out after him, "Take care you do not get yourself made prisoner too!" At nightfall the troops bivouacked on the beach.* Just before, a postilion, in a splendid livery, had been brought to Napoleon. It turned out that this man had formerly been a domestic of the Empress Josephine, and was now in the service of the Prince of Monaco, who himself had been equerry to the Empress. The postilion, after expressing his great astonishment at finding the Emperor there, stated, in answer to the questions that were put to him, that he had just come from Paris; that all along the road, as far as Avignon, he had heard nothing but regret for the Emperor's absence; that his name was constantly echoed from mouth to mouth; and that, when once fairly through Provence, he would find the whole population ready to rally round him. The man added, that his laced livery had frequently rendered him the object of odium and insult on the road. This was the testimony of one of the common class of society: it was very gratifying to the Emperor, as it entirely corresponded with his expectations. The Prince of Monaco himself, on being presented to the Emperor, was less explicit. Napoleon refrained from questioning him on political

* Napoleon himself bivouacked in an olive-grove a little above and in rear of the beach. The soldiers destroyed a few trees, and made good fires. The flames and the smoke thus produced attracted the attention of the peasantry, many of whom went to the spot from considerable distances. They were thunder-struck when they heard that the great Napoleon was there! One fine moonlight night, whilst sailing in a French ship along the coast of Provence, and near to the town of Cannes, we had this scene very graphically described to us by one of the sailors who had witnessed it, though he was at the time but young. Like many others he ran to the olive-grove, eager to get a glimpse of him whose name had filled their ears for so long a time. On coming to the spot he found an impenetrable wall of grenadiers drawn out into a circle. They were so tall, and stood so close, that he could not see within the circle. In the ardour of his boyish curiosity he went down on his knees and crept between the soldiers' legs, in doing which he got a smart tap on the nape of the neck from the butt-end of a musket. He, however, obtained his end—he saw the wonderful man. "But," said the sailor, "I was strangely disappointed, for, young as I was, I expected to see in the great Emperor a giant of a man, with a crown of gold on his head, and covered all over with diamonds; and, instead of this, I saw a corpulent, middling-sized man, with a queer old hat on, and buttoned up in a plain gray great-coat! Every one of the officers that stood about him was finer and grander than he, but they all seemed to look up to him as to a god, and spoke to him hat in hand—so I knew it was Napoleon. As I looked into the Emperor's face the fire glared redly upon it, and it seemed as if it were *covered all over with blood.*" An elder brother of this sailor, who also went to the olive-grove got into conversation with some of Napoleon's guard, who so dazzled him with prospects of glory and promotion, that he not only enlisted, but went home and privately abstracted a mule from his father's stable for the service of the Emperor. A mule to carry baggage was of more consequence to the invaders than a peasant lad. Two days after his absconding he returned home, but he neither brought back the mule, nor any money to pay for it. "So that the return of the Emperor from Elba," sighed the sailor, "was a very sad thing indeed for our family!"

matters. The conversation therefore assumed a more lively character, and turned altogether on the ladies of the former imperial court, concerning whom the Emperor was very particular in his inquiries.

As soon as the moon had risen, which was about one or two in the morning of the 2d, the bivouacs broke up, and Napoleon gave orders for proceeding to Grasse. There he expected to find a road which he had planned during the empire, but in this he was disappointed, the Bourbons having given up all such expensive works through want of money. Bonaparte was, therefore, obliged to pass through narrow defiles filled with snow, and left behind him in the hands of the municipality his carriage and two pieces of cannon, which had been brought ashore. This was termed a capture in the bulletins of the day. The municipality of Grasse was strongly in favour of the royalist cause; but the sudden appearance of the Emperor afforded but little time for hesitation, and they came to tender their submission to him. Having passed through the town, he halted on a little height some way beyond it, where he breakfasted. He was soon surrounded by the whole population of the place; and he heard the same sentiments, and the same prayers, as before he quitted France. A multitude of petitions had already been drawn up, and were presented to him, just as though he had come from Paris, and was making a tour through the departments. One complained that his pension had not been paid; another, that his cross of the Legion of Honour had been taken from him. Some of the more discontented secretly informed Napoleon that the authorities of the town were very hostile to him, but that the mass of the people were devoted to him, and only waited till his back was turned to rid themselves of the miscreants. He replied, "Be not too hasty. Let them have the mortification of seeing our triumph, without having any thing to reproach us with." The Emperor advanced with all the rapidity in his power. "Victory," he said, "depended on my speed. To me, France was in Grenoble. That place was a hundred miles distant, but I and my companions reached it in five days; and with what weather and what roads! I entered the city just as the Count d'Artois, warned by the telegraph, was quitting the Tuileries."

Napoleon himself was so perfectly convinced of the state of affairs, that he knew his success in no way depended on the force he might bring with him. A picket of gendarmes, he said, was all that was necessary. Every thing turned out as he foresaw. At first he owned he was not without some degree of uncertainty and apprehension. As he advanced, however, the whole population declared themselves enthusiastically in his favour: but he saw no soldiers. It was not till he arrived between Mure and Vizille, within five or six leagues from Grenoble, and on the fifth day after his landing, that he met

a battalion. The commanding officer refused to hold even a parley. The Emperor, without hesitation, advanced alone, and one hundred grenadiers marched at some distance behind him, with their arms reversed. The sight of Napoleon, his well-known costume, and his gray military great-coat, had a magical effect on the soldiers, and they stood motionless. Napoleon went straight up to them, and, baring his breast, said, "Let him that has the heart, now kill his Emperor!"

The soldiers threw down their arms; their eyes moistened with tears; and cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* resounded on every side. Napoleon ordered the battalion to wheel round to the right, and all marched on together. At a short distance from Grenoble, Colonel Labédoyère,* who had been sent at the head of the 7th regiment to oppose his passage, came to join the Emperor. The impulse thus given in a manner decided the question. Labédoyère's superior officer in vain interfered to restrain his enthusiasm and that of his men. The tri-coloured cockades which had been concealed in the hollow of a drum were eagerly distributed by Labédoyère among them; and they threw away the white cockade as a badge of their nation's dishonour. The peasantry of Dauphiny, the cradle of the revolution, lined the road-side: they were transported and mad with joy. The first battalion, which has just been alluded to, had shown some signs of hesitation; but thousands of the country people crowded round it, and by their shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" endeavoured to urge the troops to decision; while others who followed in Napoleon's rear encouraged his little troop to advance, by assuring them that they would meet with success. Napoleon said he could have taken two millions of these peasants with him to Paris; but that then he would have been called the King of the Jacquerie.

Napoleon issued two proclamations on the road. He at first regretted that he had not had them printed before he left Elba; but this could not have been done without some risk of betraying his secret designs. He dictated them on board the vessel, where every man who could write was employed in copying them. These copies soon became very scarce; many of them were illegible; and it was not till he arrived at Gap, on the 5th of March, that he found means to have them printed. They were from that time circulated and read every where with the utmost avidity.

The proclamation to the French people was as follows:

"Frenchmen! the defection of the Duke of Castiglione (Augereau), delivered up Lyons without defence to our enemies.

* Labédoyère was young, nobly born, gallant, handsome, and possessed of many high qualities, but his enthusiasm for Napoleon led him sadly astray. He was connected by his marriage with the loyal family of the Duke of Damas, and it was through that connexion he obtained active employment from Louis XVIII. He paid dearly for his disloyalty, for after the second restoration he was shot, like Ney.

The army, the command of which I had intrusted to him, was by the number of its battalions, the courage and patriotism of the troops that composed it, in a condition to beat the Austrian troops opposed to it, and to arrive in time on the rear of the left flank of the army which threatened Paris. The victories of Champ-Aubert, of Montmirail, of Château-Thierry, of Vau-champs, of Mormans, of Montereau, of Craonne, of Rheims, of Arcis-sur-Aube, and of St. Dizier, the rising of the brave peasants of Lorraine and Champagne, of Alsace, Franche-Compté and Burgundy, and the position which I had taken in the rear of the hostile army, by cutting it off from its magazines, its parks of reserve, its convoys, and all its equipages, had placed it in a desperate situation. The French were never on the point of being more powerful, and the *élite* of the enemy's army was lost without resource; it would have found a tomb in those vast plains which it had so mercilessly laid waste, when the treason of the Duke of Ragusa delivered up the capital and disorganized the army. The unexpected misconduct of these two generals, who betrayed at once their country, their prince, and their benefactor, changed the fate of the war; the situation of the enemy was such that at the close of the action which took place before Paris, he was without ammunition, in consequence of his separation from his parks of reserve. In these new and distressing circumstances, my heart was torn, but my mind remained immovable; I consulted only the interest of the country; I banished myself to a rock in the middle of the sea; my life was yours, and might still be useful to you. Frenchmen! in my exile I heard your complaints and your wishes; you accused my long slumber; you reproached me with sacrificing the welfare of the country to my repose. I have traversed seas through perils of every kind; I return among you to reclaim my rights, which are yours."

The address to the army was considered as being still more masterly and eloquent, and it was certainly well suited to the taste of French soldiers, who, as Bourrienne remarks, are wonderfully pleased with grandiloquence, metaphor, and hyperbole, though they do not always understand what they mean. Even a French author of some distinction praises this address, as something sublime. "The proclamation to the army," says he, "is full of energy: it could not fail to make all military imaginations vibrate. That prophetic phrase, 'The eagle, with the national colours, will fly from church-steeple to church-steeple, till it settles on the towers of Notre Dame,' was grand in the extreme."

The proclamation to the army ran thus:

"Soldiers!—We have not been conquered: two men, sprung from our ranks, have betrayed our laurels, their country, their benefactor, and their prince. Those whom we have beheld for twenty-five years traversing all Europe to raise up enemies

against us, who have spent their lives in fighting against us in the ranks of foreign armies, and in cursing our beautiful France, shall they pretend to command or enchain our eagles—they who have never been able to look them in the face? Shall we suffer them to inherit the fruit of our glorious toils, to take possession of our honours, of our fortunes; to calumniate and revile our glory? If their reign were to continue, all would be lost, even the recollection of those memorable days. With what fury they misrepresent them! They seek to tarnish what the world admires; and if there still remain defenders of our glory, they are to be found among those very enemies whom we have confronted in fields of battle. Soldiers! in my exile I have heard your voice; I have come back in spite of all obstacles and all dangers. Your general, called to the throne by the choice of the people, and raised on your shields, is restored to you: come and join him. Mount the tri-coloured cockade: you wore it in the days of our greatness. We must forget that we have been the masters of nations; but we must not suffer any to intermeddle in our affairs. Who would pretend to be master over us? Who would have the power? Resume those eagles which you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Tudela, at Eckmühl, at Essling, at Smolensk, at the Moskwa, at Lutzen, at Wurtchen, at Montmirail. The veterans of the armies of the Sambre and Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the West, of the Grand Army, are humiliated: their honourable scars are stained; their successes would be crimes, the brave would be rebels, if, as the enemies of the people pretend, the legitimate sovereigns were in the midst of the foreign armies. Honours, recompences, favours, are reserved for those who have served with them against the country and against us. Soldiers! come and range yourselves under the banners of your chief: his existence is only made up of yours; his rights are only those of the people and yours; his interest, his honour, his glory, are no other than your interest, your honour, and your glory. Victory shall march at a charging-step; the eagle, with the national colours, shall fly from steeple to steeple, till it reaches the towers of Notre-Dame. Then you will be able to show your scars with honour; then you will be able to boast of what you have done: you will be the liberators of the country! In your old age, surrounded and looked up to by your fellow-citizens, they will listen to you with respect as you recount your high deeds; you will each of you be able to say with pride, 'And I also made part of that grand army which entered twice within the walls of Vienna, within those of Rome, of Berlin, of Madrid, of Moscow, and which delivered Paris from the stain which treason and the presence of the enemy had imprinted on it.' Honour to those brave soldiers, the glory of their country!"

These words certainly produced an immense effect on the

French soldiery, who every where roared "*Vive l'Empereur ! Vive le petit Caporal !*" "*We will die for our old comrade !*" till the welkin rang again.

It was some distance in advance of Grenoble that Labédoyère joined ; but that officer could not make quite sure of the garrison of that city which was commanded by General Marchand, a man resolved to be faithful to the oath he had taken, and to the sovereign whose bread he was eating. The shades of night had fallen when Bonaparte arrived in front of the walls of Grenoble, where he stood for some minutes in a painful state of suspense and indecision. We were assured, some years after, while travelling in the south of France, that but for the tumultuous character of the people of Grenoble, and the revolutionary or Bonaparteian spirit of the mass of the inhabitants, General Marchand would have succeeded in calming the mutiny of the troops, and maintaining his position, at least for some time: This would have been exceedingly awkward to Napoleon ; but Ney with his powerful corps, was not far off, and the mass of the French soldiery was so thoroughly disaffected to the Bourbons, as not to allow those princes any hope of making a stand against Napoleon by their means.

It was on the 5th of March, and, as we have mentioned, at nightfall, that Bonaparte stood before the walls of Grenoble. He found the gates closed, and the commanding officer refused to open them. The garrison assembled on the ramparts, shouted *Vive l'Empereur !* and shook hands with Napoleon's followers through the wickets ; but they could not be prevailed on to do more. It was necessary to force the gates ; and this was done under the mouths of ten pieces of artillery, loaded with grape-shot. In none of his battles did Napoleon ever imagine himself to be in so much danger as at the entrance into Grenoble. The soldiers seemed to turn upon him with furious gestures : for a moment it might be supposed that they were going to tear him to pieces. But these were the suppressed transports of love and joy. The Emperor and his horse were both borne along by the multitude ; and he had scarcely time to breathe in the inn where he alighted, when an increased tumult was heard without ; the inhabitants of Grenoble came to offer him the broken gates of the city, since they could not present him with the keys.

From Grenoble to Paris, Napoleon found no further opposition. During the four days of his stay at Lyons, where he had arrived on the 10th, there were continually upwards of twenty thousand people assembled before his windows, whose acclamations were unceasing. It would never have been supposed that the Emperor had even for a moment been absent from the country. He issued orders, signed decrees, reviewed the troops, as if nothing had happened. The military corps, the public bodies, and all classes of citizens eagerly came forward to tender their homage and their services. The Count d'Artois,

who had hastened to Lyons, as the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême had done to Bourdeaux, like them in vain attempted to make a stand. The national horse-guards (who were known royalists) deserted him at this crisis; and in his flight, only one of them chose to follow him. Bonaparte refused their services when offered to him, and sent the decoration of the Legion of Honour to the single volunteer who had thus shown his fidelity by following the duke. As soon as the Emperor quitted Lyons, he wrote to Ney, who, with his army, was at Lons-le-Saulnier, to come and join him. Ney had set off from the court with a promise to bring Napoleon, "like a wild beast in a cage, to Paris."

These were words of falsehood and treachery, for Ney had made up his mind to a very different line of action, even at the moment he uttered them. This is denied by the majority of French writers, though Ney himself afterwards proclaimed and boasted of his deliberate treason. We know that even Sir Walter Scott excuses Ney's heart at the expense of his head, and fancies that the marshal was rather carried away by circumstances, by vanity, and by fickleness, than actuated by premeditated treachery; yet still, after a careful examination of a mass of evidence, our conviction remains unchanged.

At all events, the facts of the case were these:

On the 11th of March, Ney being at Besançon, learned that Napoleon was at Lyons. To those who doubted whether his troops would fight against their old comrades, he said, "*They shall fight! I will take a musket from a grenadier, and begin the action myself! I will run my sword to the hilt in the body of the first man who hesitates to fire!*" At the same time he wrote to the minister of war at Paris, that he hoped "to see a fortunate close to this mad enterprise."

He then advanced to Lons-le-Saulnier, where, on the night between the 13th and 14th of March, not quite three days after his furious protestations of fidelity, he received, without hesitation, a letter from Bonaparte, inviting him by his old appellation of "the bravest of the brave," to join his standard. With this invitation Ney immediately complied, and published an order of the day that declared the cause of the Bourbons, which he had sworn to defend, lost for ever.

It is pleaded in extenuation of Ney's disloyalty, that both his officers and men were beyond his control, and determined to join their old master; but in that case he ought to have given up his command, and retired in the same way that Marshals Macdonald and Marmont and other honourable men did.* But even among his own officers, Ney had a proper example set him, for many of them, after remonstrating in vain, threw up their commands. One of them broke his sword in two, and

* Marshal Angereau kept himself aloof. He could not be much flattered by the mention made of him in Bonaparte's proclamation to the troops.

threw the pieces at Ney's feet, saying, "It is easier for a man of honour to break iron than to break his word."

The ex-emperor, when at Saint Helena, gave a very different reading to these incidents. On this subject he was heard to say, "If I except Labédoyère, who flew to me with enthusiasm and affection, and another individual, who, of his own accord, rendered me important services, nearly all the other generals whom I met on my route evinced hesitation and uncertainty; they yielded only to the impulse about them, if, indeed, they did not manifest a hostile feeling towards me. This was the case with Ney, with Massena, St. Cyr, Soult, as well as with Macdonald and the Duke of Belluno; so that if the Bourbons had reason to complain of the complete desertion of the soldiers and the people, they had no right to reproach the chiefs of the army with conspiring against them, who had shown themselves mere children in politics, and would be looked upon as neither emigrants nor patriots."*

Between Lyons and Fontainebleau Napoleon often travelled several miles ahead of his army, with no other escort than a few Polish lancers. His advanced guard now generally consisted of the troops (mis-called *royal*) who happened to be before him on the road whither they had been sent to oppose him, and to whom couriers were sent forward to give notice of the Emperor's approach, in order that they might be quite ready to join him with the due military ceremonies. White flags and cockades every where disappeared—the tri-colour resumed its pride of place. It was spring, and, true to its season, the violet had reappeared! The joy of the soldiers and the lower orders was almost frantic; but even among the industrious poor there were not wanting many who regretted this precipitate return to the old order of things—to conscription, war, and bloodshed; while in the superior classes of society there was a pretty general consternation. The vain, volatile soldiery, however, thought of nothing but their Emperor—saw nothing before them but the restoration of all their laurels—the humiliation of England, and the utter defeat of the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians.

On the night between the 19th and 20th of March Napoleon reached Fontainebleau, and again paced, as had formerly been his custom, with short, quick steps, through the antiquated but splendid galleries of that old palace. What must have been his feelings on revisiting the chamber in which, the year before, it is said he had attempted suicide! Baron Fain thus relates this report:

"On the night of the 12th, the silence which reigned in the long corridors of the palace was suddenly interrupted by the sound of hurried footsteps. The servants of the palace were heard running to and fro; candles were lighted in the inner

* Napoleon, we presume, called all the French who were for the Bourbons "emigrants," and all who were for himself "patriots."

apartment, and the valets-de-chambre were called up. Doctor Yvan and Grand Marshal Bertrand were also summoned. The Duke of Vicenza was sent for, and a message was despatched to the Duke of Bassano, who resided at the Chancellery. All these individuals arrived, and were successively introduced into the Emperor's bedchamber. Curiosity in vain lent an anxious ear; nothing was heard but groans and sobs escaping from the antechamber, and resounding through the gallery. At length Doctor Yvan came out of the chamber; he hastily descended into the courtyard, where, finding a horse fastened to the railing, he mounted him and galloped off. The secret of this night has always been involved in profound obscurity. The following story has, however, been related:

"During the retreat from Moscow Napoleon had, in case of accident, taken means to prevent his falling alive into the hands of the enemy. He procured from Surgeon Yvan a bag of opium,* which he wore hung about his neck as long as danger was to be apprehended. He afterwards carefully deposited this bag in a secret drawer of his cabinet. On the night of the 12th he thought the moment had arrived for availing himself of this last expedient. The valet-de-chambre, who slept in the adjoining room, the door of which was half open, heard Napoleon empty something into a glass of water, which he drank, and then returned to bed. Pain soon extorted from him an acknowledgment of his approaching end. He then sent for the most confidential persons in his service. Yvan was sent for also; but learning what had occurred, and hearing Napoleon complain that the poison was not sufficiently quick in its effect, he lost all self-possession, and hastily fled from Fontainebleau. It is added, that Napoleon fell into a long sleep, and that after copious perspiration every alarming symptom disappeared. The dose was either insufficient in quantity, or time had mitigated the power of the poison. It is said that Napoleon, astonished at the failure of his attempt, after some moments of reflection, said, "God has ordained that I shall live!" and yielding to the will of Providence, which had preserved his existence, he resigned himself to a new destiny. The whole affair was hushed in secrecy."

Louis XVIII. left the palace of the Tuileries at nearly the same hour that Bonaparte entered that of Fontainebleau.

The most forlorn hope of the Bourbons was now in a considerable army posted between Fontainebleau and Paris. Meantime the two armies approached each other at Melun; that of the king was commanded by the faithful Macdonald. On the 20th, his troops were drawn up in three lines to receive the invaders, who were said to be advancing from Fontainebleau. There was a

* It was not opium alone, but a preparation described by Cabanis, and the same which Condorcet made use of to destroy himself.

long pause of suspense, of a nature which seldom fails to render men more accessible to strong and sudden emotion. The glades of the forest, and the acclivity which leads to it, were full in view of the royal army, but presented the appearance of a deep solitude. All was silence, except when the regimental bands of music, at the command of the officers, who remained generally faithful, played the airs of "Vive Henri Quatre,"—"O Richard,"—"La Belle Gabrielle," and other tunes connected with the cause and family of the Bourbons. The sounds excited no corresponding sentiments among the soldiers. At length, about noon, a galloping of horse was heard. An open carriage appeared, surrounded by a few hussars, and drawn by four horses. It came on at full speed; and Napoleon, jumping from the vehicle, was in the midst of the ranks which had been formed to oppose him. His escort threw themselves from their horses, mingled with their ancient comrades, and the effect of their exhortations was instantaneous on men, whose minds were already half made up to the purpose which they now accomplished. There was a general shout of "Vive Napoleon!" The last army of the Bourbons passed from their side, and no further obstruction existed betwixt Napoleon and the capital, which he was once more—but for a brief space—to inhabit as a sovereign.*

Louis, accompanied only by a few household troops, had scarcely turned his back on the capital of his ancestors, when Lavallette hastened from a place of concealment and seized on the post-office in the name of Napoleon. By this measure all the king's proclamations† were intercepted, and the restoration of the emperor was announced to all the departments. General Excelmans, who had just taken a new oath to Louis (a gratuitous piece of perjury) pulled down with his own hands the white-coloured flag that was floating over the Tuileries, and hoisted the three-coloured banner.

It was late in the evening of the 20th, that Bonaparte entered Paris in an open carriage, which was driven straight to the gilded gates of the Tuileries. He received the acclamations of the military, and of the lower classes of the suburbs; but most of the respectable citizens looked on in silent wonderment. It was quite evident then that he was recalled by a party—a party, in truth, numerous and powerful, but not by the unanimous voice of the nation. The enthusiasm of his immediate adherents, however, made up for the silence and lukewarmness of others. They filled and crammed the square of the Carrousel, and the courts and avenues of the Tuileries—they pressed so closely upon him, that he was obliged to cry out, "My friends, you stifle me!" and his aides-de-camp were obliged to carry him in their arms up the grand

* Walter Scott, vol. viii.

† On the 12th of April, Louis XVIII. issued a declaration at Ghent (see notes at the end of the present chapter); but even that paper could not be circulated in France until after the battle of Waterloo.

staircase, and thence into the royal apartments. It was observed, however, that amongst these *ardent friends* were very many men who had been the first to desert him in 1814, and that these individuals were the most enthusiastic in their demonstrations, the loudest in their shouts. But this was a matter of course!

And thus was Napoleon again at the Tuileries where, even more than at Fontainebleau, his mind ought to have been flooded by the deep and rushing recollections of the past! A few nights after his return thither, he is said to have fallen into a "melting mood." This was in talking about his former wife, poor Josephine, to whom he was certainly attached, even when he abandoned her. He had sent for M. Horan, one of the physicians who had attended her during her last illness:

"So, Monsieur Horan," said he, "you did not leave the empress during her malady?"

"No, sire."

"What was the cause of that malady?"

"Uneasiness of mind . . . grief."

"You believe that?" (and Napoleon laid a strong emphasis on the word *believe*, looking steadfastly in the doctor's face.) He then asked, "Was she long ill? Did she suffer much?"

"She was ill a week, sire—her majesty suffered little pain."

"Did she see that she was dying?—Did she show courage?"

"A sign her majesty made when she could no longer express herself, leaves me no doubt that she felt her end approaching—she seemed to contemplate it without fear."

"Well! . . . well!" and then Napoleon much affected, drew close to M. Horan, and added, "You say that she was in grief—from what did that arise?"

"From passing events, sire; from your majesty's position last year."

"Ah! she used to speak of me then?"

"Often . . . very often."

Here Napoleon drew his hand across his eyes, which seemed filled with tears. He then went on.

"Good woman!—My excellent Josephine! She loved me truly—she—did she not? . . . Ah! She was a Frenchwoman!"

"Oh! yes, sire, she loved you, and she would have proved it, had it not been for dread of displeasing you—she had conceived an idea . . ."

"How? . . . What would she have done?"

"She one day said, that as empress of the French, she would drive through Paris with eight horses to her coach, and all her household in gala livery, to go and rejoin you at Fontainebleau, and never quit you more."

"She would have done it,—she was capable of doing it!"

Napoleon again betrayed deep emotion, on recovering from which he asked the physician the most minute questions about

the nature of Josephine's disease—the friends and attendants who were around her at the hour of her death, and the conduct of her two children, Eugène and Hortense.

DECLARATION OF LOUIS XVIII.

“ Ghent, April 12, 1815.

“ At a moment when we are about to see a new war commence, we consider that we owe to France, in the face of Europe, to give the formal declaration of our allies.

“ When Heaven and the nation recalled us to the throne, we made before God the solemn promise, very soothing to our heart, to forget injuries, and to labour without relaxation for the happiness of our subjects. The sons of St. Louis have never betrayed either Heaven or their country.

“ Already had our people recovered, through our care, plenty at home and peace abroad—the esteem of all nations—already the throne, weakened by so many shocks, had begun to be firmly re-established, when treason forced us to quit our capital, and to seek refuge on the confines of our states. However, Europe has taken up arms—Europe, faithful to its treaties, will know no other King of France except ourselves. Twelve hundred thousand men are about to march, to assure the repose of the world, and a second time to deliver our fine country.

“ In this state of things, a man whose whole strength is at present made up of artifice and delusion, endeavours to lead astray the spirit of the nation by his fallacious promises—to raise it against its king, and to drag it along with him into the abyss, as if to accomplish his frightful saying of 1814:—‘ If I fall, it shall be known how much the overthrow of a great man costs.’

“ Amid the alarms which the present danger of France have revived in our hearts, the crown, which we have never looked upon but as the power of doing good, would to our eyes have lost all its charms, and we should have returned with pride to the exile in which twenty years of our life were spent in dreaming of the happiness of the French people, if our country was not menaced for the future with all the calamities which our restoration had terminated—and if we were not the guarantees for France to the other sovereigns. The sovereigns who now afford us so strong a mark of their affection, cannot be abused by the cabinet of Bonaparte, with the Machiavelism of which they are acquainted. United by the friendship and interests of their people, they march without hesitation to the glorious end where Heaven has placed the general peace and happiness of nations. Thoroughly convinced, in spite of all the tricks of a policy now at its last extremity, that the French nation has not made itself an accomplice in the attempts of the army, and that the small number of Frenchmen who have been led astray must soon be sensible of their error, they regard France as their ally. Wherever they shall find the French people faithful, the fields will be respected, the labourer protected, the poor succoured; they reserve the weight of the war to let it fall on those provinces who at their approach refuse to return to their duty.

“ This restriction, directed by prudence, would sensibly afflict us, if our people were less known to us; but whatever the fears may be with which it is endeavoured to inspire them with respect to our intentions, since our allies make war only against rebels, our people have nothing to dread, and we rejoice to think that their love for us shall not have been altered by a short absence, nor by the calumnies of libellers, nor by the promises of the chief of a faction, too much convinced of his weakness not to caress those who burn to destroy him.

“ On our return to our capital, a return which we consider as now near at hand, our first care shall be to recompense virtuous citizens who have devoted themselves to the good cause, and in labouring to banish even, to all appearance, disasters which may have withdrawn from us some of the French people.

(Signed)

“ LOUIS.”

ADDENDA.

The following official tables, which were esteemed as correct, will convey a good notion of the outlay made during the power of Napoleon, or from 1804 to 1813, for great public works. As far as we are acquainted, these tables have never before been submitted, in any thing like a popular form, to the British public.

ROADS.

NAMES OF ROADS.	Calculated ex- pense of the whole.	Sums actually spent upon them between 1804 and 1813.	Sums yet to be spent to com- plete the roads.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
Mont Cenis	16,000,000	13,500,000	2,500,000
The Simplon	9,200,000	6,100,000	3,100,000
La Corniche	15,500,000	6,500,000	9,000,000
Mont Genevieve	5,400,000	2,800,000	2,600,000
Fenestrelle	1,500,000	800,000	1,000,000
Lautaret	3,500,000	1,800,000	1,700,000
From Alessandria to Savona	4,600,000	2,600,000	1,400,000
From Ceva to Port Maurice	2,600,000	500,000	2,040,000
From Genoa to Alessandria, by Garvi	1,800,000	150,000	1,650,000
From Piacenza to Genoa	5,300,000	300,000	5,200,000
From Parma to La Spezia	3,700,000	2,000,000	1,700,000
From Paris to Madrid, by Bayonne	8,000,000	4,200,000	3,800,000
From Paris to Amsterdam	6,300,000	4,300,000	2,000,000
From Paris to Hamburg	9,800,000	6,000,000	3,800,000
From Maestricht to Venloo	2,100,000	1,900,000	140,000
From Paris to Mayence	5,000,000	5,000,000	
From Tournus to Chambery	4,000,000	100,000	3,900,000
Different roads in the departments	104,200,000	58,070,000	45,530,000
Total		218,814,549	
		227,484,549	

BRIDGES.

NAMES OF BRIDGES.	Total amount of the projects.	Expenses for work done be- tween the years 1804 and 1813.	Expenses re- maining to be made.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
Bridge of Vercelli	500,000	530,000	30,000
Bridge of the Scrivia	300,000	300,000	
Bridge of Tours	3,000,000	3,000,000	
Bridge of Tilsitt at Lyons	3,000,000	3,000,000	
Bridge of the Isere and others on that route	4,000,000	4,000,000	
Bridge over the Durance	1,500,000	1,500,000	
Bridge over the Po at Turin	3,500,000	1,850,000	1,650,000
Bridge over the Dora	1,100,000	820,000	280,000
Bridge of Bordeaux	6,000,000	1,000,000	5,000,000
Bridge and Quays at Rouen	5,000,000	800,000	4,200,000
Bridge of Rouanne	2,400,000	1,500,000	900,000
Bridge of Serin and Arsenal at Lyons	1,000,000	300,000	700,000
Bridge of Avignon	1,200,000	600,000	600,000
Bridge of Givet	200,000	500,000	200,000
Bridge of the Vey	1,500,000	500,000	1,000,000
Bridge of Arves	350,000	200,000	150,000
Bridges of Laune, Moissac, Agen, &c.	7,000,000	700,000	6,300,000
Bridge of Sevrès	2,000,000	800,000	1,200,000
Bridge of St. Cloud	800,000	775,000	25,000
Spent on different bridges since 1804	44,910,000	22,675,000	22,235,000
Total		7,930,000	
		30,605,000	

CANALS AND DRAINING.

NAMES OF CANALS.	Total amount of the works as projected.	Sums actually spent between 1804 and 1813.	Expenses re- maining to be made.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
St. Quentin	11,000,000	10,000,000	1,000,000
La Somme	5,000,000	1,200,000	3,800,000
La Haine (Mons à Conde)	5,000,000	3,000,000	2,000,000
Seine and Aube	15,000,000	6,000,000	9,000,000
Napoleon	17,000,000	10,500,000	6,500,000
Bourgogne	24,000,000	6,800,000	17,200,000
Ille and Rance	8,000,000	5,000,000	3,000,000
The Blavet	3,300,000	2,800,000	500,000
Nantes to Brest	28,000,000	1,200,000	26,800,000
Niort	9,000,000	1,500,000	7,500,000
Aries and Port de Bouc	8,500,000	3,800,000	4,700,000
The Cher	6,000,000	1,100,000	4,900,000
Dieuze	3,500,000	900,000	2,600,000
The Colançelle	2,000,000	900,000	1,100,000
	145,300,000	54,700,000	90,600,000
Draining, and works to recover bogs and swamped lands at—			
Rochefort	7,000,000	3,000,000	4,000,000
Carenton	4,500,000	2,600,000	1,900,000
The Scheldt	3,200,000	2,800,000	400,000
Blankenberg	3,000,000	3,000,000	
Dikes of the river Po	1,000,000	800,000	200,000
Works at Péraché, on the Saône, &c.	4,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000
Total for Canals, Draining, &c.	168,000,000	68,900,000	99,100,000
Minor Works for Canals, Draining, &c.		53,687,898	
Total of real outlay		122,587,898	

WORKS AT PARIS.

	Amount of the Projects.	Money actually spent for work done between 1804 and 1813.	Expenses remaining to be made.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
Canal of L'Ourcq	38,000,000	19,500,000	18,500,000
Abattoirs (Slaughter-houses)	13,500,000	6,700,000	6,800,000
Market and Cellars for Wine	12,000,000	4,000,000	8,000,000
Market and Cellars for Corn	800,000	750,000	50,000
The Great Market (Grande Halle)	12,000,000	2,600,000	9,400,000
Market-places	8,500,000	4,000,000	4,500,000
Granaries of reserve	8,000,000	2,300,000	5,700,000
Mills and Magazines of St. Maur	8,000,000	1,000,000	7,000,000
Bridge of Austerlitz	3,000,000	3,000,000	
Bridge of Arts	900,000	900,000	
Bridge of Jena	6,200,000	4,800,000	1,400,000
Quays on the Seine	15,000,000	11,000,000	4,000,000
Schools (<i>Lycées</i>)	5,000,000	500,000	4,500,000
Church of St. Geneviève	2,500,000	2,000,000	500,000
Church of St. Denis	2,500,000	2,200,000	300,000
Expenses on Archbishop's Palace, &c.	2,500,000	2,500,000	
Grand Office of Foreign Affairs	6,000,000	1,000,000	5,000,000
Post Office (now Treasury)	6,000,000	1,800,000	4,200,000
Record and Archive Office	20,000,000	1,000,000	19,000,000
Temple of Glory (Church of the Magdalen)	8,000,000	2,000,000	6,000,000
Palace for the Corps Legislatif	3,000,000	3,000,000	
Column in Place Vendôme	1,500,000	1,500,000	
Obelisk of Pont Neuf	5,300,000	1,200,000	4,100,000
Triumphal Arch de l'Etoile	9,000,000	4,500,000	4,500,000
Statues on the bridges and squares	1,500,000	600,000	900,000
Square of the Bastille	1,200,000	600,000	600,000
Opening of new streets and squares	4,000,000	4,000,000	
Botanical Garden (Jardin des Plantes)	3,000,000	800,000	2,200,000
Exchange (la Bourse)	6,000,000	2,500,000	3,500,000
	212,000,000	92,250,000	120,650,000
Various works not designated		10,171,000	
Total spent		102,421,000	

ADDENDA.

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SEAPORTS.

NAMES OF PORTS.	Estimated ex- pense of the whole.	Sums actually spent upon them between 1804 and 1813	Sums yet to be spent to com- plete the works
	frs.	frs.	frs.
Port of Cherbourg	142,700,000	26,000,000	72,570,000
Port of Antwerp		18,000,000	
Port of Flushing		5,600,000	
Port of New-Diep		1,500,000	
Port of Havre		6,300,000	
Port of Dunkirk		4,500,000	
Port of Ostend, with Canal		3,600,000	
Port of Marseilles		1,500,000	
Port of St. Valéry		200,000	
Port of Calais		500,000	
Port of Dieppe		1,100,000	
Port of Bayonne		430,000	
Port of Cette		900,000	
Different works in Ports not designated	142,700,000	70,130,000	72,570,000
Total		117,326,710	

DIFFERENT PUBLIC WORKS.

	Sums re- quired for the whole.	Sums actually spent upon them between 1804 and 1813.	Sums yet to be spent to complete the works.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
Workhouses for Poor	29,000,000	12,000,000	17,000,000
Repairs of Prisons	30,000,000	6,000,000	24,000,000
Works of Napoleon-Ville, a new town in the Vendée	12,500,000	7,500,000	5,000,000
For rebuilding Houses and Churches in the West	1,800,000	1,500,000	300,000
Bathing Establishments	3,000,000	1,500,000	2,100,000
Works at Rome	6,000,000	2,000,000	4,000,000
Works at Napoleon (Morbihan)	1,500,000	1,100,000	400,000
Orphan Houses	1,500,000	1,200,000	300,000
Theatre at Strasburg	1,200,000	500,000	700,000
Various works in the departments	87,100,000	33,300,000	53,800,000
Total		149,108,550	

IMPERIAL PALACES, AND OTHER EDIFICES APPERTAINING TO THE CROWN.

NAMES OF THE PALACES, &c.	Amount of the projected im- provement, &c.	Expenses ac- tually incur- red between 1804 and 1813.	Value of work remaining to do.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
The Louvre and Musée Napoleon	14,000,000	11,100,000	2,900,000
The Napoleon Gallery and Church	36,000,000	10,300,000	25,700,000
The Tuileries	6,700,000	6,700,000	
Triumphal Arch in the Carrousel	1,400,000	1,400,000	
The Palace of the King of Rome	38,000,000	2,500,000	27,500,000
Versailles	6,500,000	5,200,000	1,400,000
Water Machinery at Marly	3,000,000	2,450,000	550,000
Fontainebleau	6,242,000	6,242,000	
Compiègne	4,366,000	4,366,000	
Different improvements at St. Cloud, Rambouillet, Trianon, &c.	108,308,000	50,258,000	58,050,000
Total		117,904,583	

CHAPTER III.

1815.

Correspondence from Vienna, Ghent, and Copenhagen—Extracts from the letters of M. de Talleyrand, Count François de Jaucourt, and the Marquis de Bonnay.

I WILL now present to the reader some extracts from official letters which I received from M. de Talleyrand at Vienna, from Count François de Jaucourt at Ghent, and from the Marquis de Bonnay at Copenhagen. The Count de Jaucourt had, in consequence of M. de Talleyrand's departure for the congress, received from the king the portfolio of foreign affairs. After I wrote to M. de Talleyrand, acquainting him with my arrival in Hamburg, I received an answer, dated Vienna, April 19, 1815, in which he informed me, that the allied troops were approaching the French frontiers with all possible speed. "In the military measures," said he, "the greatest energy and activity every where prevails. The Russian troops, who were on the Vistula, have arrived in Bohemia four days sooner than they were expected, and will reach the Rhine at the same time with the Austrian troops. It is expected that operations will commence about the middle of May, and the immense resources which have been combined, leave no doubt respecting the issue of the events. Murat, thinking that at a moment when all the powers are uniting their efforts against Bonaparte, he would experience few obstacles in Italy, has entered the legations with his army, and advanced upon the Po. But he failed in an attack upon the bridge head of Occhio Bello, and has been obliged to retire. Since then, the Austrian troops, who are daily receiving reinforcements, have gained some advantages over Murat in the direction of Modena."

In my new place of abode, I did not wish to multiply my correspondence uselessly, and having rarely any thing of importance to communicate to M. de Talleyrand, I did not often address myself to him. In a second letter which I received from that minister, dated Vienna, March 5th, he very obligingly

requested me to write oftener. In that letter he observed, "Since you received my communication of the 19th of April, you will have learned that the Duke d'Angoulême has been unable to maintain himself, as we hoped he would, in the southern provinces. France is, therefore, for the moment, entirely under the yoke of Bonaparte; but hostilities against him will not commence for some time, because it is wished to attack him simultaneously on all points, and with great masses. The most perfect concord prevails among the powers with respect to the military measures. The war is carried on against Murat with a degree of success which warrants the hope that it will not be of long duration. He has made two successive applications for an armistice, which has not been granted."

These extracts say more respecting the affairs of the time, than any reflections with which I could accompany them. Without further preamble, therefore, I lay before my readers a third letter of M. de Talleyrand, who, at the time he wrote it, was impatiently looked for at Ghent. When I urged M. de Jaucourt to send me my credentials, which I had not been able to obtain in the hurry of my departure, he wrote to me in a letter, dated the 12th of May, "We daily expect M. de Talleyrand here, and I shall not fail to remind him of your credentials." The following is the letter from M. de Talleyrand, which I have just mentioned: I need scarcely draw the reader's attention to the allusions it contains relative to those acts of the congress which I have already adverted to:

SIR,

Bonaparte, since his arrival in Paris, having first denied the authenticity of the declaration of the 13th of March, and next endeavoured to weaken its effect by different publications, some persons here have thought that it would be advisable to draw up a second. The congress submitted this question to the consideration of a committee who presented its report in the conference of the 12th instant. That report, after confirming the intentions manifested by the powers in the declaration of the 13th of March, refuting the sophisms of Bonaparte, and exposing his imposture, concludes, that his position with respect to Europe not being changed, either by the first success of his enterprise, or by his offer of ratifying the treaty of Paris, a second declaration is in no degree necessary. I have the honour to send you some copies of the minutes of the conference in which the report is literally inserted. From these documents you will perceive that Europe is not making war for the king, or on his appeal, but that she is making war on her own account, because her interests require it, and her safety demands it. This is the course most satisfactory to Louis XVIII., and most favourable to his cause. If it were supposed in France that war was renewed solely for the interests of the king, his subjects would regard him as the author of the disasters to which the conflict may expose them. Such an opinion could have no other effect than to alienate their affections from his majesty, and to

induce them to espouse the cause of Bonaparte; instead of which, on the grounds on which the war is maintained, its evil consequences must be attributed to Bonaparte alone. It is important that every one should be convinced of this truth, especially in France.

I cannot afford a better idea of what was doing at Vienna, and especially of the opinions that were formed there, than by quoting the letters of the first diplomatist of Europe, for such M. de Talleyrand undoubtedly proved himself at that difficult period. At Vienna he could not, as at Tilsit, support himself on the right of conquest: his task was to advocate the rights of the conquered, and yet he induced the allied powers to acknowledge as a principle, the legitimacy of the throne of Naples in favour of a Bourbon prince, and at the same time prevented Prussia from aggrandizing herself too far at the expense of Saxony. I soon received from M. F. de Jaucourt a letter fully explaining the instructions which the king wished to transmit to his diplomatic agents in foreign countries. As a supplement to his correspondence, M. de Jaucourt sent me the *Journal Universel*,* which was printed under the direction of the government. In his letter, which was dated May 29, 1815, he observed, "The allied powers have no design of encroaching on the independence of the French nation; they refrain from interfering in its internal government, or even prescribing the choice of a sovereign; but all their wishes and designs go to second their ally, Louis XVIII., and his august dynasty. The restoration of the legitimate authority is the object of their efforts, as it will infallibly prove the consequence of their success."

The preceding extracts are from letters which the ancients would have called *de negotiis*; those which I shall now subjoin are somewhat more *de hominibus*. They are copied from the correspondence addressed to me by the Marquis de Bonnay, Louis XVIII.'s minister at Copenhagen, and they threw considerable light on what was then going on abroad, and on the opinion entertained of some men of the time. M. de Bonnay, who was a faithful servant of the king, was well aware of the dangers which threatened the monarchy before the 20th of March.

Being informed at Hamburg of the exertions which were making at the head-quarters of the imperial diplomacy to get Bonaparte's government acknowledged abroad, and knowing

* M. Bertin, the elder, who gave so many proofs of his zeal in the cause of the restoration, took refuge at Brussels after the 20th of March, and was invited to Ghent to edit the official journal of the king. The first number was printed under the title of the *Moniteur Universel*; but at the moment when it was about to be published, M. Bertin received orders to substitute the title of *Journal Universel*, as the government of the Netherlands dared not allow it to appear under the title of the "Official Journal of France." M. Bertin had the sole management of the paper until Louis XVIII.'s return to France



Talleyrand

le 2^e 1^{er} Talleyrand

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that the consuls appointed by the king had received letters stamped with the eagle, I communicated these facts to M. de Bonnay, who thus replied to me: "I thank you, sir, for your information respecting the letters, stamped with the eagle, addressed to the French consuls in the Baltic. I immediately found a pretence for recalling M. Desaugiers. I do not know whether you are acquainted with him. He is not a bad man, but he has the worst head in the world. At this moment, his horror at seeing the foreign troops enter France, has absolutely driven him mad. He wishes that Bonaparte had ended his days at Elba, or at the bottom of the sea. But since he is fairly in Paris, he would prefer seeing him reign tranquilly to the alternative of the evils with which the allied powers would visit France, under the pretence of delivering her. The king, he says, is nothing to him; but France is every thing."

While the French minister was making every effort to induce the allied powers a second time to recognise the integrity of France, Prussia betrayed views of aggrandizement at the expense of Alsace, Lorrain, and French Flanders. It is true that all these aggrandizements were not for herself; but her intention was, that those who partook of the spoil should give her an equivalent. The Marquis de Bonnay, being informed of these dispositions of Prussia, mentioned the subject to the Prussian minister at Copenhagen; and on the 9th of May he wrote a letter to me, in which he said, "The stupid Prussian minister, with whom I remonstrated against his claims upon Saxony, his pretended rights of indemnity, rights of conquest, &c., observed to me, with great simplicity, that if the right of conquest were not admitted, France must return to what she was before the treaty of Westphalia.—'Very well,' said I, 'but in that case I shall regard you only as the representative of the petty Marquis of Brandenburg, vowing fidelity, and doing homage to the republic of Poland for the duchy of Prussia. Your old acquaintance, the Prussian minister in Hamburg, is not such a fool as ours; but I believe he is ill-disposed towards France.'"

In the same letter, the Marquis de Bonnay added, that he knew for a certainty that M. de M——, who was sent to Vienna by Fouché, had taken part in a dialogue to the following effect:

"Do not go to war with us, and we will rid you of that man."—"Well, then, rid us of him at once."—"Would you like the King of Rome, or a regency?"—"No."—"The Duke of Orleans?"—"No."—"Well, Louis XVIII. ? since it must be so. But no nobility, no priestcraft, and, above all, no Blacas."—"Begin by ridding us of Bonaparte and all his race."

In allusion to M. de Blacas, M. de Bonnay observed, "I am grieved to hear the universal outcry which is raised against a

man whose ascendancy appears to be indestructible, and whose presence about the king is said to be an irremediable evil. I know the king, and I know M. de Blacas. The latter has an upright heart and pure intentions: all his faults arise from an excess of vanity and presumption; but he is devoted to the king, and his majesty will never hear reason or truth as far as he is concerned."

Bonaparte opened registers for the acceptance of his additional act to the constitution of the empire; and as he affected love of liberty, every individual was entitled to give contrary votes, and to assign his reasons for so doing. M. Florian de Kergerlay published his vote, firmly rejecting the pretended additional act, on the ground that its last article excluded the Bourbons for ever from the throne of France. That he suffered no molestation for this act of courage, was doubtless owing to Carnot, who behaved admirably on several occasions. The first step he took, on accepting the office of minister of the interior, was to despatch an order to Lavallette, who had again resumed the superintendence of the post-office, directing that the privacy of correspondence should be respected. M. de Bonnay wrote me a letter full of exultation on hearing of the protest of M. de Kergerlay.

In another letter, dated the 29th of May, M. de Bonnay again said to me—

It would appear, sir, that at length you and I agree about M. de Blacas. I believe I informed you that I wrote to him candidly on all that concerned him. I should certainly be sorry to distress the king uselessly; but it appears to me, that those who attack his confidant, have observed more delicacy than they are accustomed to do in similar cases. My opinion still is, that he cannot remain in office. For if he should, I defy the king ever to form, what the English call, a solid administration.

In spite of what M. de Bonnay says in this fragment of his correspondence, I did not concur with him so perfectly as he imagined on the subject of M. de Blacas, whom I always regarded as the principal author of the evils which assailed France in 1815. Another thing which much surprised me in one of M. de Bonnay's letters was, the rather unfavourable way in which he spoke of M. de Chateaubriand. Bonaparte, who was so well able to judge of men when he was not blinded by passion, did not hesitate to declare to his friends at St. Helena, that he would have had no chance of attempting his project had M. de Chateaubriand been at the head of affairs in 1814. On that point I was always of his opinion.

I shall subjoin a few more extracts from the letters of M. de Bonnay, begging the reader to bear in mind that the opinions expressed in them are not mine, but those of a man sufficiently well-informed to represent the intelligent portion of the royalist.

party in 1815, though his prejudices, and the distance at which he was placed from the theatre of events, occasionally render the accuracy of his views doubtful. In June, 1815, he wrote to me thus :

You relieve me much by saying that you are sure the Duke of Orleans was sounded during his stay in Paris, and that he repelled all the advances made to him. Heaven grant that he may continue in this favourable disposition !

Though the Journal de Gand says nothing on the subject, it appears to me evident that the proclamation of the king to the French people, which is parcelled out to us by the German journals, is authentic, and that it is the work of M. de Lally-Tollendal. It is even more verbose than the report of M. de Chateaubriand, and that is too much so. How I wish that the arrival of M. de Talleyrand would put an end to all this scribbling !

Again in June, 1815, my correspondent says—

I am pressed for time to-day, and, therefore, write you a hurried letter. If Berthier has fallen from a window, he doubtless threw himself out. You will ask why ? You will tell me what he said to you at Brussels, but do we know what he has done since ? The German journals informed us that he was under supervision, and that he wished to return to France in disguise. Are we sure that he was not committed by some correspondence which was seized ?

Copenhagen, June 17, 1815.

At length, sir, this eternal congress is at an end. Prince Talleyrand wrote to me on the 7th, to say that he would sign the minute on the 9th, and that he would immediately set out for Ghent. He leaves the Duke d'Alberg to sign the copies.

In spite of all that the Parisian journals may say on the subject, I am convinced that the Champ de Mai has not made a single dupe in France, nor obtained one partisan for Bonaparte. It is a farce which the Parisians have witnessed so often, that they now look on and shrug their shoulders. The eleven departments which did not answer the appeal, spoke more loudly than any who were present ; and if Bonaparte's speech be well analyzed, it will be found that he possesses little of the confidence which he affects.

June 20th.

The postscript of the Borsen-hall has put us on the rack, and possibly we shall not be relieved for the next eight-and-forty hours. But if in the interval no courier or estafette arrive, I shall begin to think that the affair has not been of much consequence, or at any rate, that it has not had an unfavourable termination ; for bad news flies apace. I confess I do not like the idea of Bonaparte having struck the first blow. I do not like that attack in the night, which was, perhaps, a surprise : I detest those battles which are still going on at the departure of the courier—a phrase invented to conceal a defeat—in short, I shall be all anxiety until the arrival of your next letter.

This moment the arrival of a Swedish estafette has relieved all my apprehensions, by informing me of the happy issue of the attack of the 16th, which very likely commenced on the 15th. I cannot conceive how it was that the Duke of Wellington allowed himself to be taken unawares. He left Brussels on the morning of the 16th to make a reconnaissance, and calculated on returning in the evening. He must (if he took the right road) have found the battle commenced at six leagues from his own hotel. The Prince of Orange must have acquired great honour by sustaining the shock and repulsing, with great loss, as the letter says, Bonaparte and his eighty thousand men. You must excuse me for not deploring the loss of the Duke of Brunswick, who was not good for much except on the day of a battle. I hope to hear the details after to-morrow.

An officer, who left Paris on the 4th of June, and who, trusting to his memory, did not take any papers with him, gave to the Duke of Wellington all the requisite details respecting the force and distribution of the French army. According to a calculation, including all who were expected to join the army, the troops of the line amount to two hundred and twenty-seven thousand men, and the national guards to between one hundred, and one hundred and fifty thousand. The infantry is good, and in excellent condition; the cavalry poor, and unclothed. The light artillery is better than might have been expected; and, what is luckier than all for Bonaparte, there are five hundred pieces of artillery. The fortresses are in bad condition, and ill-provisioned, with the exception of Lille, Valenciennes, and Condé, which are intrusted to the national guard and the old disbanded soldiers. I hope that some of them will soon open their gates.

It is a great thing to have foiled Bonaparte's first enterprise. He can now neither recede nor stand still. The Austrians would do well to enter without waiting for the Russians. They have not 40,000 men before them.

A letter from M. de Staël (written perhaps to the prince royal himself) dated the 2d of May, states that Bonaparte can hold out no longer, and that France is divided into two parties, one in favour of a republic (for which Benjamin Constant writes and preaches), the other in favour of the Duke of Orleans. This party is composed of all those who are too deeply stained to expect to be employed by the king.

You name my most confidential and intimate friend when you speak of Pozzo-di-Borgo. I can answer for him as for myself. The king has not a better or a more useful servant. It is now sixteen years since he and I have been united in heart and opinion. I have constantly said that no man in Europe was better fitted to oppose and overthrow Bonaparte. Pozzo-di-Borgo is certainly not one of those who least contributed to his first fall; and I confidently hope that he will powerfully aid the second. He is one of the ablest men of the day; and I may add, that he possesses a noble heart, and is incapable of compromising principles. It is sometimes useful for him to have some one by him to moderate his warmth: but this is the man we should secure, if Russia will only resign him. Be assured, that to serve France is his sole ambition; and, in fact, he belongs to the king, since he is a Corsican.

Copenhagen, June 27, 1815.

The great events which have occurred seem to overwhelm us. We bow beneath their weight, and are unable to measure their extent, or calculate their results. It takes some time to arrange them in one's head. The news is scarcely credible; it seems, if I may say so, too good to be true. Such are my impressions after perusing the post-script of the Borsen-hall. Dare we believe that fifteen thousand prisoners, and two hundred pieces of cannon have been taken? Will there not be a deduction from this? If the next post, or some welcome courier should confirm all and every thing, it is evident that Bonaparte is lost beyond redemption, and that your prophecy of the king's return in the month of August will be fulfilled.

July 13, 1815.

Instead of waiting till August, you will have returned to Paris on the 8th of July, for I presume that you arrived in time to witness the entrance of the king. Honoured be the prophet! I hope to receive a letter from you by next post.*

July 25, 1815.

How happens it that all confidential places are given away, and that I do not find your name on any list? How happens it, on the contrary, that I find names which would seem to exclude yours? When you have time you must give me a key to this, and many other riddles.

At what time, and in what place, was the choice of Fouché determined upon? Who made the election? Did it come from the heart of the king?

I thank you for the quotation of that sublime passage from the king's letter to Prince Talleyrand, relative to the bridge of Jena.† The French used the Prussians ill, and the Prussians are now taking their revenge. When will concord resume her sway over this earth? When shall we see peace and justice hand in hand? Though I dislike national hatred, yet if the French must cherish any, I would rather it should be directed against the Prussians than against any other nation of the continent.

August.

As to Brennus Blucher and his Prussians, who are more barbarous than the ancient Gauls, our indignation against them will, I doubt not, descend to our children's children. I hope, however, that the other allies will bring them to reason, and that we shall not be forced to obtain justice for ourselves, an alternative which may cause the sacrifice of some millions of men in a few months. The foreign armies, it is true, would be exterminated; but France would be more ravaged, more desolated, and more ruined, than Spain has been after a six years' war.

* The reader will recollect that while Louis XVIII. was at Lille, previous to his departure from France, I mentioned to his majesty my conviction that he would be restored to his throne before three months.

† The letter here alluded to is that in which Louis XVIII. expressed his determination, that if the Prussians persisted in their design of destroying the bridge of Jena, he would station himself upon it at the moment of its being blown up.

August 26, 1815.

There is a man whom you name as the Marquis de Carabas (the Duke d'Alberg). It is he who has done all, appointed every one, decided, and disposed of every thing. How happens it that Prince Talleyrand did not himself form his ministry? Why has he shown so much deference to the choice of another? Is it subjection, seduction, or indifference?

How does it happen, that since M. de Talleyrand, who sees and listens to you, who hears and reads the truth every where, and who knows that natives and foreigners agree as to the necessity of a vigorous government, capable of punishing crime, and restoring morality and good principles, how happens it, I say, that M. de Talleyrand should obstinately persevere in a system of tolerance resembling carelessness? I am sometimes thinking he is merely looking forward to the meeting of the chambers, and that then, if he should obtain all the support which he requires, he will adopt a different course, and perhaps himself destroy the instruments he has employed. If the royalists prove themselves calm, prudent, and sensible; if they show that their strength is in their minds, and not in their lungs, France will be at their feet, and consequently at the feet of the king; but they must not be furious and extravagant, like the brawling party of our poor right side, which has done us so much harm.*

You tell me nothing about the army. As well as I can judge at the distance at which I am, I think a good plan has been adopted for reorganizing it. I am anxious to know whether the rebels will attempt resistance. Macdonald will deserve a statue if he extricate himself. His choice of some chiefs of division excites astonishment; but I am slow to blame men of whom I have a good opinion.

Bonaparte said of Madame,† that she is the only man in the family; but I hope Monsieur will prove to France and Europe that he also is a man. But he must command himself and those about him; and he must recollect that under a form of government like that which now prevails, the heir and the heirs to the throne have absolutely no part to perform. The king is the only centre; and the ministers and the king are but one. I fear the clamour of what was once called the *Œil-de-Bœuf*.‡

* These heirs of the *brawling* party of the right side of the constituent assembly brought about the dissolution of the chamber in 1815. M. de Talleyrand wisely adopted a system of toleration, which, with all due deference to the knights errant of morality and good principles, was much more salutary to the restoration than a contrary system would have been.

† The Duchess of Angoulême.

‡ An old court faction, composed of the heir to the throne, the princes of the blood, &c.—*Editor*.

CHAPTER IV.

1815.

My departure from Hamburg—The king at Saint-Denis—Fouché appointed minister of the police—Delay of the king's entrance into Paris—Effect of that delay—Fouché's nomination due to the Duke of Wellington—Impossibility of resuming my post—Fouché's language with respect to the Bourbons—His famous postscript—Character of Fouché—Discussion respecting the two cockades—Declaration of the officers of the national guard—Manifestations of public joy repressed by Fouché—Composition of the new ministry—Kind attention of Blucher—The English at Saint-Cloud—Blucher in Napoleon's cabinet—My prisoner become my protector—Blucher and the innkeeper's dog.

THE fulfilment of my prediction was now at hand; for the result of the battle of Waterloo enabled Louis XVIII. to return to his dominions. As soon as I heard of the king's departure from Ghent, I quitted Hamburg, and travelled with all possible haste, in the hope of reaching Paris in time to witness his majesty's entrance. I arrived at Saint-Denis on the 7th of July, and, notwithstanding the intrigues that were set on foot, I found an immense number of persons assembled to meet the king. Indeed, the place was so crowded, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could procure even a little garret for my lodging.

Having resumed my uniform of a captain of the national guard, I proceeded immediately to the king's palace. The saloon was filled with ladies and gentlemen who had come to congratulate the king on his return. At Saint-Denis I found my family, who, not being aware that I had left Hamburg, were much surprised to see me.

They informed me that the Parisians were all impatient for the return of the king—a fact of which I could judge by the opposition manifested to the free expression of public feeling. Paris having been declared in a state of blockade, the gates were closed, and no one was permitted to leave the capital, particularly by the Barrière de la Chapelle. It is true that special permission might be obtained, and with tolerable ease, by those

who wished to leave the city; but the forms to be observed for obtaining the permission, deterred the mass of the people from proceeding to Saint-Denis, which, indeed, was the sole object of the regulation. As it had been resolved to force upon the king Fouché and the tri-coloured cockade, it was deemed necessary to keep apart from his majesty all who might persuade him to resist the proposed measures. Madame de Bourrienne told me, that on her arrival at Saint-Denis, she called upon M. Hue and M. Le Febvre, the king's physician, who both acquainted her with those fatal resolutions. Those gentlemen, however, assured her that the king would resolutely hold out against the tri-coloured cockade, but the nomination of the ill-omened man appeared inevitable.

Fouché minister of the police! If, like Don Juan, I had seen a statue move, I could not have been more confounded than when I heard this news. I could not credit it, until it was repeated to me by different persons. How, indeed, could I think that at the moment of a reaction the king should have intrusted the most important ministerial department to a man to whose arrest he had a hundred days before attached so much consequence; to a man, moreover, whom Bonaparte had appointed, at Lyons, to fill the same office. This was inconceivable! Thus, in less than twenty-four hours, the same man had been intrusted to execute measures the most opposite, and to serve interests the most contradictory. He was one day the minister of usurpation, and the next the minister of legitimacy! How can I express what I felt when Fouché took the oath of fidelity to Louis XVIII.—when I saw the king clasp in his hands the hands of Fouché! I was standing near M. de Chateaubriand, whose feelings must have been similar to mine, to judge from a passage in his admirable work, "*La Monarchie selon la Charte*." "About nine in the evening," he says, "I was in one of the royal antechambers. All at once the door opened, and I saw the president of the council enter, leaning on the arm of the new minister.—Oh! Louis-le-Désiré! Oh! my unfortunate master! you have proved that there is no sacrifice which your people may not expect from your paternal heart!" Fouché, as will be seen, was put forward through Wellington's influence.*

Fouché was resolved to have his restoration, as well as M. de Talleyrand, who had had his the year before; he therefore contrived to retard the king's entry into Paris for four days. The prudent members of the chamber of peers, who had taken no part in the king's government in 1814, were the first to declare that it was for the interest of France to hasten his majesty's

* The friends of the Duke of Wellington deny that his grace had any thing to do with the appointment of the manifold traitor—and we believe them.—*Editor.*

entrance into Paris, in order to prevent foreigners from exercising a sort of right of conquest in a city, which was a prey to civil dissension and party influence. Blucher informed me that the way in which Fouché contrived to delay the king's return, greatly contributed to the pretensions of the foreigners, who, he confessed, were very well pleased to see the population of Paris divided in opinion, and to hear the alarming cries raised by the confederates of the Faubourgs, when the king was already at Saint-Denis.

I know for a fact, that Louis XVIII. wished to have nothing to do with Fouché, and indignantly refused to appoint him, when he was first proposed. But he had so nobly served Bonaparte during the hundred days, that it was necessary he should be rewarded. Fouché, besides, had gained the support of a powerful party among the emigrants of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and *he possessed the art of rendering himself indispensable*. I have heard many honest men say very seriously, that to him was due the tranquillity of Paris. Moreover, as I have just stated, Wellington was the person by whose influence in particular Fouché was made one of the counsellors of the king. After all the benefits which foreigners had conferred upon us, Fouché was, indeed, an acceptable present to France and to the king!

I was not ignorant of the Duke of Wellington's influence upon the affairs of the second restoration; but for a long time I refused to believe that his influence should have outweighed all the serious considerations opposed to such a perfect anomaly as appointing Fouché the minister of a Bourbon. But I was deceived. France and the king owed to him Fouché's introduction into the council, and I had to thank him for the impossibility of resuming a situation which I had relinquished for the purpose of following the king into Belgium. Could I be prefect of police under a minister, whom, a short time before, I had received orders to arrest, but who eluded my agents? That was impossible. The king could not offer me the place of prefect under Fouché, and if he had I could not have accepted it. I was therefore right in not relying on the assurances which had been given me; but I confess, that if I had been told to guess the cause why they could not be realized, I never should have thought that cause would have been the appointment of Fouché as a minister of the King of France. At first, therefore, I was of course quite forgotten, as is the custom of courts when a faithful subject refrains from taking part in the intrigues of the moment.

I have already frequently stated my opinion of the pretended talent of Fouché; but admitting his talent to have been as great as was supposed, that would have been an additional reason for not intrusting the general police of the kingdom to him. His principles and conduct were already sufficiently known.

No one could be ignorant of the language he held respecting the Bourbons, and in which he indulged as freely after he became the minister of Louis XVIII., as when he was the minister of Bonaparte. It was universally known, that in his conversation the Bourbons were the perpetual butt for his sarcasms, that he never mentioned them but in terms of disparagement, and that he represented them as unworthy of governing France. Every body must have been aware that Fouché, in his heart, favoured a republic, where the part of president might have been assigned to him. Could any one have forgotten the famous postscript he subjoined to a letter he wrote from Lyons to his worthy friend Robespierre:—"To celebrate the fête of the republic suitably, I have ordered two hundred and fifty persons to be shot!" And to this man, the most furious enemy of the restoration of the monarchy, was consigned the task of consolidating it for the second time! But it would require another Claudian to describe this new Rufinus!

Fouché never regarded a benefit in any other light than as the means of injuring his benefactor. The king, deceived like many other persons by the reputation which Fouché's partisans had conjured up for him, was certainly not aware that Fouché had always discharged the functions of minister for his own interest, and never for the interest of the government which had the weakness to intrust him with a power always dangerous in his hands. Fouché had opinions, but he belonged to no party; and his political success is explained by the readiness with which he always served the party he knew must triumph, and which he himself overthrew in its turn. He maintained himself in favour from the days of blood and terror, until the happy time of the second restoration, only by abandoning and sacrificing those who were attached to him; and it might be said that his ruling passion was the desire of continual change. No man was ever characterized by greater levity or inconstancy of mind. In all things he looked only to himself, and to this egotism he sacrificed both subjects and governments. Such were the secret causes of the sway exercised by Fouché during the Convention, the Directory, the Empire, the Usurpation, and after the second return of the Bourbons. He helped to found and to destroy every one of those successive governments. Fouché's character is perfectly unique. I know no other man, who, loaded with honours, and almost escaping disgrace, has passed through so many eventful periods, and taken part in so many convulsions and revolutions.

On the 7th of July the king was told that Fouché alone could smooth the way for his entrance into Paris: that he alone could unlock the gates of the capital, and that he alone had power to control public opinion. The reception given to the king on the following day afforded an opportunity of judging of the truth of these assertions. The king's presence was the signal for a

feeling of concord, which was manifested in a very decided way. I saw upon the Boulevards, and often in company with each other, persons, some of whom had resumed the white cockade, while others still retained the national colours; and harmony was not in the least disturbed by these different badges.

The question of the cockades was again discussed at Saint-Denis on the 7th of July. In the evening Marshal Masséna arrived, and was immediately introduced to the king. It was reported that the object of Masséna's interview was to induce the king to make his entry into Paris with the national cockade. Masséna remained but a short time with the king, and his return was awaited by every one in the saloon with the greatest anxiety, excited by different causes. Several commanders of the legions of the national guard, seduced by Fouché, wished for the adoption of the tri-coloured cockade, and took no pains to conceal their opinion on that point. However, I have reason to believe that on the 7th of July, many of those who signed the following declaration, would have been glad to have withdrawn their names. The declaration, which was presented to the king by Masséna, who commanded the national guard, was as follows:

The undersigned, commanders of legions, and officers of the national guard of Paris, in reply to the order of the day of the 6th of July, 1815, have the honour of declaring to Marshal Masséna, their commander-in-chief, that they will consider it a point of honour, to preserve for ever the national colours, which cannot be abandoned without danger.

They venture to affirm that their individual opinion corresponds with that of the great majority of their brethren in arms; and therefore they beg their marshal to submit this declaration to the members of the committee of the government, and to request them to give it the greatest publicity in order to prevent the disorders which might result from any uncertainty on such a point.

I was informed that there existed among the king's counsellors a difference of opinion on the subject of this declaration, but it was at length understood that prudent considerations had prevailed, and that the king had firmly rejected the extraordinary proposition made to him. For my part I thought, and I expressed my mind to the persons around me, that it was enough that the provisional government of 1814, in neglecting Marmont's wise advice, should have committed the fault of not preserving the national colours, without our now wishing the king to commit the fault of adopting them in 1815. That which, the year before, would have been an act of good policy, would now have been nothing less than a weak concession. Fouché knew this well, and for that very reason he made himself the soul of the intrigue; for to him is to be attributed the mischievous suggestion. If I should be reproached with vili-

fyng Fouché's memory, I only crave the reader's patience for a while. I shall presently describe a conversation I had with him, in which he manifested his hatred of the Bourbons without any reserve.

Having returned to private life solely on account of Fouché's presence in the ministry, I yielded to that consolation which is always left to the discontented. I watched the extravagance and inconsistency that were passing around me, and the new follies which were every day committed; and it must be confessed that a rich and varied picture presented itself to my observation. The king did not bring back M. de Blacas. His majesty had yielded to prudent advice; and on arriving at Mons, sent the unlucky minister as his ambassador to Naples. Vengeance was talked of, and there were some persons inconsiderate enough to wish that advantage should be taken of the presence of the foreigners, in order to make what they termed "an end of the revolution;" as if there were any other means of effecting that object, than frankly adopting whatever good the revolution had produced. The foreigners observed with satisfaction the disposition of these shallow persons; which they thought might be turned to their own advantage. The truth is, that on the second restoration our pretended allies proved themselves our enemies.

But for them, but for their bad conduct, their insatiable exactions, but for the humiliation that was felt at seeing foreign cannon levelled in the streets of Paris, and beneath the very windows of the palace, the days which followed the 8th of July might have been considered by the royal family as the season of a festival. Every day people thronged to the garden of the Tuileries, and expressed their joy by singing and dancing under the king's windows. This ebullition of feeling might perhaps be thought absurd, but it at least bore evidence of the pleasure caused by the return of the Bourbons.

This manifestation of joy, by numbers of persons of both sexes, most of them belonging to the better classes of society, displeased Fouché, and he determined to put a stop to it. Wretches were hired to mingle with the crowd, and sprinkle corrosive liquids on the dresses of the females: some of them were even instructed to commit acts of indecency, so that all respectable persons were driven from the gardens through the fear of being injured or insulted. As it was wished to create disturbance under the very eyes of the king, and to make him doubt the reality of the sentiments so openly expressed in his favour, the agents of the police mingled the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" with that of "Vive le Roi!" and it happened oftener than once, that the most respectable persons were arrested, and charged by Fouché's infamous agents with having uttered seditious cries. A friend of mine, whose royalist opinions were well known, and whose father had been massacred during the revolution, told me, that while

walking with two ladies, he heard some individuals near him crying out "Vive l'Empereur!" This created a great disturbance. The guard advanced to the spot, and those very individuals themselves had the audacity to charge my friend with being guilty of uttering the offensive cry. In vain the bystanders asserted the falsehood of the accusation; he was seized and dragged to the guard-house, and after being detained for some hours, he was liberated on the application of his friends.

By dint of these wretched manœuvres, Fouché triumphed. He contrived to make it be believed that he was the only person capable of preventing the disorders of which he himself was the sole author. He got the police of the Tuileries under his control. The singing and dancing ceased, and the palace was the scene of dullness.

While the king was at Saint-Denis he restored to General Desolles the command of the national guard. The general ordered the barriers to be immediately thrown open. On the day of his arrival in Paris, and not before, the king determined as a principle, that the throne should be surrounded by a privy council; the members of which were to be the princes and persons whom his majesty might appoint at a future period. The king then named his new ministry, which was thus composed:

Prince Talleyrand, peer of France, president of the council of ministers, and secretary of state for foreign affairs.

Baron Louis, minister of finance.

The Duke of Otranto, minister of the police.

Baron Pasquier, minister of justice, and keeper of the seals.

Marshal Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, war minister.

Count de Jaucourt, peer of France, minister of the marine.

The Duke de Richelieu,* peer of France, minister of the king's household.

The portfolio of the minister of the interior, which was not immediately disposed of, was provisionally intrusted to the minister of justice. But what was most gratifying to the public, in the composition of this new ministry, was, that M. de Blacas,

* Some time after it was thought proper to suppress the office of minister of the king's household, and to substitute in its stead the office of intendant-general;—an arrangement which I thought better calculated for a constitutional government. M. de Richelieu's successor in this office was the Count de Pradel, a man of great ability. The office of minister of the king's household was again restored in favour of my old friend Lauriston, whose elevation did not alter his sentiments towards his old comrades. After his death, the office underwent another metamorphosis, and received again the title of intendant-general, which it still retains, and is now filled by M. de la Bouillerie, one of those men whom Bonaparte, during the consulate and afterwards, esteemed for his talents and probity. I recollect often having heard him say, speaking of M. de la Bouillerie. "He is the man to manage money matters. There is no need to revise his accounts," Bonaparte sent for him from Paris to the camp at Boulogne, to examine the accounts, and afterwards appointed him treasurer of the crown after we lost Estève, our old companion, in the Egyptian expedition.

who had made himself so odious to every body, was superseded by M. de Richelieu, whose name revived the memory of a great minister, and who, by his excellent conduct, throughout the whole course of his career, deserves to be distinguished as a model of honour and wisdom.

General satisfaction was expressed on the appointment of Marshal Macdonald to the post of grand chancellor of the Legion of Honour, in lieu of M. de Pradt. M. de Chabrol resumed the prefecture of the Seine, which, during the hundred days, had been occupied by M. de Bondy. M. de Molé was made director-general of bridges and causeways; I was superseded in the prefecture of police by M. de Cazes, and M. Ferrand continued director-general of the post-office.

I think it was on the 10th of July that I went to Saint-Cloud to pay a visit of thanks to Blücher. I had been informed, that as soon as he learned I had a house at Saint-Cloud, he sent a guard to protect it. This spontaneous mark of attention was well deserving of grateful acknowledgment, especially at a time when there was so much reason to complain of the plunder practised by the Prussians.* My visit to Blücher presented to observation a striking instance of the instability of human greatness. I found Blücher residing like a sovereign in the palace of Saint-Cloud, where I had lived so long in the intimacy of Napoleon, at a period when he dictated laws to the kings of Europe, before he was a monarch himself. In that cabinet in which Napoleon and I had passed so many busy hours, and where so many great plans had their birth, I was received by the man who had been my prisoner at Hamburg. The Prussian general immediately reminded me of the circumstance:—"Who could have foreseen," said he, "that after being your prisoner, I should become the protector of your property? You treated me well at Hamburg, and I have now an opportunity of repaying your kindness. Heaven knows what will be the result of all this! One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that the allies will now make such conditions as will banish all possibility of danger for a long time to come. The Emperor Alexander does not wish to make the French people expiate too dearly the misfortunes they have caused us. He attributes them to Na-

* The English occupied Saint-Cloud after the Prussians. My large house, that in which the children of the Count d'Artois were inoculated, was respected by them; but they occupied a small house forming part of the estate. The English officer who commanded the troops stationed a guard at the large house. One morning we were informed that the door had been broken open, and a valuable looking-glass stolen. We complained to the commanding officer, and on the affair being inquired into, it was discovered that the sentinel himself had committed the theft. The man was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death; a circumstance which, as may naturally be supposed, was very distressing to us. Madame de Bourrienne applied to the commanding officer for the man's pardon, but could only obtain his reprieve. The regiment departed some weeks after, and we could never learn what was the fate of the criminal.

oleon, but Napoleon cannot pay the expenses of the war, and they must be paid by some one. It was all very well for once; but we cannot pay the expense of coming back a second time. However," added he, "you will lose none of your territory; that is a point on which I can give you positive assurance. The Emperor Alexander has several times repeated in my presence to the king my master, 'I honour the French nation; and I am determined that it shall preserve its old limits.'"

The above are the very words which Blucher addressed to me. Profiting by the friendly sentiments he expressed towards me, I took the opportunity of mentioning the complaints that were every where made of the bad discipline of the troops under his command. "What can I do?" said he. "I cannot be present every where; but I assure you that in future and at your recommendation I will severely punish any misconduct that may come to my knowledge."

Such was the result of my visit to Blucher; but, in spite of his promises, his troops continued to commit the most revolting excesses. Thus the Prussian troops have left in the neighbourhood of Paris, recollections no less odious than those produced by the conduct of Davoust's corps in Prussia. Of this an instance now occurs to my memory, which I will relate here. In the spring of 1816, as I was going to Chevreuse, I stopped at the *Petit Bicêtre* to water my horse. I seated myself for a few minutes near the door of the inn, and a large dog belonging to the innkeeper began to bark and growl at me. His master, a respectable-looking old man, exclaimed, "Be quiet, Blucher!"—"How came you to give your dog that name?" said I.—"Ah, sir! it is the name of a villain who did a great deal of mischief here last year. There is my house; they have left scarcely any thing but the four walls. They said they came for our good; but let them come back again. . . . we will watch them and spear them like wild boars in the wood."—The poor man's house certainly exhibited traces of the most atrocious violence, and he shed tears as he related to me his disasters.*

* There is no exaggeration in this account of the excesses and revengeful spirit of the Prussian troops, compared to whom even the Cossacks were angels of mercy. Even so late as the years 1819 and 1820 the ravages they had committed were sadly visible over a great part of France. The provocation the Prussians had received from the French was immense, but they ought to have remembered that their retaliation was a sure means of perpetuating the spirit that led to those enmities. The country people of France were generally much to be pitied—but it was *amusing* to hear the marauding soldiery of Bonaparte talking pathetically about the miseries and iniquities of foreign invasion—the fierce spirit of the Prussians, &c. To hear them, one might have thought they had never invaded the rights of others—had never subjected more than the half of Europe to all the horrors and exactions of warfare. But this time the war came round their own villages and homesteads—*voilà la guerre chez eux!* and they felt just as the Prussians, Russians, Austrians, and the rest must have felt, when they, the French, were ruining their countries and rendering their homes deso-

late. But the evils inflicted by the allied troops on France were nothing compared to those the French had perpetrated in Austria, Prussia, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and the south of Italy. During the whole time of the foreign occupation of France, the discipline of the English, Austrian, and even the Russian army (deducting a little for the *scapades* of the Cossacks) was admirable.

—Editor.

CHAPTER V.

1815.

My daughter's marriage contract—Rigid etiquette—My appointment to the presidentship of the Electoral College of the Yonne—My interview with Fouché—His hatred of the Bourbons—His invective against the royal family—My audience of the king—His majesty made acquainted with my conversation with Fouché—The Duke of Otranto's disgrace—Carnot deceived by Bonaparte—My election as deputy—My colleague, M. Randot—My return to Paris—Regret caused by the sacrifice of Ney—Noble conduct of Macdonald—A drive with Rapp in the Bois de Boulogne—Rapp's interview with Bonaparte in 1815—The Duke de Berri and Rapp—My nomination to the office of minister of state—My name inscribed by the hand of Louis XVIII.—Conclusion.

BEFORE the king departed for Ghent, he had consented to sign the contract of marriage between one of my daughters and M. Massieu de Clerval, though the latter was at that time only a lieutenant in the navy. The day appointed for the signature of the contract happened to be Sunday, the 19th of March, and it may well be imagined that in the critical circumstances in which we then stood, a matter of so little importance could scarcely be thought about. In July I renewed my request to his majesty, which gave rise to serious discussions in the council of ceremonies. Lest any deviation from the laws of rigid etiquette should commit the fate of the monarchy, it was determined that the marriage contract of a lieutenant in the navy, could be signed only at the petty levee. However, his majesty, recollecting the promise he had given me, decided that the signature should be given at the grand levee. Though all this may appear exceedingly ludicrous, yet I must confess that the triumph over etiquette was very gratifying to me.

A short time after, the king appointed me a counsellor of state, a title which I had held under Bonaparte ever since his installation at the Tuileries, though I had never fulfilled the functions of the office. In the month of August, the king having resolved to convoke a new chamber of deputies, I was appointed president of the Electoral College of the department of the Yonne. As soon as I was informed of my nomination, I waited on M. de Talleyrand for my instructions; but he told me, that inconfor-

mity with the king's intentions, I was to receive my orders from the minister of police. I observed to M. de Talleyrand, that I must decline seeing Fouché on account of the situation in which we stood with reference to each other. "Go to him, go to him," said M. de Talleyrand, "and be assured Fouché will say nothing on the subject."

I felt great repugnance to see Fouché, and consequently I went to him quite against my inclination. I naturally expected a very cold reception. What had passed between us rendered our interview extremely delicate. I called on Fouché at nine in the morning, and found him alone, and walking in his garden. He received me as a man might be expected to receive an intimate friend whom he had not seen for a long time. On reflection I was not very much surprised at this, for I was well aware that Fouché could make his hatred yield to calculation. He said not a word about his arrest; and it may well be supposed that I did not seek to turn the conversation on that subject. I asked him whether he had any information to give me respecting the elections of the Yonne. "None at all," said he, "get yourself nominated if you can; only use your endeavours to exclude General Desfournaux. Any thing else is a matter of indifference to me."—"What is your objection to Desfournaux?"—"The ministry will not have him."

I was about to depart, when Fouché called me back saying, "Why are you in such haste? Cannot you stay a few minutes longer?" He then began to speak of the first return of the Bourbons, and asked me how I could so easily bring myself to act in their favour. He then entered into details respecting the royal family, which I conceive it to be my duty to pass over in silence; I will, however, describe the latter part of our conversation; and in so doing I shall endeavour to give it as accurately as possible, with a due observance of that decorum which Fouché lost sight of.

To his first question I replied, that wishing to see France released from the horrors of the revolution and military despotism, I eagerly contributed my assistance in bringing about the return of the royal family, an event which I had long foreseen and wished for. "I felt a conviction," added I, "that Louis XVIII. would acknowledge the necessity of a constitutional government, the only possible one in France; that he would guarantee true public liberty; and that, in short, he would conciliate the past and the present."—"Do you think there is a unison of opinion among the French people on the subject of the restoration?"—"I believe the majority are favourable to it."—"Then you are not aware that opposition to the government of the dynasty of the Bourbons was observable in all the departments during the first few months which succeeded their return? The old partisans of the republic, and the agents of Bonaparte, were taking great pains to impress upon

the public mind that the royal family had returned with all the superstitions of the emigration. I could show you a hundred reports, all coinciding in this particular. You must confess that all that the government has done, or attempted for a year past, proves but too well what were its intentions. Could any thing be more directly opposed to the interests and glory of the nation? The decided return to the past alarmed every one. The royalists of 1815 proved themselves to be what they were in 1789. In all the important transactions of 1814, there was a total disregard of past events, and of the progress of the age. The mad attempt was made to force a people enlightened by experience, to forget what they had learned, and to imbibe other ideas. The Bourbons determined at all hazards to retrograde, to bring every thing again into question, and to make the present decide on the past in their favour. This inexplicable conduct caused it to be said, that there was a wish to place the counter-revolution on the throne. This is still wished; but while I am here, I will oppose it with all my might. There must be an end to the grand conflict of the revolution, which is not yet terminated, after five-and-twenty years of trouble and lessons of experience. The nobility and clergy have no partisans, except in La Vendée. Scarcely one-sixth of the French people would be willing to adopt the old régime, and I assure you there is not one-fifth sincerely devoted to the legitimate authority. You seem not to be aware that in 1814, a foreign prince, the Duke of Orleans,* and a regency were openly talked of; and there is no foreign prince which the constitutional party would not have received from the hands of the allied powers in preference to Louis XVIII., because they might have required, as a condition of submission, that the rights of the people should be maintained. The constitutional party made but one exclusion, and that was the family of our old kings: certainly, you do not reckon the constitutional party among the partisans of the Bourbons?"

I was confounded to hear such language from the mouth of a minister of the king, yet I thus replied to Fouché: "I am far from approving in any way the system followed in 1814, and nobody that I know of has more loudly condemned it than myself; but permit me to say that I do not, like you, see the evils which superstition and the emigration are to bring upon France. No doubt there will be faults again: there will be men incrustated in old prejudices; but time will wear them away, and I think I can already perceive a gradual conciliation in favour of the Bourbons, the number of whose partisans increases daily. There will, of course, be stragglers in the march of civilization, as well as in the march of a triumphant army.

* For an account of the intrigues to place Louis Philippe on the throne in 1814, see notes at the end of present chapter.—Editor.

I have long been, as you well know, one of the most decided advocates for the propagation of knowledge, and you also know the disputes I had on this subject with the first consul. But the light of knowledge must, like the light of day, be progressive: a sudden transition from darkness to light would have its danger. There are no ameliorations which I do not wish for; but I would not have them abrupt and precipitate. I am, therefore, convinced that the Bourbons can only establish true public liberty gradually. The king is not a common man, and I am persuaded that he is as well assured as any one, that national franchises and true public liberty must, in course of time, become the strongest props of his throne. You, I confess, must be better informed than I of the state of public opinion; but those who address reports to you take their own view of affairs, and you know men well enough to be perfectly aware that they see things through the prism of their personal opinions. If the reports which you receive are accurate, our situation would be deplorable indeed. Complaints would be succeeded by threats, and threats by violence: an attempt would be made to overthrow the existing state of things, and civil war would infallibly ensue. From that, Heaven preserve us!"

Fouché listened to me with considerable attention, and after a few moments' consideration, drawing his long fingers across his pale forehead, he replied, "I think you are wrong; but even if civil war should break out, there would not be, in upwards of sixty departments, more than a handful of royalists to oppose the mass of the people. The royalists would prevail in one-eighth of the departments at most, and in the rest would be reduced to silence."—"From what you say, duke, it might be inferred that you do not think the Bourbons can remain in France."—"I do not tell you my opinion," said Fouché, with a significant smile. "However," added he, you may draw from my words what inferences you please. I care very little about that."

I now broke off this extraordinary conversation, which was more strange in reality than it can appear from my description. I have been under the necessity of suppressing things, the bare recollection of which is painful to me, and which I cannot repeat. I shall only observe that it was impossible to carry indecorum of language and revolutionary cynicism further than Fouché did. The Duke of Otranto spoke of the royal family in such terms of contempt, that he appeared like a bold conspirator or a perfidious seducer rather than a minister of the king. I could almost have fancied that he was attempting to practise upon me the treachery of which Joseph Bonaparte had once made me the dupe at Fouché's house: in short, that he was playing the part of a spy; but knowing, as I did, his odious principles, I felt no doubt that what he said to me in his usual tone of levity was the sincere expression of his sentiments.

The love of gold, which was Fouché's insatiable passion, made him bend to power, whatever it might be.

I conceived it to be my duty to make the king acquainted with this strange conversation, and as there was now no Count de Blacas to keep truth and good advice from his majesty's ear, I was, on my first solicitation, immediately admitted to the royal cabinet. I cautiously suppressed the most revolting details; for, had I literally reported what Fouché said, Louis XVIII. could not, possibly, have given credit to it. The king thanked me for my communication, and I could perceive he was convinced that by longer retaining Fouché in office he would become the victim of the minister who had been so scandalously forced upon him on the 7th of July. The disgrace of the Duke of Otranto speedily followed, and I had the satisfaction of having contributed to repair one of the evils with which the Duke of Wellington visited France.

Fouché was so evidently a traitor to the cause he feigned to serve, and Bonaparte was so convinced of this, that during the hundred days, when the ministers of the king at Ghent were enumerated in the presence of Napoleon, some one said, "But where is the minister of the police?"—"Eh! *parbleu*," said Bonaparte, "that is Fouché?" It was not the same with Carnot, in spite of the indelible stain of his vote: if he had served the king, his majesty could have depended on him, but nothing could shake the firmness of his principles in favour of liberty. I learned from a person who had the opportunity of being well informed, that he would not accept the post of minister of the interior, which was offered to him at the commencement of the hundred days, until he had a conversation with Bonaparte, to ascertain whether he had changed his principles. Carnot placed faith in the fair promises of Napoleon, who deceived him, as he had deceived others.

Soon after my audience with the king, I set off to discharge my duties in the department of the Yonne, and I obtained the honour of being elected to represent my countrymen in the chamber of deputies. My colleague was M. Randot, a man who, in very trying circumstances, had given proofs of courage by boldly manifesting his attachment to the king's government. The following are some facts which I learned, and which I circulated as speedily as possible among the electors, of whom I had the honour to be president. Bonaparte, in his way from Lyons to Paris, after his landing at the gulf of Juan, stopped at Avalon, and immediately sent for the mayor, M. Randot. He instantly obeyed the summons. On coming into Napoleon's presence, he said, "What do you want, General!" This appellation displeased Napoleon, who nevertheless put several questions to M. Randot, who was willing to oblige him as a traveller, but not to serve him as an emperor. Napoleon having given him some orders, this worthy

servant of the king replied, "General, I can receive no orders from you, for I acknowledge no sovereign but the king, to whom I have sworn allegiance." Napoleon then directed M. Randot, in a tone of severity, to withdraw, and I need not add, that it was not long before he was dismissed from the mayoralty of Avalon.

The elections of the Yonne being over, I returned to Paris, where I took part in public affairs only as an amateur, while waiting for the opening of the session. I was deeply grieved to see the government resort to measures of severity to punish faults, which it would have been better policy to attribute only to the unfortunate circumstances of the times. No consideration can ever make me cease to regret the memory of Ney, who was the victim of the influence of foreigners. Their object, as Blücher intimated to me at Saint-Cloud, was to disabuse France from engaging in war for a long time to come; and they hoped to effect that object, by stirring up between the royal government and the army of the Loire, that spirit of discord which the sacrifice of Ney could not fail to produce. I have no positive proofs of the fact; but in my opinion, Ney's life was a pledge of gratitude, which Fouché thought he must offer to the foreign influence which had made him minister.

About this time, I learned a fact which will create no surprise, as it affords another proof of the chivalrous disinterestedness of Macdonald's character. When, in 1815, several marshals claimed from the allied powers their endowments in foreign countries, Madame Moreau, to whom the king had given the rank of a marshal's widow, and who was the friend of the Duke of Tarentum, wrote, without Macdonald's knowledge, to M. de Blacas, our ambassador at Naples, begging him to endeavour to preserve for the marshal the endowment which had been given him in the kingdom of Naples. As soon as Macdonald was informed of this circumstance, he waited upon Madame Moreau, thanked her for her kind intentions, but at the same time informed her, that he should disavow all knowledge of her letter, as the request it contained was entirely averse to his principles. The marshal did, in fact, write the following letter to M. de Blacas: "I hasten to inform you, sir, that it was not with my consent that Madame Moreau wrote to you, and I beg you will take no step that might expose me to a refusal. The King of Naples owes me no recompence for having beaten his army, revolutionized his kingdom, and forced him to retire to Sicily." Such conduct was well worthy of the man who was the last to forsake Napoleon in 1814, and the last to rejoin him, and that without the desire of accepting any appointment in 1815. M. de Blacas, who was himself much surprised at Macdonald's letter, communicated it to the King of Naples, whose answer deserves to be

recorded. It was as follows: "If I had not imposed a law upon myself, to acknowledge none of the French endowments, the conduct of Marshal Macdonald would have induced me to make an exception in his favour." It is gratifying to see princes such scrupulous observers of the laws they themselves make.

About the end of August, 1815, as I was walking on the Boulevard des Capucins, I had the pleasure of meeting Rapp, whom I had not seen for a long time. He had just come out of the house of Lagrenée, the artist, who was painting his portrait. I was on foot, and Rapp's carriage was waiting, so we both stepped into it, and set off to take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. We had a great deal to say to each other, for we had not met since the great events of the two restorations! The reason of this was, that in 1814, I passed a part of the year at Sens, and since the transactions of March, 1815, Rapp himself had been absent from Paris. I found him perfectly resigned to his change of condition, though indulging in a few oaths against the foreigners. Rapp was not one of those generals who betrayed the king on the 20th of March. He told me that he remained at the head of the division which he commanded at Ecouen, under the orders of the Duke de Berri, and that he did not resign it to the war minister until after the king's departure.—"How did Napoleon receive you?" I inquired.—"I waited till he sent for me. You know what sort of fellow I am. I know nothing about politics; not I. I had sworn fidelity to the king. I know my duty, and I would have fought against the emperor."—"Indeed!"—"Yes, certainly I would, and I told him so myself."—"How! did you venture so far?"—"To be sure. I told him that my resolution was compulsory.—'Pshaw!' . . . replied he, angrily. 'I knew well that you were opposed to me. If we had come to an action, I should have sought you out on the field of battle. I would have shown you the Medusa's head. Would you have dared to fire on me?'—'Without doubt,' I replied. —'Ah! Parbleu! this is too much,' he said. 'But your troops would not have obeyed you. They had preserved all their affection for me.'—'What could I do?' resumed I, 'You abdicated, you left France, you recommended us to serve the king—and then you return! Besides, I tell you frankly, I do not augur well of what will happen. We shall have war again. France has had enough of that.'—'Upon this," continued Rapp, "he assured me that he had other thoughts; that he had no further desire for war; that he wished to govern in peace, and devote himself solely to the happiness of his people. When I hinted opposition on the part of the foreign powers, he said that he had made alliances. He then spoke to me of the king, and I said I had been much pleased with him; indeed, the king gave me a very gratifying

reception on my return from Kiow, and I see no reason why I should complain, when I was so well used. During the conversation the emperor much extolled the conduct of the Duke of Orleans. He then gave me some description of his passage from the Isle of Elba, and his journey to Paris. He complained of being accused of ambition; and observing that I looked astonished and doubtful—"What!" he continued, "am I ambitious, then?" And patting his belly with both his hands, "Can a man," he asked, "so fat as I, be ambitious?" I could not for my soul, help saying, "Ah! sire, your majesty is surely joking." He pretended, however, to be serious, and after a few moments, noticing my declarations, he began to banter me about the cross of Saint Louis and the cross of the Lily, which I still wore."

I asked Rapp whether all was true that had been said about the enthusiasm which was manifested along the whole of Napoleon's route from the Gulf of Juan to Paris. "Ma foi!" he replied, "I was not there any more than you; but all those who accompanied him, have assured me of the truth of the details which have been published; but I recollect having heard Bertrand say that on one occasion he was fearful for the safety of the emperor, in case any assassin should have presented himself. At Fossard, where the emperor stopped to breakfast, on his way to Paris, his escort was so fatigued as to be unable to follow, so that he was for some time almost alone on the road, until a squadron, which was in garrison at Melun, met him, and escorted him to Fontainebleau. As to any thing else, from all I have heard, the emperor was exposed to no danger."

We then began to talk of our situation, and the singular chances of our fortune. Rapp told me how, within a few days only, he had ceased to be one of the discontented; for the condition of the generals who had commanded army corps in the campaign of Waterloo, was very different in 1815 from what it had been in 1814. "I had determined," he said, "to live a quiet life, to meddle with nothing, and not even to wear my uniform. I had, therefore, since the king's return, never presented myself at court; when, a week ago, while riding on horseback two or three hundred paces from this spot,* I saw a group of horsemen on the other side of the avenue, one of whom galloped towards me. I immediately recognised the Duke de Berri. "How, Monseigneur, is it you?" I exclaimed. "It is, my dear general; and since you will not come to us, I must come to you. Will you breakfast with me to-morrow morning?" "Ma foi!" continued Rapp, "what could I do? The tone of kindness in which he gave this invitation quite charmed me. I went, and I was treated so well, that I shall go again. But I will ask for nothing: I only want these Prussians and English

* We were then near the Barrière de l'Etoile.

I complimented Rapp on his conduct, and it was impossible so loyal and honest a man as he would not, some time or other, attract the king's notice. I had the happiness to see this prediction accomplished. Since that time, I regularly saw Rapp, whenever we both happened to be in Paris, which was pretty often.

I have already mentioned that, in the month of August, the king named me counsellor of state.* On the 19th of the following month I was appointed minister of state and member of the privy council. I may close these volumes by relating a circumstance very flattering to me, and connected with the last-mentioned nomination. The king had directed M. de Talleyrand to present to him, in his official character of president of the council of ministers, a list of the persons who might be deemed suitable as members of the privy council. The king having read the list, said to his minister, "But, M. de Talleyrand, I do not see here the names of two of our best friends, Bourrienne and Alexis de Noailles."—"Sire, I thought their nomination would seem more flattering in coming directly from your majesty." The king then added my name to the list, and afterwards that of the Count Alexis de Noailles; so that both our names are written in Louis XVIII.'s own hand, in the original ordinance.

I have now brought to a conclusion my narrative of the extraordinary events in which I have taken part, either as a spectator or an actor, during the course of a strangely diversified life, of which nothing now remains but recollections.

END OF BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIR.

NOTES ON LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The fact that the Duke of Orleans, who became King of the French by the revolution of 1830, was looked up to by a large party, as the man proper to be their ruler, both in 1814 and 1815, is established beyond the reach of doubt. The jacobin and the liberal parties feared the iron government of Napoleon, and thought the Duke of Orleans a man much more likely to submit to the guidance of a free representative government, or to their indulging in constitution-making, than Bonaparte would ever be.

In 1814 they thought he was just what they wanted—that the

* I discharged the functions of counsellor of state until 1818, at which time an ordinance appeared, declaring those functions incompatible with the title of minister of state.

temptation of a throne was too strong for human virtue to resist—that in ascending the throne of his relative, Louis XVIII., by their means, he would own that he held it by and through the revolution, and not by hereditary right. They also fancied that they should conciliate the allied powers, and the moderate constitutionalists of France, by choosing one who was at all events a prince of the House of Bourbon. The more cautious of these plotters recommended that Louis should be permitted to possess the crown as long as he lived, and that at his death, instead of devolving to the Count d'Artois (since Charles X.) it should be placed by the nation on the head of the Duke of Orleans; but the more impetuous part of the conspirators insisted on having Louis Philippe immediately. They sent to that prince a note without signature, and which merely contained these words: "*Nous le ferons sans vous; nous le ferons malgré vous; nous le ferons pour vous*" (We will do it without you—we will do it in spite of you—we will do it for you).

Though there are strong assertions to the contrary, it appears that the Duke of Orleans positively refused to involve himself in any of these plots.—*Editor.*

CONTINUATION OF THE MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VI.

1815.

Hundred days—Napoleon at Paris—Political manœuvres—The meeting of the Champ-de-Mai—Napoleon, the Liberals, and the moderate Constitutionalists—His love of arbitrary power as strong as ever—Preparations for his last campaign.

WE have described the return of the Emperor in safety to Paris and the Tuileries (see page 65). Napoleon, however, was scarcely reseated on his throne, when he found he could not resume that absolute power he had possessed before his abdication at Fontainebleau. He was obliged to submit to the curb of a representative government—but we are inclined to believe that he only yielded, *pro tempore*, and with a mental reservation, that as soon as victory should return to his

standard, and his army be completed and well organized, he would send the representatives of the people back to their departments, and make himself as absolute as he had ever been. His temporary submission was indeed obligatory.

The republicans and constitutionalists who had assisted, or not opposed his return, with Carnot, Fouché, Benjamin Constant, and his own brother, Lucien (a lover of constitutional liberty), at their head, would support him only on condition of his reigning as a constitutional sovereign: he therefore proclaimed a constitution under the title of "Acte additionnel aux Constitutions de l'Empire," which greatly resembled the charter granted by Louis XVIII. the year before. An hereditary Chamber of Peers was to be appointed by the Emperor, a chamber of representatives chosen by the electoral colleges, to be renewed every five years, by which all taxes were to be voted; ministers were to be responsible; judges irremovable; the right of petition was acknowledged, and property was declared inviolable. Lastly, the French nation was made to declare, that they would never recal the Bourbons.*

We all know how these oaths were kept—but we shall speak of the Champ-de-Mai presently.

Even before reaching Paris, and while resting on his journey from Elba at Lyons, the second city in France, and the ancient capital of the Franks, Napoleon arranged his ministry, and issued sundry decrees, which show how little his mind was prepared for proceeding according to the majority of votes in representative assemblies.

Cambacères was named minister of justice; Fouché, minister of police (a boon to the revolutionists); Davoust appointed minister of war. Decrees upon decrees were issued, with a rapidity which showed how Bonaparte had employed those studious hours at Elba, which he was supposed to have dedicated to the composition of his memoirs. They were couched in the name of Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor of France, and were dated on the 13th of March, although not promulgated until the 21st of that month. The first of these decrees abrogated all changes in the courts of justice and tribunals, which had taken place during the absence of Napoleon. The second displaced all officers belonging to the class of emigrants, and introduced into the army by the King. The third suppressed the order of St. Louis, the white flag, cockade, and other royal emblems, and restored the tri-coloured banner and the imperial symbols of Bonaparte's authority. The same decree abolished the Swiss Guard and the household troops of the King. The fourth sequestered the effects of the Bourbons. A similar ordinance sequestered the restored property of emigrant families.

* See article "Bonaparte," in the *Cyclopædia* published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; *Reponse aux Mémoires du Général Lamarque*; and other pamphlets by Lucien Bonaparte.

The fifth decree of Lyons suppressed the ancient nobility and feudal titles, and formally confirmed proprietors of national domains in their possessions. (This decree was very acceptable to the majority of Frenchmen.) The sixth declared sentence of exile against all emigrants not erased by Napoleon from the list previously to the accession of the Bourbons, to which was added confiscation of their property. The seventh restored the Legion of Honour, in every respect as it had existed under the Emperor, uniting to its funds the confiscated revenues of the Bourbon order of St. Louis. The eighth and last decree was the most important of all. Under pretence that emigrants who had borne arms against France had been introduced into the Chamber of Peers, and that the Chamber of Deputies had already sat for the legal time, it dissolved both chambers, and convoked the electoral colleges of the empire, in order that they might hold, in the ensuing month of May, an extraordinary assembly—the Champ-de-Mai.

This national convocation, for which Napoleon found a name, and a sort of precedent, in the history of the ancient Franks, was to have two objects: First, to make such alterations and reformations in the constitution of the empire as circumstances should render advisable; secondly, *to assist at the coronation of the Empress and of the King of Rome*. The presence of these parties was spoken of as something that admitted of no doubt, though Bonaparte well knew there was no hope of getting them from Vienna. These various enactments, in general, were admirably calculated to serve Napoleon's cause. They flattered the army, and at the same time heated their resentment against the emigrants, by insinuating that they had been sacrificed by Louis to the interest of his followers. They held out to the republicans a speedy prospect of confiscations, proscriptions, and revolutions of government; while the imperialists were gratified with a view of ample funds for pensions, offices, and honorary decorations. To the proprietors of national domains security was promised; to the Parisians the *grand spectacle* of the Champ-de-Mai; and to all France, peace and tranquillity, since the arrival of the Empress and her son, so confidently asserted to be at hand, must be considered as a pledge of the friendship of Austria.*

Napoleon at the same time endeavoured to make himself very popular with the common people—the mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and other obscure corners and extremities of Paris. On the first evening of his return, as he walked round the glittering circle met to welcome him in the state apartments of the Tuileries, he kept repeating, "Gentlemen, it is to the poor and disinterested mass of the people that I owe every thing—it is they who have brought me back to the capital. It is the poor

* See Sir Walter Scott; Fouché's Memoirs; Thiers's Histoire, &c.

subaltern officers and common soldiers that have done all this. I owe every thing to the common people and the ranks of the army. Remember that! I owe every thing to the *army* and the *people!*" Some time after he took a few rides through the Faubourg St. Antoine, but the vulgar demonstrations of the mob gave him little pleasure, and it was easy to detect a sneer in his addresses to them. He had some slight intercourse with the men of the revolution—the fierce, operative jacobins, but even now he could not conceal his abhorrence of them, and, be it said to his honour, he had as little to do with them as possible. Fouché remarks here—

"This affectation of popularity had upheld him in public opinion until the moment of his 'Acte additionnel aux Constitutions de l'Empire.' Napoleon considered the latter as his title deeds to the crown, and in annulling them he would have considered himself in the light of commencing a new reign. He who could only date from possession, *de facto*, preferred to model his system in a ridiculous manner, after the fashion of Louis XVIII., who computed time according to the data of legitimacy. Instead of a national constitution, which he had promised, he contented himself with modifying the political laws and the senatus consulta which governed the empire. *He re-established the confiscation of property, against which almost all his counsellors protested.* In short, he persisted, in a council held upon this subject, in his refusal to submit his constitution to public inquiry, and to present it to the nation as an 'Acte additionnel.' I strongly opposed his resolution, as did also Decrès, Caulaincourt, and almost all the members present. He determined, in spite of our exertions, to comprise all his concessions within the compass of this irregular design.

"The word *additional* disenchanted the friends of liberty. They recognised in it the ill-disguised continuation of the chief institutions, created in favour of absolute power. From that moment Napoleon to their view became an incurable despot; and I, for my part, regarded him in the light of a madman delivered bound hand and foot to the mercy of Europe. Confined to that description of popular suffrage, which Savary and Réal directed, he caused some of the lowest classes to be assembled, and the latter, under the name of *Fédérés*, marched in procession under the windows of the Tuileries, uttering repeatedly exclamations of *Vive l'Empereur!* there he himself announced to this mobocracy that if the kings dared to attack him he would proceed to encounter them at the frontiers. This humiliating scene disgusted even the soldiers. Never had the extraordinary individual in question, who had worn the purple with so much lustre, contributed so greatly to degrade it. He was no longer, in patriotic opinion, considered in other light than as an actor subjected to the applauses of the vilest of the populace. Scenes of this humiliating description made a strong impression on my

mind ; well assured, moreover, that all the allied powers, unanimous in their resolution, were preparing to march against us, or, rather, against him, I proceeded early the next day to the Tuileries ; and a second time I represented to Napoleon, in still stronger colours, that it was an absolute impossibility for France, in her divided condition, to sustain the assault of universal and united Europe ; that it was incumbent upon him to explain himself frankly to the nation ; to assure himself of the ultimate intentions of the allied sovereigns, and that if they persisted, as every thing gave reason to infer, there would then be no possibility of hesitation ; that his interests, and those of his country, imposed upon him the obligation of withdrawing to the United States.

" But, from the reply which he stammered out in which he mingled plans of campaigns, punishments, battles, insurrections, colossal projects, decrees of destiny, I perceived that he was resolved to trust the fate of France to the issue of war, and that the military faction carried the day in spite of my admonitions.

" The assembly of the Champ-de-Mai was nothing but a vain pageantry, in which Napoleon, in the garb of a citizen, hoped to mislead the populace by the charm of a public ceremony. The different parties in France were no more satisfied with it, than they had been with the *acte additionnel* ; one faction wished that he had re-established a republic ; and the other that in divesting himself of the crown, he had left the sovereign people in possession of the right of offering it to the most worthy ; and, finally, the coalition of statesmen, of whom I constituted the soul, reproached him with not having availed himself of that solemnity to proclaim Napoleon II.—an event which would have given us a *point d'appui* in certain cabinets, and, probably, would have preserved us from a second invasion. It will not be denied that, in the critical position of France, the last expedient would have been most reasonable.

" As soon as we had acquired the conviction that all attempts to produce this result in the interior of France would be unsuccessful, without proceeding to the extremity of a deposition, which the military party would not have suffered, it was necessary to make up our minds to the anticipation of seeing all the gates of war thrown open. My impatience then augmented, and I laboured to accelerate the march of events. It was in vain that Davoust, in council, had reiterated to the Emperor that his (Napoleon's) presence with the army was immediately called for, indeed indispensable. Relying too little on the capital to leave it behind him for any length of time without mistrust, Bonaparte did not resolve on his departure till every thing was ready to strike an effectual blow on the frontiers of Belgium, in the hope of making his debut by a triumph, and of reconquering popularity by victory."

* Fouché's Memoirs, vol. ii.

When at last he did depart, he took care before hand to leave large sums of money for the fédérés, in the hands of his devoted creature Real, under whose management that mob was placed. These sums were to be distributed at appropriate seasons, to make the mob cry in the streets of Paris, "Napoleon or death." * He also left, in the hands of Davoust, a written authority for the publication of his bulletins, many clauses of which were written long before the battles were fought that they were to describe. He gave to the same marshal a plan of his campaign, which he had arranged for the defensive. This was not confided to him without an injunction of the strictest secrecy; but Fouché says that Davoust communicated the plan to him. Considering Davoust's character, this is very likely; and it is also very far from improbable that Fouché communicated the plan to the Allies, with whom, and more particularly with Prince Metternich, he is well known to have been corresponding at the time.

But we are anticipating events. Shortly after his arrival, M. Benjamin Constant, a moderate and candid man, was deputed by the constitutional party to ascertain Napoleon's sentiments and intentions. Constant was a steady lover of constitutional liberty, and an old opponent of Bonaparte, whose headlong career of despotism, cut out by the sword, he had vainly endeavoured to check by the eloquence of the pen.

There could not have been a more proper medium of communication with the Emperor; and our confidence in M. Constant's honour and integrity does not allow us to doubt of the perfect veracity of his account of the interview.

It took place at the Tuileries. Bonaparte, as was his wont, began the conversation, and kept it nearly all to himself during the rest of the audience. He did not affect to disguise either his past actions or present dispositions.

* The market-women (*dames de la halle*), the fishwomen (*poissardes*), those valuable allies of the sans culottes revolutionists, and formerly of Napoleon, had partaken of the national fickleness, and changed sides. They were all for Louis XVIII.; and went about Paris singing a song that had not only the merit of loyalty, but that of a pun, or *calembourg*, which is always so acceptable to the Parisians. The burden of the song was "*Donnez nous notre paire de gants*," which, so written, means "give us our pair of gloves," but which is, in pronunciation, just the same as, "*Donnez nous notre père de Ghent*,"—"Give us our father of Ghent." We remember asking one of the fishwomen, in 1819, why she and her sisterhood were so fond of Louis XVIII.? Her answer was, "*Mais mon enfant, il aimait tant les huîtres!*" (But, my son, he was so fond of oysters.) The Paris joke on that monarch's name is well known: they converted *Louis Dix-huit* (Louis the Eighteenth), into *Louis des huîtres* (Louis of the oysters). The Parisians, indeed, are profuse of this kind of small wit. When Louis was called to his fathers, and his brother, Charles X., was about to ascend the throne, they said, "*Louis Dix-huit a disparu et Charles Dix paraîtra*," (Louis the Eighteenth has disappeared, and Charles the Tenth will appear); but, without the slightest change in pronunciation, these words sound as, "*Louis Dix-huit a disparu, et Charles disparaîtra*" (Louis the Eighteenth has disappeared, and Charles will disappear). The effect that jokes of this sort have upon that volatile people is well known.

"The nation," he said, "has had a respite of twelve years from every kind of political agitation, and for one year has enjoyed a respite from war. This double repose has created a craving after activity. It requires, or fancies it requires, a tribune and popular assemblies. It did not always require them. The people threw themselves at my feet when I took the reins of government. You ought to recollect this, who made a trial of opposition. Where was your support—your strength? No where. I assumed less authority than I was invited to assume. At present all is changed. A feeble government, opposed to the national interests, has given to these interests the habit of standing on the defensive, and evading authority. The taste for constitutions, for debates, for harangues, appears to have revived. Nevertheless, it is but the minority that wishes all this, be assured. The people, or if you like the phrase better, the multitude, wish only for me. You would say so, if you had only seen this multitude pressing eagerly on my steps; precipitating themselves from the tops of the mountains, calling on me, seeking me out, saluting me. On my way from Cannes hither I have not conquered—I have administered. I am not alone (as has been pretended) the emperor of the soldiers; I am that of the peasants—of the plebeians of France. Accordingly, in spite of all that has happened, you see the people come back to me. There is sympathy between us. It is not as with the privileged classes. The noblesse have been in my service: they thronged in crowds into my antechambers. There is no place that they have not accepted or solicited. I have had the Montmorencys, the Noailles, the Rohans, the Beauvais, the Montemarts, in my train. But there never was any cordiality between us. The steed made his curvets—he was well broke in; but I felt him quake under me. With the people, it is another thing. The popular fibre responds to mine. I have risen from the ranks of the people: my voice acts mechanically upon them. Look at those conscripts, the sons of peasants: I never flattered them; I treated them roughly. They did not crowd round me the less; they did not on that account cease to cry, *Vive l'Empereur!* It is that between them and me there is one and the same nature. They look to me as their support, their safeguard against the nobles. I have but to make a sign, or rather to look another way, and the nobles would be massacred in every province. So well have they managed matters in the last ten months; but I do not desire to be the king of a mob. If there are the means to govern by a constitution, well and good. I wished for the empire of the world; and to ensure it, a power without bounds was necessary to me. To govern France merely, it is impossible that a constitution can be better. I wished for the empire of the world; as who would not have done in my place? The world invited me to rule over it. Sovereigns and subjects alike emulously bowed the neck under

my sceptre. I have seldom met with opposition in France; but still I have encountered more of it from some obscure and unarmed Frenchmen, than from all these kings so resolute, just now, no longer to have a man of the people for their equal!—See then what appears to you possible: let me know your ideas. Public discussion, free elections, responsible ministers, the liberty of the press, I have no objection to all that, the liberty of the press especially: to stifle it is absurd. I am convinced on this point. I am the man of the people: if the people really wish for liberty, let them have it. I have acknowledged their sovereignty. It is just that I should lend an ear to their will, nay, even to their caprices. I have never been disposed to oppress them for my pleasure. I entertained great designs: fate has disposed of them; I am no longer a conqueror, nor can I be one. I know what is possible and what is not. I have no further object than to raise up France and bestow on her a government suitable to her. I have no hatred to liberty, I have set it aside when it obstructed my path; but I understand what it means; I was brought up in its school: besides, the work of fifteen years is overturned, and it is not possible to recommence it. It would take twenty years, and the lives of two millions of men to be sacrificed to it. As for the rest, I desire peace; but I can only obtain it by means of victory. I would not inspire you with false expectations. I permit it to be said that negotiations are going on; there are none I foresee a hard struggle, a long war. To support it, I must be seconded by the nation; but in return, I believe they will expect liberty. They shall have it: the circumstances are new. All I desire is to be informed of the truth. I am getting old. A man is no longer at forty-five what he was at thirty. The repose enjoyed by a constitutional king may suit me: it will still more certainly be the best thing for my son."

From this remarkable address Benjamin Constant concluded that not the shadow of a change had taken place in Bonaparte's views or feelings in matters of government, but, *being convinced that circumstances had changed, he had made up his mind to conform to them.* The part of the conclusion marked in Italics, we cannot admit—M. Constant must have been mistaken there. He says, and we cannot doubt it, that he listened to Napoleon with the deepest interest;—that there was a breadth and grandeur of manner as he spoke, and a calm serenity seated on a brow "covered with immortal laurels."

While insisting, as we do, on the utter incompatibility of Napoleon and a constitutional government, we cannot, in fairness omit mentioning that the causes which repelled him from the altar and sanctuary of freedom were strong:—the real lovers of a rational and feasible liberty—the constitutional monarchy men were few—the mad ultra-liberals, the jacobins, the refuse of one revolution and the provokers of another, were numerous,

active, loud; and in pursuing different ends these two parties, the respectable and the disreputable, the good and the bad, got somewhat mixed and confused with one another.

On the 14th of May, when the *Fédérés* or Federates were marshalled in processional order, and treated with what was called a solemn festival, as they moved along the Boulevards to the court of the Tuileries, they coupled the name of Napoleon, with jacobin curses and revolutionary songs. The airs and the words that had made Paris tremble to her very centre during the reign of terror—the “Marseillais hymn,” the “Carmagnole,” the “*Jour du départ*” (day of departure) the execrable ditty, the burden of which is, “And with the entrails of the last of the priests let us strangle the last of the kings”—were all roared out in fearful chorus by a drunken, a filthy, and furious mob. Many a day had elapsed since they had dared to sing these blasphemous, and antisocial songs in public. Napoleon himself, as soon as he had power enough suppressed them, and he was as proud of this feat and his triumph over the dregs of the jacobins as he was of any of his victories: and in this he was right—in this he proved himself the friend of humanity. As the tumultuous mass approached the triumphal arch, and the grand entrance into the palace, he could not conceal his abhorrence. His guards were drawn up under arms, and numerous pieces of artillery, ready loaded, were turned out on the *Place du Carrousel*. He hastily dismissed these dangerous partisans, with some praise, some money, and some drink. On coming into *very close* contact with such a mob, he did not feel his fibre respond to that of the populace! Like Frankenstein, he loathed and was afraid of the mighty *monster* he had put together.

But it was not merely the mob that checked the liberalism or constitution of Napoleon—a delicate and doubtful plant in itself, that required the most cautious treatment to make it really take root and grow up in such a soil. Some of his counsellors, who called themselves “philosophical statesmen,” advised him to lay aside the style of emperor, and assume that of president, or Grand General of the *Republic*! Fooled to the top of his bent, he withdrew from the Tuileries to the comparatively small and retired palace of the *Elysée Bourbon*, where he escaped these talking-dreamers, and felt himself again a sovereign. Shut up with Benjamin Constant and a few other reasonable politicians, he drew up the sketch of a new constitution, which was neither much better nor much worse than the royal charter of Louis XVIII. We will give an abridgment of its declarations.

The legislative power resides in the Emperor and two chambers.—The Chamber of Peers is hereditary, and the Emperor names them. Their number is unlimited.—The Second Chamber is elected by the people, and is to consist of 629 members; none

are to be under the age of twenty-five. The President is appointed by the members, but approved of by the Emperor.—Members to be paid at the rate settled by the Constituent Assembly.—It is to be renewed every five years.—The Emperor may prorogue, adjourn, or dissolve the House of Representatives.—Sittings to be public.—The Electoral Colleges are maintained.—Land tax and direct taxes to be voted only for a year; indirect taxes may be imposed for several years.—No levy of men for the army, nor any exchange of territory, but by a law.—Taxes to be proposed by the Chamber of Representatives.—Ministers to be responsible.—Judges to be irremovable.—Juries to be established.—Right of petition, freedom of worship, inviolability of property, are recognised.

The last article says, that “the French people declare that they do not mean to delegate the power of restoring the Bourbons, or any prince of that family, even in case of the exclusion of the Imperial dynasty.”

The state of the popular mind, and the odd aspect presented by Paris to the stranger; during these days of sudden change, have often been described, but seldom better than in the words of an accomplished English lady, who had the courage to await the arrival of Bonaparte.

“The streets were quieter than usual; every person seemed to have a more serious mien, and to be preoccupied. Of the beau-monde, some had fled, others kept within their hotels. No carriages of the opulent contested the passage with the cabriolets, or with the vehicles of commerce—no belles skipped lightly along. In the shops, few purchasers, and those few looking gloomy and silent: suspicion and fear seemed to predominate. Entering two or three shops, where I had been in the habit of purchasing, they exclaimed, ‘Softly! softly! Mademoiselle; speak low, we are surrounded with spies. It will not do for Mademoiselle to remain here—she is too English, too independent in her expressions.’ At the open stalls, and in the shops on the bridges and on the quays, the proprietors were occupied in removing the engravings, and other emblems of the Bourbons, and replacing those of the usurper and of his military partisans. Ladders were placed at the corners of the streets and against the shops, while workmen were effacing the names and brevets of the Bourbon dynasty, to be replaced by those of the Corsican family—or in haste substituting a design analogous to the merchandise within. We entered for a moment the Chamber of Deputies. The *drapeaux* (flags) taken in the different campaigns were brought from their concealed depots. The President’s chair, embroidered with *fleur-de-lis*, was being removed.—‘Where will you find another?’ I hastily demanded. ‘*L’ancien fauteuil est au grenier* (The old chair is up in the garret), Mademoiselle,’ was the quick reply. In a few moments

it was brought down;—the portraits of the king and of the princes were already removed from their frames, and those of Napoleon and Marie Louise had replaced them.”

A preceding letter, by the same intelligent writer, written a few days after Napoleon's flight from Elba, conveys an excellent notion of the partial confidence, the doubts, misgivings, and confusion, that prevailed in the court circles. Many of the poor old emigrants would hardly believe Bonaparte was in France, until they actually saw him showing himself to the people in the open glass gallery of the Tuileries. Some fanatic priests and confessors assured their penitents that the progress of the impious man would be arrested by a vengeance coming direct from Heaven; but those bolts, which weak, erring humanity should never presume to meddle with, remained motionless and silent, and if they spoke at last it was only in the mortal thunder of Waterloo.

“A few days have made an awful change in our position. When I closed my last letter, the great mass of the inhabitants of Paris disappeared to revel in imaginary security; all was animation and gaiety, under the sway of a constitutional monarch. Rapidly flew the hours in our circle, where harmony and love presided: wit, talent, and loyalty were our inmates. *Les fleurs-de-lis* decorated the vases on our chimneypiece—emblem of the Bourbons, to whom we unanimously rendered homage, little thinking that in the *bouquets de violettes* which were offered to us in our walks, were hidden sentiments of treason! and that *Princesse* was the conspirators' rallying word. What charming prospects we had formed for the future!—Another marriage in perspective—*la comédie*—and parties in the environs! ‘*Mais l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*’ We went to enjoy the breezes of a fine March morning, when an officer issued from the palace, and whispered Madame de C——, that *Bonaparte had landed!* Had a thunderbolt fallen at our feet, its effects could not have produced a more terrible sensation than did this unexpected intelligence on our hearts. We instantly returned home; and that night it was no longer a secret in Paris. Some could not conceal the terror the name of Napoleon always inspires; others, judging from their own loyal sentiments exclaimed, ‘*La main de Dieu y est visible!*’ (The hand of God is visible in this!) Another party, appreciating present circumstances, rejoiced in the idea that he would be taken and secured for ever; as if Napoleon, in risking the chance of success, had not secured the means of ensuring it. The King issued an ordonnance, declaring him a traitor. The Chamber of Deputies was convened; an express sent for Marshal Ney. The King, preserving admirable calmness, and confidence in his subjects, received the ambassadors,—‘*Ecrivez, Messieurs, à vos cours respectives que je me porte bien, et que la folle entreprise de cet*

homme ne troublera plus la tranquillité de l'Europe ni la mienne.' (Write gentlemen to your respective courts that I am in good health, and that the mad enterprise of this man will no longer trouble the repose of Europe nor my own.) The Prince de Condé, notwithstanding his advanced age, offered his services.

His majesty passed in review the troops, addressed the most flattering compliments to their generals, who surrounded him, and said to General Rapp, '*Malgré que ce ne soit pas le siège de Dantzic, je compte toujours sur votre bravoure et votre fidélité!*' (Although this is not the siege of Dantzic, I still count on your bravery and fidelity.) Rapp, affected, turned away and exclaimed, '*Il auroit été scélérat pour trahir un tel Roi*' (One must be a villain to betray such a king). He rendered himself justice, and unconsciously pronounced his own panegyric in advance. When the Duc de Berri appeared, he was received with enthusiasm. *La Maison du Roi* solicited to march with him against their common enemy; but elsewhere all remained in a state of apathy. An extensive confederacy on one side, want of means on the other, and inefficient organization in every department—our great confidence was in Ney: Ney departed, with promises to bring back Napoleon, dead or alive. He kissed the King's hand, and, shedding tears, renewed his oaths of fidelity for himself and his army.

"The Duc de Feltre was named minister of war. All seemed lost; and our fluctuating hopes rose and fell like the mercury in a weather-glass. But this nomination revived them: we may be said to have caught at straws. Clarke had been called '*the calculating Irishman*;' but, in the excitement of the moment, the loyal party now extol him, and say that he forgot himself at the epoch that others forgot only what they owed to their king. '*What will Talleyrand do?*' Will he, amidst the congregated ministers of the allies, remain steady to his last oaths to Louis?' was constantly echoing through our salons, during the first days of consternation."

On the 19th of March, cries were heard of *Vive le Roi!* in the square of Louis XV.—On the morning of the 20th they were supplanted by shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!*

"The next morning I determined to see Napoleon; but when our carriage arrived at the Pont Royal, thousands were collected there. Our servant advised us to descend, and proceed on foot. The crowd civilly made way: they were waiting to see the review. An unusual silence prevailed, interrupted only by the cries of the children, whom the parents were thumping with energy for crying '*Vive le Roi!*' instead of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' which, some months before, they had been thumped for daring to vociferate! A friend recommended us to proceed to the review; to see which he had the good nature to procure me admittance to a small apartment in the Tuileries; and, from the window, I saw and heard

for the first time the scourge of the continent—his martial, active figure, mounted on his famed white horse. He harangued, with energetic tone (and in those bombastic expressions we have always remarked in all his manifestos, and which are so well adapted to the French), the troops of the divisions of Lepol and Dufour. There was much embracing of *Les anciens Aigles* of the Old Guard—much mention of ‘great days, and souvenirs dear to his heart,’ of the ‘scars of his brave soldiers;’ which, to serve his views, he will reopen without remorse, like the vampire of Greece. The populace were tranquil, as I had remarked them on the bridge. Inspired by my still unsatisfied curiosity, I rejoined my escort, and proceeded to the gardens, where not more than thirty persons were collected under the windows. There was no enthusiastic cry; at least none deemed sufficient to induce him to show himself. In despair at not being able to contemplate his physiognomy at greater ease, I made my cavalier request some persons in the throng to cry *Vive l’Empereur!* Some laughed, and replied, ‘*Attendez un peu*’ (wait a little); while others advised us to desire some of the children to do so. A few francs thrown to the latter soon stimulated their little voices into cries of the loyalty of that day, and Napoleon presented himself at the window; but he did not stand there in a firm attitude—he retired often, and reappeared, standing rather sideways, as if wanting confidence in the disposition of our little assemblage. A few persons arrived from the country, and held up petitions, which he sent an aide-de-camp to receive. His square face and figure struck me with involuntary emotion. I was dazzled, as if beholding a supernatural being. There is a sternness spread over his expansive brow, a gloom on the lids of his darkened eye, which rendered futile his attempts to smile. Something Satanic sported round his mouth, indicating the ambitious spirit of the soul within!

“Much agitation seemed to reign in the saloon. The ministers and generals paced up and down with their master in reciprocal agitation and debate. The palace (alas!) how changed! it has now the appearance of a fortress,—the retreat of a despot, not the abode of a sovereign confiding in the loyalty of his people, and recalled by their unanimous voice: he must feel that he is only welcomed back by military power, whose path was smoothed by the peasantry of Dauphiny. A range of artillery is now placed before it: soldiers stretched on straw, repose under the finely-arched corridors, and military-casquet heads even appear from the uppermost windows. Napoleon had the gallant consideration, the day after his *entrée*, to renew the guard of honour, at the hotel of the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, to whom he has always accorded the respect due to royalty.”

In tracing the political operations and secret movements of

Napoleon and those around him, we will follow a French writer, who certainly knew the truth, though he may not have chosen to tell it *all*, and who cannot possibly be suspected of any prejudice against the emperor. We mean General Count Lavallette, a staunch adherent to the Bonaparte cause, who, for what he did during the hundred days, would have met death at the hands of the Bourbons, had it not been for his wife, Sir Robert Wilson, and Mr. Hutchinson, who, among them, very ingeniously effected his escape out of prison, and across the French frontier.

After speaking of Napoleon's return from Egypt, and his overthrowing the tottering directory, in 1799, Lavallette goes on to say—

“How great was the difference in March, 1815; fallen from the throne, erased from the list of sovereigns, banished to the rock of Elba, he returned almost alone: scarcely did he set his foot on the French shore, when the people every where rose up. All France repeated with enthusiasm, ‘Napoleon! no more royalty! no more Bourbons! It is Napoleon alone that France wishes to have; it is his glory, his genius she stands in need of. Woe to those who shall dare to raise a finger against him! or rather woe to those who shall not declare in his favour!’ And in fact, peasants, soldiers, citizens, all hastened to meet him; all hailed him with their wishes and gratitude, like a good genius, like a providence. The royalty of the Bourbons was no longer any thing more than a dream: it appeared as if royalists, nobles, emigrants, had never existed. It was not the consequence of conspiracy;* it was a great national movement, like that of 1789 for liberty, of the 9th Thermidor against tyranny, of the 18th Brumaire against incapacity. At what period did man witness defections so sudden, so remarkable, and in some respects so sincere? What were the sentiments which at that time filled all hearts? Patriotism, love of glory, and an enlightened conviction that the newly accepted dynasty was unable to do any thing for the happiness and independence of the kingdom; and three months afterwards, this second dream also vanished!!!

“In the mean while I had taken again upon me the business of the post-office, whither I returned on the morning of the 21st, nothing had been wanting in the material part of that service, for that would have been impossible; but the late postmaster-general had thrown the persons employed into the most deplorable confusion. He had not only urged and favourably received the most absurd informations, but he had even paid for them. In consequence, hatred and distrust had made the greater part of the clerks sworn enemies to one another. They were all either jacobins or noblemen. I learned for the first time, that in a department I had managed for thirteen

* There was, however, a conspiracy, and Lavallette *was* engaged in it.

years, there were priests, regicides, knights of St. Louis, and emigrants; the latter especially, so simple and incapable, had persecuted their superiors with incredible fury, in hopes to get into their places. I put an end to such scandalous practices, by refusing to take any interest in them; and these gentlemen were the foremost to sign the additional act to the constitution, and take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor.

"Within eight days' time, I was perfectly aware of the deep gulf that was opening beneath us. The too famous proclamation of the Congress of Vienna, had reached France before that of the Emperor. It was impossible to entertain a doubt of its authenticity; and the Emperor, although he did not acknowledge it, was as sensible as any one that the storm could not be averted. I had wished that, renouncing the past, he had taken no other title than Lord Lieutenant of the kingdom, governing in the name of his son. I was, however, soon convinced that such a measure would have been impossible. Nothing therefore remained but to advance boldly with the imperial crown upon his head. Was he to maintain the constitution? I knew that that question was debated very warmly, and that it found able antagonists. In putting it aside, it was said, nothing remained.

"The great fault of Napoleon's reign and system was then paid for: I mean the want of *ensemble*, the absence of all those laws, so strongly claimed by the old friends of liberty, which, before, had ruined all, and which still poisoned our present situation. What a deplorable idea it was, to wish to maintain these numerous contradictory decrees, a hundred times more dangerous than the ordinances of the King! It was in the name of independence that he ought to have spoken; in the name of his son that he ought to have commanded. The foreign enemy once beaten, it was then time, and not too late, to think of settling the internal contest. But I must confess that the Emperor was awed by the energy of all who surrounded him. The eleven months of the King's reign had thrown us back to 1792, and the Emperor soon perceived it; for he no longer found *the submission, the deep respect, and imperial etiquette* he was accustomed to.* He used to send for me twice or three times a day, to talk with me for hours together. It happened sometimes that the conversation languished. One day, after we had walked up and down the room two or three times in silence, tired of that fancy, and being pressed by my business, I made my obeisance, and was

* It is indeed perfectly well known that the easy, good-tempered princes of the ancient and most royal House of Bourbon, were infinitely less exacting on points of submissiveness and court etiquette than the *parvenu* dynasty of the Bonapartes. Napoleon was dreadful on this head, and so was his sister, Caroline Murat, who, when Queen of Naples, invariably made her *dames d'honneur*, the noblest of the land, ladies of better birth, and patrimonially of much better fortunes than herself, stand behind her chair all the time she was at the opera.

going to retire. 'How!' said he, surprised, but with a smile; 'do you leave me so?' I should certainly not have done so a year before; but I had forgotten my old paces, and I felt that it would be impossible to get into them again. In one of these conversations, the subjects of which was the spirit of liberty that showed itself on all sides with so much energy, he said to me, in a tone of interrogation: 'All this will last two or three years?'—'That, your majesty must not believe. It will last for ever.'

"He was soon convinced of the fact himself, and he more than once acknowledged it. I have no doubt, that if he had ever beat the enemy at Waterloo, and restored peace, his power would have been exposed to great danger from civil broils. The allies made a great mistake in not letting him alone."

We see this matter in a very different light from Lavallette. Had the allies not interfered, Bonaparte, with his army, as it then existed, and his soldiers, *en retraite*, scattered over the kingdom, would have put down parties and factions in four-fifths of France. He knew how to deal with such things, *en maître*; he understood the character of the French, and saw all their weakness and vanity, the good and bad of them through and through. A civil war might have been got up again in the Vendée and in the south; it might even have been maintained for a long time, but surely the French ought to be the last to regret such a result as that. It was fair, however, in us to give Lavallette's opinion; and indeed, throughout this work we have been anxious to collect various and opposing opinions, in order that the reader might judge for himself, and choose from among them. In his very next sentence, Lavallette comes to the support of what we have ourselves said as to the incompatibility of Napoleon and a constitutional monarchy.

"I do not know," he says, "what concessions he would have made, but I *do* know, and *well*, all those the nation would have demanded; and I sincerely think he would have been disgusted with reigning, when he must have found himself a constitutional king after the manner of the patriots. Nevertheless, he submitted admirably well to his situation, at least in appearance. At no period of his life had I seen him enjoy more unruffled tranquillity. Not a harsh word to any one; no impatience, he listened to every thing, and discussed with that wonderful sagacity and devoted reason that were so conspicuous in him. He acknowledged his faults with most touching ingenuousness, or examined his own position with a penetration, which his enemies themselves were strangers to.

"The enthusiasm of the nation soon cooled. It has often been said that the change was caused by the additional acts. That measure, no doubt, contributed greatly to it; but there was another reason still, which was, that the people felt less love for the Emperor than hatred for the Bourbons. The latter

being once driven away, the nation was satisfied; and when they received the Emperor with so much warmth, *the French, according to their custom, did not think of the morrow.* Contented to see the royalists, who had made themselves the enemies of every body, humbled and restrained, they were soon shocked at discovering that their victory would cost them peace, the advantages of trade, and all the sacrifices that an obstinate war draws after it; and, nevertheless, such a revolution could not be made without running some risk, the foreign sovereigns considering it a point of honour to maintain the House of Bourbon on the throne. In the meanwhile, all those who had already fought, nobly answered to the call of honour and necessity; but as it was no longer possible to think of conscription, instead of 500,000 men whom government declared to be under arms, there were scarcely 250,000, and with those we were forced to begin the war.* The Bourbons had considerably declined in public opinion; the Emperor had suffered more in general estimation. The royalists, who had not shown themselves, because they had been taken unawares, began to feel more easy under the shelter of a liberty they intended to crush; and all the patriots, who should be carefully distinguished from the friends of the country, found themselves face to face, covered with the colours under which they fought. Old quarrels sprang up again, and the new camp was soon involved in anarchy. The election was made in the same spirit, and the same divisions appeared in the chamber of representatives. The Emperor had meditated the ceremony of the Champ-de-Mai with a view of making an impression on the public mind; but the electors who were sent there were shocked at the sight of the throne, at the splendour of the court, and even at the mass that was celebrated; for, under the influence of their prejudices they saw nothing but the Emperor and his arbitrary law, without thinking of the enemies that were assembling. A great many were thinking of the miracles of 1792, without reflecting on the difference of the periods.

"The Emperor had resumed all his titles, and even the offensive form of 'Napoleon, by the grace of God, and the constitution of the empire.' The council of state took a fancy to proclaim the sovereignty of the people. This declaration was not very agreeable to him, but he let it pass: he could no longer dictate laws. I recollect, that on the day it was signed at the council, I was not at the sitting. When I crossed the section of the interior, the secretary proposed to me to sign it. I did so without even reading it; and meeting Regnaud de Saint-Jean-

* This seems an understating of the number of men really under arms in June, 1815. Perhaps Lavallete means to speak only of the troops collected since Napoleon's return to Elba; and if to this 250,000 we add 150,000 of the troops that had been kept up by the Bourbons, we shall have a grand total of 400,000, which was about the number.

d'Angély, I asked him what it was. 'It is,' replied he, laughing, 'an act that commits you very seriously.' I was not much perplexed at what he said. But M——, to whom I mentioned the circumstance the next morning, told me he had thought proper to sign it also. I appeared surprised that he should have done it; but he told me, in confidence, 'The Emperor has not taken it amiss.' "

Here we see the ministers and courtiers of Bonaparte trembling lest they should offend him by putting their names to a public act which he had permitted his council of state to draw up, and with which he intended to cajole the people. Never was juggle more evident; and yet Napoleon had reason on his side in disliking the phrase "Sovereignty of the People." It was too revolutionary—too jacobinical—it savoured too strongly of the reign of terror—it was associated with too much civil slaughter, to be agreeable to his taste.

"The fatal division of opinions in some measure put a stop to the national enthusiasm, and extended its influence over all the details of the administration. Many prefects were changed. That was an indispensable measure; but among some excellent selections, favour also produced many that were bad. Several young men, full of ardour, were chosen, but these could not inspire much confidence. The reign of the laws was proclaimed every where, whilst the commissaries extraordinary of the Emperor sent into the departments, every where summarily dismissed the persons in employment, to put in their places either those who had held the situations before them, or some who had in former times given proofs of patriotism. These measures not only impeded public business, in which despatch was so absolutely necessary, but added also greatly to the number of the disaffected. Such changes were undoubtedly indispensable, in as far as the principal functionaries were concerned, who corresponded, directly with the ministers; but it was easy to have an eye on the subalterns, and their treasonable practices could not be very dangerous in the beginning."

Lavallette, continuing his curious disclosures concerning the Hundred Days, says—

"I spoke to the Emperor about the harm people were thus doing him. He replied, 'I want a victory;—a great victory! I can do nothing before *that*. I am, perhaps, the only man in the empire that is cool; and still I cannot give the impulse every where, and direct all motions.' A few days after his arrival, general Bourmont presented himself at his *levée*; he was in full regimentals, and although he had placed himself in the first rank, the Emperor went by without stopping, and without looking at him. He was not disheartened, and came back three days successively. I soon learned that he had obtained the command of a division in the grand army. I expressed my surprise, and asked, with indignation, who had achieved such a

masterpiece. 'I,' answered Labédoyère, turning round, 'I pledged myself for him. He is a good officer, who loves only his country. He will fight well, and serve faithfully.'—'I wish it may be so,' was all the reply I made; and when I saw Labédoyère again, after he had returned from the campaign, I spoke to him of his protégé. 'What could he do?' he observed: 'his father had been arrested in the Vendée.' A fine excuse, indeed! Could he not have solicited the Emperor to set him at liberty, who would certainly not have refused him? And, besides, was that a sufficient motive to betray his country and the sovereign he had acknowledged?*

"Napoleon had undoubtedly expected that the Empress and his son would be restored to him: he had, at least, published his wishes as a certainty; and it was, in fact, the worst thing the Emperor of Austria could have done. His hope was, however, soon destroyed. About a month after his arrival, the Duke de Vicenza called upon me, and presented to me a letter without address, which a courier, just arrived from Vienna, had delivered to him among several others, saying that it had been sent to him by M. de —, who had not dared to put the direction on it. I was not intimate enough with M. de — to suppose he could have written to me, so I refused to take the letter. Caulaincourt said, 'Be not too hasty; I am convinced it is for you. You would, perhaps, do well to open it, for, if you persist, I shall give it to the Emperor.'—'You may do so,' I replied; 'I have no interests in Vienna, and I wish the Emperor may read it.'

"In the evening I was summoned to the palace. I found the Emperor in a dimly-lighted closet, warming himself in a corner of the fireplace, and appearing to suffer already from the complaint which never afterwards left him. 'Here is a letter,' he said, 'which the courier from Vienna says is meant for you—read it.' On first casting my eyes on the letter, I thought I knew the handwriting; but, as it was long, I read it slowly, and came at last to the principal object. The writer said that we ought not to reckon upon the Empress, as she did not even attempt to conceal her hatred of the Emperor, and was disposed to approve all the measures that could be taken against him; that her return was not to be thought of, as she herself would raise the greatest obstacles in the way of it, in case it should be proposed; finally, that it was not possible for him to dissemble his indignation that the Empress, wholly enamoured of —, did not even take pains to hide her ridiculous partiality for that man, who had made himself master of her mind as well as of her person. The handwriting of the letter was disguised; yet not so much but that I was able to discover whose it was. I found, however, in the manner in which the secret was ex-

* During the battle of Waterloo, Bourmont deserted Bonaparte and went over to the allies.

pressed, a warmth of zeal, and a picturesque style, that did not belong to the author of the letter. While reading it, I all of a sudden suspected it was a counterfeit, and intended to mislead the Emperor. I communicated my idea to him, and spoke of the danger I perceived in this fraud. As I grew more and more animated, I found plausible reasons enough to throw the Emperor himself into some uncertainty. 'How is it possible,' I said, 'that — should have been imprudent enough to write such things to me, who am not his friend, and who have had so little connexion with him? How can one suppose that the Empress should forget herself, in such circumstances, so far as to manifest hatred to you, and, still more, to cast herself away upon a man who undoubtedly still possesses some power to please, but who is no longer young, whose face is disfigured, and whose person, altogether, has nothing agreeable in it?'—'But,' answered the Emperor, '— is attached to me; and though he is not your friend, the postscript sufficiently explains the motive of the confidence he places in you.' The following words were, in fact, written at the bottom of the letter: 'I do not think you ought to mention the truth to the Emperor; but make whatever use of it you think proper.' I persisted, however, in maintaining that the letter was a counterfeit; and the Emperor then said to me, 'Go to Caulaincourt. He possesses a great many others of the same handwriting. Let the comparison decide between your opinion and mine.'

"I went to Caulaincourt, who said eagerly to me, 'I am sure the letter is from —; and I have not the least doubt of the truth of the particulars it contains. The best thing the Emperor can do is to be comforted: there is nothing to be expected from that side.'

"So sad a discovery was very painful to the Emperor, for he was sincerely attached to the Empress, and still hoped again to see his son, whom he loved most tenderly.

"Fouché had been far from wishing the return of the Emperor. He was long tired of obeying, and had, besides, undertaken another plan, which Napoleon's arrival had broken off. The Emperor, however, put him again at the head of the police, because Savary was worn out in that employment, and a skilful man was wanted there. Fouché accepted the office, but without giving up his plan of deposing the Emperor, to put in his place either his son, or a sort of a republic, with a president. He had never ceased to correspond with Prince Metternich, and, if he is to be believed, he had tried to persuade the Emperor to abdicate in favour of his son. That was also my opinion; but, coming from such a quarter, the advice was not without danger for the person to whom it was given. Besides, that advice having been rejected, it was the duty of the minister either to think no more of his plan, or to *resign* his office. Fouché, however, remained in the cabinet,

and continued his correspondence. The Emperor, who placed but little confidence in him, kept a careful eye upon him. One evening the Emperor had a great deal of company at the Elysée; he told me not to go home, because he wished to speak to me. When every body was gone, the Emperor stopped with Fouché in the apartment next to the one I was in. The door remained half open. They walked up and down together, talking very calmly. I was therefore greatly astonished when, after a quarter of an hour, I heard the Emperor say to him, gravely, 'You are a traitor! Why do you remain minister of the police, if you wish to betray me? It depends on me to have you hanged, and every body would rejoice at your death!' I did not hear Fouché's reply, but the conversation lasted above half an hour longer, the parties all the time walking up and down. When Fouché went away, he bade me cheerfully good night, and said that the Emperor had gone back to his apartments. In truth, when I went in the latter was gone; but the next day he spoke to me of that conversation. 'I suspected,' he said, 'that the wretch was in correspondence with Vienna. I have had a banker's clerk arrested on his return from that city. He has acknowledged that he brought a letter for Fouché from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent at a fixed time to Bâle, where a man was to wait for the bearer on the bridge. I sent for Fouché a few days ago, and kept him three hours long in my garden, hoping, that in the course of a friendly conversation, he would mention that letter to me; but he said nothing. At last, yesterday evening, I myself opened the subject.' (Here the Emperor repeated to me the words I had heard the night before, 'You are a traitor,' &c.)

" 'He acknowledged, in fact,' continued the Emperor, 'that he had received such a letter; but that it was not signed, and that he had looked upon it as mystification. He showed it me. Now that letter was evidently an answer, in which the writer again declared, that he would listen to nothing more concerning the Emperor, but that, his person excepted, it would be easy to agree to all the rest.'

" I expected that the Emperor would conclude his narrative by expressing his anger against Fouché; but our conversation turned on some other subject, and he talked no more of him. Two days afterwards I went to Fouché to solicit the return to Paris of an officer of musqueteers, who had been banished far from his family. I found him at breakfast, and sat down next to him. Facing him sat a stranger. 'Do you see this man?' he said to me, pointing with his spoon to the stranger; 'he is an aristocrat, a Bourbonite, a Chouan: it is the Abbé * * *, one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*—a sworn enemy to Napoleon, a fanatic partisan of the Bourbons; he is one of our men.'

" I looked at him. At every fresh epithet of the minister, the

abbé bowed his head on his plate, with a smile of cheerfulness and self-complacency, and with a sort of leer. I never saw a more ignoble countenance. Fouché explained to me, on leaving the breakfast-table, in what manner all these valets of literature were men of his ; and while I acknowledged to myself that the system might be necessary, I scarcely knew who were really more despicable—the wretches who thus sold themselves to the highest bidder, or the minister who boasted of having bought them, as if their acquisition were a glorious conquest. Judging that the Emperor had spoken to me of the scene I have described above, Fouché said to me, ‘The Emperor’s temper is soured by the resistance he finds, and he thinks it is my fault. He does not know that I have no power but by public opinion. To-morrow I might hang before my door twenty persons obnoxious to public opinion, though I should not be able to imprison for four-and-twenty hours any individual favoured by it.’ As I am never in a hurry to speak, I remained silent, but reflecting on what the Emperor had said concerning Fouché, I found the comparison of their two speeches remarkable. The master could have his minister hanged with public applause, and the minister could hang—whom ? Perhaps the master himself, and with the same approbation. What a singular situation !—and I believe they were both in the right ; so far public opinion, equitable in regard to Fouché, had swerved concerning the Emperor.”

Shortly after the return of Napoleon from Elba, believing it to be impossible to make the Emperor of Austria consent to his wife’s rejoining him (and Maria Louisa had no inclination to a renewal of conjugal intercourse), a plan was concocted by him for carrying off from Vienna both his wife and his son. In this project, force was no less necessary than stratagem. A number of French, of both sexes much devoted to the Emperor, who had given them rank and fortune, had accompanied Maria Louisa, in 1814, from Paris to Blois and thence to Vienna. A correspondence was opened with these persons, who embarked heart and soul in the plot : they forged passports, procured relays of horses, and, altogether arranged matters so well, that but for a single individual—one who revealed the whole project a few days previously to that fixed upon for carrying it into effect—there is little room to doubt that the plan would have succeeded, and that the daughter of Austria, and the titular King of Rome would have given such *prestige*, as their presence only could give at the Tuileries and the Champ-de-Mai. No sooner had the Emperor of Austria discovered this plot, which, had it been successful, would have placed him in a very awkward predicament, than he dismissed all the French people about his daughter, compelled her to lay aside the armorial bearings and liveries of Napoleon and even to relinquish the title of

Empress of the French. No force, no art, no police could conceal these things from the people of Paris, who, moreover, and at nearly the same time, were made very uneasy by the failure of Murat's attempt in Italy, which greatly increased the power and political influence of Austria. Murat being disposed of, the Emperor Francis was enabled to concentrate all his forces in Italy, and to hold them in readiness for the re-invasion of France.

Let us now turn to Napoleon in his novel character of constitutional monarch. One of his first and loudest boasts, in that capacity was his granting full liberty to the press. "The press," said he, "that mighty engine of enlightenment, shall be infinitely more free in France than in England!" To carry this into execution he established *inspectors of the booksellers!* "The minister of police (Fouché), a friend of liberty, but, as Lecompte, the editor of *Le Censeur* observed, 'only of liberty after the fashion of Monsieur Fouché,' used every art in his power to prevent the contagion of freedom from spreading too widely." This Lecompte thought he was aiding the cause of liberty, in contributing, as he had done, to the return of Napoleon; but soon "seeing the prevailing influence of the military, he published some severe remarks on the undue weight the army assumed in public affairs, which he hesitated not to say, was bringing France to the condition of Rome, when the empire was disposed of by the pretorian guards. This gave great offence: the journal was seized by the police, and the minister (Fouché) endeavoured to palliate the fact in the *Moniteur* (*the government paper and the paper of all governments*), by saying, that although seized, it had been instantly restored. But Lecompte was not a man to be so silenced; he published a contradiction of the official statements, and declared that his journal had not been restored. He was summoned the next day before the prefect, alternately threatened and wheedled; upbraided at one moment with ungrateful resistance to the cause of the Emperor, and requested at the next to think of something in which government might serve him. "Steeled against every proffer and entreaty, Lecompte only required to be permitted to *profit by the restored liberty of the press*; nor could the worthy magistrate make him rightly understand that when the Emperor gave all men liberty to publish what pleased themselves, it was under the tacit condition that it should also please the prefect and minister of police."*

We now come to the famous Champ-de-Mai, and the results that arose from it. As this was a culminating point in Napoleon's life, we will give more statements than one, leaving, as usual, the reader to draw his own conclusions. The first account which is not unfavourable to Napoleon, is from the pen of Lavallette.

* Sir Walter Scott.

"The ceremony of the Champ-de-Mai at length took place; it was on the 1st of June. Nothing could be more singular than that assemblage in the open air. It produced, however, but little effect, because it had been badly announced. The Emperor wanted time: the minds of the people were not prepared; the patriots had not had sufficient opportunity to exercise their power, or rather no one knew where to find them. Those who had begun the revolution were old, retired from public life, and few in number; the men of 1793 were fallen into contempt. The imperialists, or Bonapartists, were not much regarded: they had so frequently abused the popularity lavished upon them. There were no persons truly respectable but the military: though discontented and humbled, they alone still knew how to express themselves with dignity concerning their country. But they were no longer mixed with the people, having already joined their regiments. The majority of the electors, and many deputies, were animated with a zealous spirit; but the French, whose imagination is so lively, never know how to enter into the reality of things until their first excitement is passed. In the beginning they only think of advancing, without caring which way. Now, the way they had taken was bad. At first they saw only a despot in the Emperor, and entirely forgot the enemy: they could not feel that it was first of all necessary to beat their foreign foes. I never could impress people with that idea, who otherwise had discrimination and long experience. 'We will have no more *senatus consultum*, no double legislative body, no arbitrary practices, no master. We want a moderator, and nothing else. We are numerous enough to beat the enemy, if he attack us. Should he triumph, each department will become a Vendée. France will never hesitate between slavery and civil war.' These imprudent men did not observe that by such speeches they stopped the enthusiasm of the people who preferred to live in expectation of what was to happen, rather than throw themselves into the fatigues and dangers of a struggle which appeared distant and uncertain, notwithstanding the evident approach of the enemy. The ceremony of the Champ-de-Mai was however a noble one; but all France was not there, and even there the feeling for the Emperor was confined to the crowd. The magistracy were opposed to him. All the judges preferred Louis XVIII. to the Emperor: the pretension they put forward of succeeding to the parliaments, of which they were the dross, flattered their vanity. Under a weak prince they enjoyed real authority, and the love of the Bourbons for old institutions gave them a degree of power they fondly hoped to augment. Under the Emperor, on the contrary, they were *forced to obey*. All the heads and clerks in the public offices were in a false position: they had every thing to fear, and nothing to hope; for they could not help seeing that we were beginning a new era of revolutions, in which all things would become uncertain. Finally, the impression of the horrors that had accompanied the *first* invasion was far from being blotted out, and the public mind shuddered at the idea of a *second*!

"The speech delivered to the Emperor by M. Dubois d'Angers was full of energy. It contained a summary of all that was desired, and expressed clearly the national will. But could a power that had nothing left, give all that was expected? The answer of the Emperor, which

was not directed to that speech, was sincere. He promised a great deal; but still he was obliged to explain what he wished, in his turn, as the executive power. By this he displeased his auditors, as I soon perceived in talking with some deputies who had heard him. After the celebration of mass, *to which, by the by, every one turned his back*, the Emperor went down and took his place on an amphitheatre in the middle of the Champ-de-Mars, whence he was to distribute the eagles to all the cohorts of the departments. This was a beautiful scene, for it was a national one. The Emperor took care to address a word to each of the corps that received these colours, and that word was flattering and calculated to inspire enthusiasm. To the department of the Vosges he said, 'You are my old companions.' To those of the Rhine, 'You have been the first, the most courageous, and the most unfortunate in our disasters.' To the departments of the Rhône, 'I have been bred among you.' To others, 'Your bands were at Rivoli, at Arcole, at Marengo, at Tilsit, at Austerlitz, at the Pyramids.' These magic names filled the hearts of those old warriors, the melancholy wreck of so many victories, with a very profound emotion. But, as I have already said, all France was not present at that ceremony, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was not communicated to the people in the departments."

We shall now give a concise account of this imposing ceremony from the pen of an eminent English writer,* who says—

"The new constitution, with the *Acte Additionnel*, was offered to the suffrages of the French people at large, and accepted by them by a majority of above a million and a half of votes to about four thousand against it. Louis did not put himself to this kind of probation: it would have been inconsistent with his dignity and pretensions to do so; since his rights were deemed superior to and independent of the choice of the people, which was merely a vulgar appendage to them. That of itself, with me, is decisive of the whole question. This event was celebrated in the Champ-de-Mars, held on the 1st of June in the open space facing the Military School, where the electors of the departments, the representatives of the people, and the deputations from the army, met in an immense concourse. The Imperial and National Guard, and the troops of the line, were drawn up in squares in the Champ-de-Mars. Napoleon appeared in the midst of them like a new Charlemagne, surrounded by his brothers, his court, and the members of his government, on a magnificent throne. An altar was raised in the centre, and the ceremony began by invoking the God of battles. After the religious solemnity, a deputation of five hundred electors advanced to the foot of the throne, and pronounced an eloquent and patriotic address. The result and number of the votes was then proclaimed; and Napoleon, turning towards the side where the electors were, said aloud, 'Emperor, consul, soldier, I hold all from the people; in prosperity, in adversity, in the field of battle, in council, on the throne, in exile, France has been the sole

* Hazlitt.

object of all my thoughts and actions.' Having ended his discourse, the Emperor proceeded to the altar with his escort, swearing to observe and maintain the constitutions of the state; the oath was repeated by the ministers and the electoral deputations. The eagles were then distributed among the troops: cries of *Vive l'Empereur* resounded on all sides; and the crowd (whether of men or women), as they looked on, were filled with admiration and delight, and seemed to think that the enemy could never again pierce through those numerous and dense phalanxes, winding slowly along, as if incapable of flight!"

The great meeting of the Champ-de-Mai was less favourably described by many writers who were eyewitnesses to it. Napoleon and his brothers, who had again collected around him, were dressed in antique and somewhat fantastic robes: he, as Emperor, was so arrayed as to resemble Charlemagne; and his relatives were royally attired. The republicans were much annoyed by this display. The report of the votes* was read, the electors, with their usual promptitude, swore to the Additional Act, the hollow trumpets brayed after them, and the cannon thundered. The popular acclamations, however, were few, and cold. Napoleon felt he was acting as in a melodrama on the stage, and he showed little interest—no enthusiasm, until he came to that part of the ceremonies in which he had to distribute the eagles to the newly-raised troops. Then his brow expanded, his eye beamed gloriously, and his voice became firm and sonorous. On the whole, the Parisians considered the field of May *une pièce tombée* (an unsuccessful play). Some few thought it *un spectacle imposant* (an imposing spectacle), but many more considered it a ridiculous exhibition. Opera-dancers and fencing-masters figured in the procession. On the following day (the 2d of June) Napoleon gave a second fête to the deputies of the army and the electors of the departments, who met in the spacious galleries of the Louvre. More eagles were distributed, and those who received them from the hands of the Emperor swore, as a matter of course, to defend them and him to the death. The quantity of oath-taking, and of tricking and turning of all kinds, that took place at Paris between Bonaparte's return in March and the return of the Bourbons in July, was prodigious almost beyond example. The journalists (as became their calling) particularly distinguished themselves. The following fact, though well known, merits repeating. One of the gentlemen of the press, in announcing the escape from Elba, said, "A report is circulated that the brigand of Corsica has landed at Cannes." A few days after the same man wrote, "Do you know what news is circu-

* These votes were oddly obtained. A French writer of high reputation says, "On the publication of the Additional Act, all the citizens were invited to sign it in the municipalities, in the offices of notaries public, and in the different government offices. Many of them considered themselves rather commanded than invited; many went and signed through sheer dread of the Bonapartists."

lated? They say the rash usurper has been received at Grenoble." Then it was, "I have it from a good source that General Bonaparte has entered Lyons." But, a few days after, again changing his tone, he reported, "It appears certain that Napoleon is at Fontainebleau." And, finally, on the 20th of March, he respectfully announced that "His Majesty the Emperor and King alighted this evening at his palace of the Tuileries."

The legislative body met on the 3d of June, and the deputies or commons, among whom were many constitutionalists and not a few jacobins, showed, from the first, a spirit of opposition, and a firm determination to obtain guarantees for their newly-acquired liberties. Their first quarrel with the Emperor was on the very first day of their sitting, and arose out of mere points of etiquette. The good humour of the deputies was not increased when Napoleon, on being waited upon for his confirmation of their election of their president, contemptuously referred the deputation to one of his chamberlains, who, he said, would deliver his (the Emperor's) answer the next day through the court page in waiting. This certainly showed very little constitutional feeling, and a majority in the house began to murmur and whisper that Napoleon was unchanged, and he and freedom as incompatible as fire and water.

A certain deputy of the name of Sibuet, in a very violent speech, made a motion against the use of such titles as duke, count, baron, &c., in the chamber of representatives, and was very nigh carrying his point. On the same day another very stormy debate arose out of the demand made by a member of the lower house, for a list of the personages raised to the new house of peers. Carnot, in his capacity of minister, declined giving the list until the session should actually begin real business. On his refusal the uproar was tremendous, and the president's bell was for a long time rung in vain. They then proceeded to scrutinize the form and substance of the oath to be taken by the deputies, and it was with great difficulty the Bonapartists carried their point, that the oaths should go in the name of "Napoleon and the Constitution," without mentioning the nation or the people. On the 7th of June the whole house was in fire and fury. Felix Lepelletiere, a zealous partisan of the Emperor, proposed that the chamber should vote to Napoleon the title of "Saviour of his country."—"This is absurd: we will not have it so," shouted a hundred deputies at once; "the country is not yet saved!" and they passed to the order of the day by acclamation. We cannot help thinking that in most of these petty proceedings the French showed little political wisdom, and did not take the course proper to conciliate and constitutionalize the fierce Napoleon, who was heard frequently to say in private, "The empty fools, the babblers, they are talking when we ought to be fighting! They want to fetter my strong arm—will their weak one save the nation? One thing is clear, France does not

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war and desolation were approaching their frontiers and their very capital with giant strides.

Meantime intrigues were carrying on by all parties. Fouché, who was never so happy as when he was working in the dark, with two or three plots in hand, was in full activity. He says—

"Napoleon caused the Emperor Alexander, and Prince Metternich to be written to by Hortense, and also the latter by his sister, the Queen of Naples, hoping in this way to deaden the force of the blows which he was not yet prepared to encounter. He at the same time commissioned Eugène, and the Princess Stephanie of Baden, to neglect nothing in order to detach them from the coalition. Meanwhile he caused overtures to be made to the cabinet of London by an agent whom I pointed out to him. In conclusion he hoped to ingratiate himself with the English nation, by a decree, abolishing the negro slave trade. Notwithstanding this, all our external communications were intercepted by order of the various cabinets. The proceedings of the Congress of Vienna furnished a subject of deep attention, and the most painful anxiety at the Tuileries. We at length learned, in a specific manner, what the public already knew; the declaration of the Congress of Vienna, dated the 13th of March, which pronounced the outlawry of Napoleon. France was from that time terrified at the evils which the future prepared for her; she groaned at the thought of being exposed to the horrors of a new invasion, for the sake of a single man. Napoleon affected not to be moved, and told us in full council, 'This time they will find that they have not to deal with the France of 1814; and their success, if they obtain it, will only serve to render the war more sanguinary and obstinate; while, on the other hand, if victory favours me, I may become as formidable as ever. Have I not on my side Belgium, and the provinces on this side of the Rhine. With the aid of a proclamation, and a tricolour flag, I will revolutionize them in twenty-four hours.' I was far from allowing myself to be lulled into security by such gasconades as these.—The moment I obtained knowledge of the declaration, *I did not hesitate to request the King, by means of an agent on whom I could rely, to permit me to devote myself, when opportunity occurred, to his service.* I demanded no other condition in return, but the right of preserving my repose and fortune in my seclusion at Pont-Carré. The overture was fully accepted, and sanctioned by Lord Wellington, who arrived just then at Ghent from the Congress at Vienna; the same kind of convention had already been concluded, as far as I was concerned, between Prince Metternich, Prince de Talleyrand, and the generalissimo of the allies."

Lavallette hints that even before Napoleon left Paris many of the deputies had resolved to prevent his ever returning thither as sovereign. He says—

"I saw, with grief, too many unworthy Frenchmen forming

wishes for his defeat. The assembly of representatives did not adopt the attitude or speak the language which its influence over the public mind rendered necessary. Old hatreds, former opinions, hopes for the return of the Bourbons, and great anxiety in many as to the constitutional line of conduct the Emperor would pursue if he returned victorious, threw confusion into the labours of the chamber. It had been said to them that the first point was to save the country; but they answered, 'Let us save liberty!' as if liberty could be saved when the soil of France was invaded by foreign armies."

Fouché, from whom no secret could be kept, details the futile diplomatic measures resorted to by Napoleon, in an amusing and, as we believe, a very correct manner.

"The treaty of the 25th of March, by which the great powers engaged on their side not to lay down their arms while Napoleon was on the throne, was but a natural consequence of the decision of the 13th. All indirect overtures had completely failed. 'No peace, no truce, with that individual,' replied the Emperor Alexander to Queen Hortense; 'any one but him.' Flahaut, who was sent to Vienna, was not allowed to pass Stutgard; and Talleyrand refused to enter the service of Napoleon. Notwithstanding, however, the manner in which his first overtures were discountenanced, he decided on making new applications to the Emperor of Austria. He despatched to him Baron de Stassart, and at the same time sent to M. de Talleyrand, Messrs. de S. L. and de Monteron, both well known by their connexion with that statesman, and the latter being his most intimate and devoted friend. But these attempts at second hand could scarcely produce much effect upon the general course of things.

"I daily became an object of great umbrage to Napoleon, so much the more as I never let slip any opportunity of repressing his despotic inclination, and the revolutionary measures which he promulgated. I was known among his partisans by no other name than that of minister of Ghent. He had also new sources of uneasiness. M. de Blacas, who, deaf to all advice, suffered the affair of the 20th of March to ripen, without believing it—without even troubling his head about it, forgot, in the hurry and anxiety of his departure, a mass of papers, which might have endangered a number of very respectable persons. As I was immediately made acquainted with this, I had, with a sort of instinctive foresight, thought it right to authorize the notary, Lainé, colonel of the national guard, from the 21st of March to occupy the cabinet of M. de Blacas, to arrange all his papers, and to burn those whose signatures might have committed the safety of individuals. Savary and Réal having tracked me in this operation, the Emperor demanded the papers of me, which I gave him in a bundle. Finding among them nothing but such as were unimportant, he did not fail to suspect me of having withdrawn such as he had an interest in seeing."

CHAPTER VII.

1815.

Preparations of Napoleon for the campaign—The Emperor leaves Paris to join the army—State of Brussels—Proclamation of Napoleon to the Belgians—Effective strength of the French and allied armies—The Emperor's proclamation to the French army.

By this time the thunder-cloud of war had gathered, and was ready to burst. Let us see how Napoleon prepared to meet it. Fire-arms formed one of the most important objects of attention. There was a sufficient quantity of sabres, but a want of muskets. The imperial factories could in ordinary times furnish monthly twenty thousand stand of new arms: by the extraordinary activity and encouragements used, this number was doubled. Workmen were also employed in repairing old muskets. There was displayed at this momentous period the same activity in the capital as in 1793, and better directed, though without the same success. The clothing of the army was another difficulty; and this was got over by advancing large sums of money to the cloth manufacturers beforehand. The contractors delivered twenty thousand cavalry horses before the 1st of June; ten thousand trained horses had been furnished by the dismounted gendarmerie. Twelve thousand artillery horses were also delivered by the 1st of June, in addition to six thousand which the army already had. The facility with which the ministers of finance and of the treasury provided for all these expenses astonished every body, as it was necessary to pay for every thing in ready money. The system of public works was at the same time resumed throughout France. "It is easy to see," said the workmen, "that the great contractor is returned: all was dead, now every thing revives." To account for all this lavish expenditure, an opinion prevailed that the Emperor on his return had found a hundred millions of livres in gold at the Tuileries. The King had, indeed, quitted Paris with such precipitation that he had not been able to carry away the crown-plate, valued at six millions; nor the treasury-chests of the departments, containing fifty millions more. But the chief resource which Napoleon found on his return was in the good will of the people, and in the confidence of the great French and Dutch capitalists arising out of it. Voluntary donations were also numerous, and in some departments exceeded a million. At

the military parades he was often presented with bundles of bank-bills; and on his return to the palace had to give the minister of the treasury eighty or a hundred thousand francs, which he had received in this manner.

It was soon evident that the scene of the grand conflict would be the Flemish border—the old battle-field of Europe. The whole of the fortified line of the low countries towards France was occupied by strong garrisons, chiefly in English pay. From the time of the alarm excited by Bonaparte's success, reinforcements had arrived from England without intermission; and the Duke of Wellington was on the spot to take the supreme command of the troops, native and foreign, in Belgium. In the latter end of May, the head-quarters of the French army of the North were established at Avesnes, in French Flanders; and in the apprehension of an invasion by the allied armies on that part, Laon and the castle of Guise were put in a defensible state. Field-Marshal Prince Blücher about this time arrived with the Prussian army in the neighbourhood of Namur, and held frequent conferences with the Duke of Wellington.

Bonaparte left Paris on the 12th of June, accompanied by Marshal Bertrand and General Drouot, and proceeded to Laon. Lavallette, who was with Napoleon till midnight on the 11th of June, informs us that the Emperor was unwell when he set off to open the campaign; that he suffered a great deal from a pain in the breast; but that notwithstanding this, he stepped into his coach with a cheerfulness that seemed to show he was confident of victory.

An English writer who was at Brussels during the gathering and the bursting of the war-cloud, gives some amusing details.

"The town," he says, "was crowded to excess. The bright and varied uniforms of so many different nations, mingled with the gay dresses of females in the park, and the *Allée Verte* thronged with superb horses and brilliant equipages, gave to the city unusual animation. The *tables-d'hôte* resounded with a confusion of tongues which might have rivalled the tower of Babel. Balls and plays, routs and dinners, were the only topics of conversation; and though some occasional rumours were spread that the French had made an incursion within our lines, and carried off a few head of cattle, the tales were too vague to excite the least alarm. On the 3d of June, I went to see 10,000 troops reviewed by the Dukes of Wellington and Brunswick. The splendid uniforms of the English, Scotch, and Hanoverians, formed a strong contrast with the gloomy black of the Brunswick hussars, whose veneration for the memory of their old duke, could be only equalled by their devotion to his son. I was particularly struck with the handsome features of the Duke of Brunswick, whose fine, manly figure, as he galloped across the field, realized my *beau idéal* of a warrior."

As soon as it was whispered in Brussels that Napoleon was

positively approaching that city,* the most absurd and contradictory reports were circulated, and strong proofs were given that small reliance could be placed on the Belgians,† who seemed resolved to side with whichever party might prove victorious. As early as the night of the 15th of June, when Bonaparte's artillery was first heard thundering in the distance, they reported that the French were actually at the gates of Brussels lying in ambush to surprise the city, while others said that the apparent confidence and security of the Duke of Wellington

* "It was on the 12th instant that the news of Napoleon having set out from Paris to join the army of Flanders was known at Brussels. The following morning, when the Duke of Richmond and some officers were at a cricket-match, the Duke of Wellington arrived, and shortly after the Prince of Orange, which put a stop to the game. Though the hero of the Peninsula was not apt to let his movements be known, on this occasion he made no secret, 'that if he was attacked from the South, Halle would be his position; and if on the Namur side, Waterloo.' The army being ordered to be ready to march on the shortest notice, his Grace returned to Brussels. A few days after my arrival, it was publicly known that a movement would soon take place on the frontier; but as it extended from Ostend to Charleroi, no conjecture could be made on what point the French would make their attack, yet the duke has been abused for not having had the second sight of a Highlander to know this, and it was insisted that he was taken by surprise! There was also a great clamour among the *guidnuncs*, that he with his staff and a great many officers were dancing at a ball, instead of being at their posts; but the fact is, that Wellington had previously issued the necessary orders for the march of the troops quartered in the city as well as in the cantonments, which was very properly kept a profound secret. About midnight the drums, bugles, and bagpipes sounded the signal of march. I was stepping into bed when the well-known *pibroch*, so familiar to my ear (the Camerons' Gathering) sounded under my windows. On opening my casement, I beheld my countrymen assembling like bees from all quarters; and never was there a more prompt turn-out; within half an hour, every officer and soldier was at his post. The 42d, 92d, and 79th paraded in our street. The division of Brussels and its neighbourhood amounted to 9000: about noon it reached Quatre-Bras, a march of 18 miles, in a very hot day, and through a country that afforded but little water; so that between fatigue and thirst the men were much exhausted before they were attacked, and they hardly had time to settle their knapsacks, when the French, concealed in the field of long rye, and suddenly debouching from a neighbouring wood, commenced a vigorous fire, which was repelled with the utmost bravery: and though the British were but ill-supported by artillery or cavalry, they succeeded in driving the French from their positions, and became masters of the field, but with an immense loss, particularly in the ranks of the Highlanders."—*Pryce Gordon's Memoirs*.

† The following proclamation was issued by Napoleon on entering Belgium, and was dated *prematurely* from the palace of Lacken.

"To the Belgians and the inhabitants of the left bank of the Rhine.

"The ephemeral success of my enemies detached you for a moment from my empire. In my exile, upon a rock in the sea, I heard your complaint; the God of Battles has decided the fate of your beautiful provinces; Napoleon is among you; you are worthy to be Frenchmen. Rise in a body; join my invincible phalanxes to exterminate the remainder of these barbarians, who are your enemies and mine: they fly with rage and despair in their hearts.

(Signed)

NAPOLEON.

The Imperial Palace of Lacken, June 17, 1815.

By the Emperor,

The Major-General of the Army,

COUNT BERTRAND.

arose from his having bought over the French, whom he dared not fight *armes à la main*, with British gold. The gossips and quidnuncs of the town were dreadfully embarrassed by these contradictory stories, and according as one or other prevailed they were all for Bonaparte or all for Wellington. This confusion of ideas is said to have produced the most laughable mistakes, people frequently beginning invectives which ended in panegyrics of the persons they, at first, did not mean to praise.

"We have just learnt," says a writer, who was at Brussels at this time, and to whom we have been already indebted, "that Napoleon had left the capital of France on the 12th; on the 15th the frequent arrival of couriers excited extreme anxiety; and towards evening General Muffin presented himself at the hotel of the Duke of Wellington, with despatches from Blucher. We were all aware that the enemy was in movement, and the ignorant could not solve the enigma of the duke going tranquilly to the ball at the Duke of Richmond's—his coolness was above their comprehension. Had he remained at his own hotel, a panic would have probably ensued amongst the inhabitants, which would have embarrassed the intended movement of the British division of the army.

"I returned home late, and we were still talking over our uneasiness, when our domestic distinctly heard the trumpet's sound within the city-walls, and the drum beat to arms. Before the sun had risen in full splendour, I heard martial music approaching, and I soon beheld from my windows the 5th reserve of the British army passing; the Highland brigade were the first in advance, led by their noble thanes, the bagpipes playing their several pibrochs; they were succeeded by the 28th, their bugles' note falling more blithely upon the ear. Each regiment passed in succession with its band playing."

The gallant Duke of Brunswick was at a ball at the assembly-rooms in the Rue Ducale on the night of the 15th of June, when the French guns, which he was one of the first to hear, were clearly distinguished at Brussels.

"Upon receiving the information that a powerful French force was advancing in the direction of Charleroi, 'Then it is high time for me to be off;' he exclaimed, and immediately quitted the ball-room."

The assembly broke up abruptly; and, in half an hour, drums were beating and bugles sounding. The good burghers of the city, who were almost all enjoying their first sleep, started from their beds at the alarm, and hastened to the streets. The most ridiculous and absurd rumours were rapidly circulated and believed. The general impression seemed to be that the town was on fire; the next, that the Duke of Wellington had been assassinated; but when it was discovered that the French were advancing, the consternation became general, and every one

hurried to the Place Royale, where the Hanoverians and Brunswickers were already mustering.

About one o'clock in the morning of the 16th, the whole population of Brussels was in motion. The streets were crowded as in full day; lights flashed to and fro; artillery and baggage waggons were creaking in every direction; the drums beat to arms, and the bugles sounded. The noise and bustle surpassed all description. Here were horses plunging and kicking amongst a crowd of terrified burghers; there, lovers parting from their weeping mistresses. Now, the attention was attracted by a park of artillery thundering through the streets; and now again by a group of officers disputing loudly the demands of their imperturbable Flemish landlords, for not even the panic which prevailed could frighten the Flemings out of a single stiver; screams and yells occasionally rose above the busy hum that murmured through the crowd, but the general sound resembled the roar of a distant ocean. Between two and three o'clock the Brunswickers marched from the town.

"At four, the whole disposable force under the Duke of Wellington was collected together, but in such haste, that many of the officers had no time to change their silk stockings and dancing-shoes; and some, quite overcome by drowsiness, were seen lying asleep about the ramparts, still holding, however, with a firm hand, the reins of their horses, which were grazing by their sides.

"About five o'clock the word 'march' was heard in all directions, and instantly the whole mass appeared to move simultaneously. I conversed with several of the officers previous to their departure, and not one appeared to have the slightest idea of an approaching engagement.

"The Duke of Wellington and his staff did not quit Brussels till past eleven o'clock; and it was not till some time after they were gone that it was generally known that the whole French army, including a strong corps of cavalry, was within a few miles of Quatre-Bras."

We shall now state the respective forces of the allied Sovereigns, and of the Emperor Napoleon. It was calculated that, by the end of May, nearly five hundred thousand troops of the allies would be assembled to oppose the operations of Napoleon; comprising 160,000 Russians, 80,000 Austrians, 120,000 Prussians, 75,000 of the Anglo-Belgian army, and 65,000 of the Bavarian and other German troops. In the beginning of June, the allied armies occupied the following positions: The 1st corps of infantry of the Duke of Wellington's army, under the command of the Prince of Orange, occupied Enghien, Braine-le-Compte, Nivelles, and Soignies. The 2d corps, commanded by Lieutenant-General Lord Hill, was stationed at Ath, Lens, Oudenarde, Grammont, and the places adjacent; and the reserve occupied Ghent, Brussels, and the neighbourhood. The

cavalry attached to this army, under the command of Lieutenant-General the Earl of Uxbridge, were chiefly posted about Grammont and Ninove.

The Prussian army consisted of four corps, and were thus stationed: The 1st, commanded by General Ziethen, occupied Fontaine l'Evesque, Fleurus, and Charleroi. The 2d, under General Pirch, was distributed in the neighbourhood of Namur. The 3d corps, under the command of General Thielmann, was posted in the vicinity of Ciney. The 4th corps, commanded by General Bulow, was collected about Hannut. These, with four corps of cavalry and artillery in proportion, constituted a force of 120,000 men.

Having described the number and positions of the English and Prussian armies in Flanders, it now remains to detail the force and composition of Napoleon's invading army, which was styled the Army of Flanders. General Count d'Erlon commanded the 1st corps, consisting of four divisions of infantry, one division of light cavalry, and six batteries of artillery, the total strength of which amounted to about 34,000 men. This corps was posted at Lille. The 2d corps, under General Count Reille, was assembled about Valenciennes; and was similarly constituted to the first corps, but exceeded it in numbers, by about 2000 men. The 3d corps, commanded by Count Vandamme, had one division of infantry less than the other two corps. The 4th corps, under Count Girard, formed the basis of the army of the Moselle, and was so placed that it might easily form a junction with the Army of Flanders, or with the army of the Rhine; it consisted of about 24,000 men. Count Rapp commanded the 5th corps collected at Strasbourg, and denominated the army of the Rhine; it was composed like the 3d and 4th corps, and amounted to 23,000 men. The 6th corps, under Count Lobau, which was stationed at Laon, formed the reserve of the Army of Flanders; its force may be reckoned at 27,000 men. The 7th corps, commanded by Marshal Suchet, was collected about Chambery, and amounted to 36,000 men. The cavalry of the Army of Flanders consisted of four corps, under the command of Marshal Grouchy: the 1st, under Pajol, amounting to near 4000 men, was assembled between the Aisne and the northern frontier; the 2d, commanded by Exelmans, was of about the same strength; the 3d, under the orders of Kellermann, was 5000 strong; the 4th, commanded by Milhaud, consisted of 4500 cuirassiers. Besides these seven corps of infantry, and the four corps of cavalry, various other corps of national guards, mixed with troops of the line, were stationed as armies of observation on the most important parts of the frontier, exhibiting a total of about 100,000 men. The Imperial Guard, the flower of the French army, was assembled in the neighbourhood of Paris, and consisted of upwards of 30,000 men. Paris and Lyons were strongly forti-

fied, and it was supposed by many that Napoleon, contrary to his usual tactics, would remain on the defensive; but he adopted the bolder alternative of attacking the allies before they should become too formidable by combination.

On the 7th of June, the French army began to move at Valenciennes. At four o'clock in the morning of the 12th, Napoleon, as we have said, left Paris to join the army. On arriving at Laon the same evening, he inspected the city and ramparts. The next day he proceeded to Avesnes, and on the 14th rode to Beaumont, whence, on the same day, being the anniversary of the battles of Marengo and Friedland, he addressed the following energetic proclamation to his army:

Soldiers!—This day is the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the protestations and oaths of princes, to whom we left their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they strike at the independence and sacred rights of France. They have committed unjust aggressions. Let us march forward and meet them. Are we not still the same men? Soldiers! at Jena, these Prussians, now so arrogant, were three to one; at Montmirail six to one. Let those who have been captives to the English describe the nature of their prison ships, and the sufferings they endured. The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are obliged to use their arms in the cause of princes who are the enemies of justice, and destroyers of the rights of nations. They well know the coalition to be insatiable. After having swallowed up twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, and six millions of Belgians, they now wish to devour the states of the second order among the Germans. Madmen! one moment of prosperity has bewildered them. To oppress and humble the people of France is out of their power: once entering our territory, there they will find their doom. Soldiers! we have forced marches before us, battles to fight, and dangers to encounter; but firm in resolution, victory must be ours. The honour and happiness of our country are at stake! and, in short, Frenchmen, the moment is arrived when we must conquer or die!

The positions of the French army at this time were as follows: The head-quarters were at Beaumont; the first corps at Loire-sur-Sambre; second, at Ham-sur-Heure; third, in front of Beaumont; fourth, in front of Philippeville; sixth, in front of Beaumont; the Imperial Guard around Beaumont; the four corps of cavalry, under Marshal Grouchy, between Beaumont and Walcourt.

CHAPTER VIII.

1815.

THE BATTLES OF LIGNY AND QUATRE-BRAS.

THE moment for striking a decisive blow had now arrived; and, accordingly, early on the morning of the 15th, the whole of the French army was in motion. The first and second corps proceeded to Marchiennes to attack the Prussian outposts at Thuin and Lobes, in order to secure the communication across the Sambre between those places. The third corps, supported by General Pajol's cavalry, advanced upon Charleroi, followed by the Imperial Guard and the sixth corps, with the necessary detachments of pontoniers. The remainder of the cavalry, under Grouchy, also advanced upon Charleroi, on the flanks of the third and sixth corps. The fourth corps was ordered to march upon Chastelet.

On the approach of the French advanced guards, an incessant skirmish was maintained during the whole morning with the Prussians, who, after losing many men, were compelled to yield to superior numbers. General Ziethen, finding it impossible, from the extent of frontier he had to cover, to check the advance of the French, fell back towards Fleurus by the road to Charleroi, resolutely opposing the pursuit of the enemy wherever it was possible. In the repeated attacks sustained by him, he suffered considerable loss. It was nearly mid-day before a passage through Charleroi was secured by the French army, and General Ziethen continued his retreat upon Fleurus, where he took up his position for the night. Upon Ziethen's abandoning, in the course of his retreat, the chaussée which leads to Brussels through Quatre-Bras, Marshal Ney, who commanded the left of the French army, was ordered to advance by this road upon Gosselies, and found at Frasnes part of the Duke of Wellington's army, composed of Nassau troops, under the command of Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who, after some skirmishing, maintained his position. "Notwithstanding all the exertions of the French at a moment when time was of such importance, they had only been able to advance about fifteen

English miles during the day, with nearly fifteen hours of daylight."*

It was the intention of Napoleon during his operations this day, to effect a separation between the English and Prussian armies, in which he had nearly succeeded. Napoleon's plan for this purpose, and the execution of it by his army, were alike admirable; but it is hardly probable that the allied generals were taken by surprise, as it was the only judicious course which Napoleon could have taken. His line of operation was in the direct road to Brussels, and there were no fortified works to impede his progress; while, from the nature of the country, his numerous and excellent cavalry could be employed with great effect.

In the French accounts, Marshal Ney has been much blamed for not occupying Quatre-Bras with the whole of his force on the evening of the 15th. "Ney might probably have driven back the Nassau troops at Quatre-Bras, and occupied that important position; but hearing a heavy cannonade on his right flank, where General Ziethen had taken up his position, he thought it necessary to halt, and detach a division in the direction of Fleurus. He was severely censured by Napoleon for not having literally followed his orders, and pushed on to Quatre-Bras."† This accusation forms a curious contrast with that made against Grouchy, upon whom Napoleon threw the whole blame of the defeat at Waterloo, because he strictly fulfilled his orders, by pressing the Prussians at Wavre, unheeding the cannonade on his left, which might have led him to conjecture that the more important contest between the Emperor and Wellington was at that moment raging.

It was at six o'clock in the evening of the 15th that the Duke of Wellington received the first information of the advance of the French army; but it was not until eleven o'clock that positive news reached him that the French army had moved upon the line of the Sambre. This information induced him to push forward reinforcements on Quatre-Bras, at which place he himself arrived at an early hour on the 16th, and immediately proceeded to Brie, to devise measures with Marshal Blücher, in order to combine their efforts. From the movement of considerable masses of the French in front of the Prussians, it was evident that the first grand attack would be directed against them. That this was Napoleon's object on the 16th may be seen by his orders to Ney and Grouchy, to turn the right of the Prussians, and drive the British from their position at Quatre-Bras, and then to march down the chaussée upon Brie in order effectually to separate the two armies. Ney was accordingly detached for this purpose with 43,000 men. In the event of the success of Marshal Ney, he would have been enabled to detach a portion

* Captain Pringle.

† Ibid.

of his forces for the purpose of making a flank attack upon the Prussians in the rear of St. Amand, whilst Napoleon in person was directing his main efforts against that village—the strongest in the Prussian position. Ney's reserve was at Frasnes, disposable either for the purpose of supporting the attack on Quatre-Bras or that at St. Amand: and, in case of the marshal's complete success, to turn the Prussian right flank by marching on Brie.

On the morning of the 16th Marshal Blücher concentrated the 1st, 2d, and 3d corps of his army, amounting to 80,000, and took up a position with his right wing at Brie, and his left at Sombref, on a chain of gentle heights, and occupying in force the villages of St. Amand and Ligny, the substantial buildings of which having been loopholed by the Prussians presented formidable defences. The right of this position communicated with the British at Quatre-Bras, upon which point the Duke of Wellington was making every possible effort to concentrate his army. General Bulow, with the 4th Prussian corps, not being able from the distance of his position, near Liege, to arrive in time, Marshal Blücher nevertheless undertook to receive the assault of the French at Ligny, relying upon receiving assistance from the British army, who, by a flank movement to the left, were to form a junction with the Prussians. As two distinct battles took place upon this day (the 16th), it is necessary to give a separate account of each.

Early on the morning of the 16th, the French army appeared on the plain of Fleurus, driving before them the Prussian light troops into the valley of the Ligne. Having reconnoitred the Prussian position, Napoleon instantly formed the plan of cutting off the retreat of a great portion of Blücher's army, hoping by so decided an advantage on half the allied troops in Belgium, to be able to overwhelm with his whole force the army of Wellington. In taking this determination, he was doubtless influenced by the consideration, that Ney's reserve in position at Frasnes, which was somewhat in rear of the Prussians, would be available for his purpose, as he supposed that the Marshal had sufficient force to drive the British from Quatre-Bras. Had this manœuvre completely succeeded, the ruin of Blücher's army would have ensued. Napoleon, confident of success, then directed the attack. Marshal Grouchy was ordered to attack Sombref on the right; Gérard, the village of Ligny, in the centre; and Vandamme was to attack St. Amand, on the left. General Girard was posted on the left of Vandamme, and the imperial guards were stationed as a reserve before Fleurus. At two o'clock Napoleon sent an order to Marshal Ney, informing him of his intended attack upon the Prussians, and ordering him to manœuvre so as to envelop their rear.*

At three o'clock a similar despatch was sent off, urgently

* Captain Batty.

pressing the execution of Napoleon's instructions. It was not before this hour that the Emperor was able to concentrate his forces, so as to attack the Prussians simultaneously. The battle then began with uncommon fury along the whole Prussian line. The village of St. Amand was vigorously defended. It formed the strength of the Prussian right, and from the intersection of several gardens and hedges, was very capable of defence, although so much in advance of the rest of the Prussian position. After a continued attack for two hours, the French had obtained possession of only half the village of St. Amand; that of Ligny had been taken and retaken several times. The French pursued their success at St. Amand by pushing light troops across the rivulet of Ligne, who then formed on the left bank. The position of Blucher's army was in some measure defective. The main body being drawn up on the heights, and the remainder posted in the villages below, the French artillery was enabled to range with destructive effect upon the reinforcements despatched during the murderous conflict raging in the contested villages.

The Prussians having been reinforced by the 2d brigade of General Ziethen's corps, were now vigorously attacked by the division of General Girard, who, supported by a portion of General Vandamme's corps, and his reserve cavalry, attempted to carry the heights towards Brie. Marshal Blucher, in order to avert the threatened danger, led on in person a furious attack against the French, and drove them back beyond the ravine. General Girard, one of the most gallant and intelligent of Napoleon's officers, was slain in this attack at the head of his division, the majority of which shared his fate, so destructive was the Prussian charge. Napoleon had in the mean time sent for Ney's reserve, posted at Frasnes; but before it could reach him, it was countermarched in consequence of the Marshal having received a check at Quatre-Bras.

Blucher now brought together masses of troops behind St. Amand, and Bonaparte determined to change his point of attack. His reserves, consisting principally of the imperial guard, had been at first directed to advance upon St. Amand, but were now ordered to co-operate in a general attack upon Ligny, which after a most determined resistance, was taken by the French. While this contest was going on, the French guards, supported by a heavy cavalry, rushed up the heights in the rear of Ligny. Blucher's reserves of infantry having been moved to St. Amand, there remained no other means of resisting this attack than by the employment of cavalry. The Prussian marshal accordingly placed himself at their head, and attempted, with chivalrous but unavailing gallantry, to repel the French. After an unsuccessful charge, his cavalry was overpowered and dispersed in confusion. In retreating before the vigorous pursuit of the French squadrons, Blucher's horse was struck by a cannon-shot, and he

himself was thrown on the ground, the hostile cavalry passing unconsciously over him. In the confusion of the fray he was unnoticed, and was luckily rescued by his own troops. The French infantry continued to gain ground; the imperial guard advanced with irresistible impetuosity, and Friant's grenadiers threatened the mill of Bussy, near Brie. In vain did the Prussian cavalry attempt to shake these superb masses of infantry; they were unable to destroy the squares formed to receive their attacks. Napoleon had now penetrated through the Prussian lines, and had thereby so disorganized their formation that there remained for Blucher no other resource than to make an orderly retreat. This was successfully accomplished. Brie was not evacuated by them until the morning of the 17th.

This battle, though unattended with any material consequences in itself, was contested with a determination, founded upon the most implacable hatred on both sides. The Prussians could not have forgotten the humiliating recollections of Jena, the destruction of their army, the subjugation of their country by Napoleon, and the part they were compelled to take in the invasion of Russia; they knew also the character of their enemy, and how little mercy they were to expect at his hands, in case of defeat. The French, on the other hand, were smarting at the recent discomfiture they had experienced, in which the Prussians had conspicuously assisted. The illusion of their glory had been dispelled by enemies whom they affected utterly to despise. But above all, the French soldier looked up to Napoleon with a devotion, with an enthusiasm of affection that elevated his feelings to the highest pitch of human energy.

In the course of the night the Prussian army fell back on Tilly and Gembloux. Their loss at Ligny, according to their own account, amounted to 14,000 men, and 15 pieces of cannon. The French official account, in the *Moniteur*, makes it reach to 15,000. On their own side, the French acknowledge a loss of 7000.

At the moment of the interview between the Duke of Wellington and Blucher, the force of the French before Quatre-Bras, was so insignificant, that there appeared to be no probability of a decided attack being made in that quarter. On his return, however, to the British position, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he found that a considerable body of French troops had been collected at Frasnes, preparatory to an attack which was made about half an hour afterwards by infantry and cavalry, supported by a heavy cannonade. The French had commenced their attack at five o'clock in the morning, by skirmishing with the troops of the Netherlands, under the Prince of Orange, and at first obtained some success. This desultory fight lasted till noon, without any more decided demonstrations on the part of the French. The Belgians were, however, losing ground, when, at two o'clock Sir Thomas Picton opportunely reached the scene

of action with the 5th English division, comprised of Sir James Kempt's and Sir Dennis Pack's British brigades and the 5th Hanoverian brigade, under Colonel Vinche.

"Sir James Kempt's brigade (28th, 32d, 79th, and 95th regiments) moved to the left of the position with the 3d battalion of the Royals, part of the brigade of Sir Dennis Pack, who, with the remainder of his brigade (42d, 44th, and 92d regiments), formed on the great Namur road, and in the corn-fields extending to the wood on the right. The 92d was formed in line in the ditch bordering the great road, and was of the greatest service in repelling an attack of the French cavalry, who daringly pursued the Brunswick hussars into the British line, after they had made an unsuccessful attack on the French cavalry."*

Sir Thomas Picton, as he approached the field with his division, had heard the continued and increasing fire kept up by the skirmishers, which made him push forward to the support of the Belgians, and by this means he succeeded in reaching Quatre-Bras before any other British force. Nearly at the same time, however, the first division of Brunswickers, led by the gallant duke, arrived to share with Picton and his soldiers the honour of arresting the progress of the French in this first stage to Waterloo.

The Prince of Orange was anxiously looking for the arrival of some of his allies, when he was gladdened by the spectacle of this reinforcement pouring forward with steady but quick steps to relieve his almost exhausted troops. Before half-past two in the afternoon, a formidable reinforcement had reached the field, namely, Picton's division, 6815; 1st division of Brunswick Oels, 5000; one regiment of Brunswick cavalry, containing about 900; and the 2d Belgian hussars, amounting to 1200 men.

The force which the French had now concentrated to attack this position amounted to about 40,000 men, under the intrepid Ney: the odds were therefore fearful; but the firmness of the allies was not shaken by the reported strength of their opponents. As the different regiments arrived on the ground, they instantly took up the posts to which they were directed by their respective commanders.

Immediately the French perceived that this additional force had taken the field, Ney moved down with two columns of infantry and a cloud of cavalry to the attack. The English and Brunswickers had but just taken up their ground, when they were exposed to a furious and galling fire from the immense park of artillery attached to this wing of the French army. The receding smoke showed the advancing columns rushing on to break the line of the allies: the brunt of this movement fell upon Picton's soldiers, and Sir Thomas Picton's 'superb divi-

* Captain Batty.

sion' was singly engaged with the French for nearly two hours. Every man fought with a desperation which no language can describe. Picton was himself amongst his soldiers, calling upon them to stand firm and receive the enemy with a steady front. A murderous conflict now commenced; a rolling discharge of musketry from the British line was answered with deadly rapidity and closeness by that of the French: the havoc was terrible; but Picton was in the midst, watching the progress of the fight; wherever death was thickest there could he be seen encouraging—exhorting the soldiers to be firm.

After the French infantry had been repulsed, and before the heavy smoke had cleared off, the cavalry came thundering on. The English were instantly formed into squares to receive them. Upon the steadiness and celerity with which this manœuvre was executed the safety of the men depended: then it was that Picton's calmness and penetration were conspicuous in watching and directing each movement; before the French cavalry was upon them, the squares were closed up.

Another furious onset was then made by the Lancers, which obliged General Kempt to take refuge in the square; but they again repulsed their assailants; and at that moment Sir Thomas Picton riding up, ordered them to advance, for the enemy were giving way. Picton led them to the charge himself, and they drove the French from their position with great loss.

In reference to this movement, and to the French cavalry having surrounded the British squares, Captain Kincaid also makes the following remarks: "This was a crisis in which, according to Bonaparte's theory, the victory was theirs by all the rules of war, for they had superior numbers both before and behind us: but the gallant old Picton, who had been trained in a different school, did not choose to confine himself to rules in these matters. Despising the force in his rear, he advanced, charged, and routed those in his front; which created such a panic amongst the others, that they galloped back through the intervals in his division, with no other object in view than their own safety."*

"The third English division, under General Alten, comprised of Sir C. Halket's British brigade, the second brigade of King's German Legion under Colonel Ompteda, and the first Hanoverian brigade under General Kielmansegge, arrived next on the field in time to sustain a fresh attack made by the French about four o'clock."† From the superior force of the French artillery, this division sustained its ground with great difficulty, and one regiment (the 69th) lost a colour. After suffering great loss, it succeeded in repelling the French from the positions they occupied at the Farm of Gemincourt, and the village of Pierremont. The French troops were still partly in possession

* Life of Sir Thomas Picton.

† Captain Batty.

of the wood of Boss, which extends about a mile on the road from Quatre-Bras towards Frasnes. This favoured an attack on the right of the British position, which Marshal Ney directed to be made after having been repulsed on the left. At this critical moment, when the French had nearly succeeded in establishing their light troops on the great road of Nivelles, the division of guards under General Cooke, amounting to 4000 men, accompanied by two brigades of artillery, arrived, after a fatiguing march from Enghien, and essentially contributed to repel this attack. Exhausted as the men were from their long march, they were, nevertheless, instantly led into action. The second and third battalions of the first guards formed line, and with loud cheers entered the wood, which they cleared of the French in a few minutes. Their order, however, was necessarily broken by the irregularity of the ground, and, on emerging from the wood, they found themselves directly opposed to a body of French infantry prepared to receive them. Rushing forward without waiting to form in line, they succeeded in driving the French up the rising ground before them. During this contest, the artillery of both armies kept up an incessant and destructive cannonade. By a rapid charge of cavalry, the French endeavoured to cover their retreating infantry, whilst the guards still remained unsupported, and in some disorder. General Maitland therefore directed them to retreat into the wood, as all attempts to form squares appeared to be hopeless. Here they formed, and under its cover, opened a most galling fire on the French cavalry, which was compelled to fall back with great loss. This contest was renewed several times. Day was now drawing to a close, and Marshal Ney, having been foiled in all his efforts, retired to the heights before Frasnes, leaving Quatre-Bras in possession of the allies.

To the Duke of Wellington it has been imputed as a fault on this occasion, that there was not sufficient cavalry and artillery at Quatre-Bras. It is remarkable that no portion of either was with the reserve at Brussels. The loss to the allied army was very severe, amounting to 5000 men, among whom were numbered many brave officers. The gallant Duke of Brunswick was killed* at the head of his troops. Colonel Macara, of

* The gallant duke (Frederick William), was born in 1771, and was the fourth and youngest son of Duke Charles William Ferdinand of Brunswick, (who was slain in the battle of Jena, and whose remains Napoleon would not suffer to be deposited with those of his ancestors). He embraced with ardour the military profession, and served in the Prussian army in 1792 and 1793, when he was twice wounded. He joined Blücher's corps in 1806, and was made prisoner with him at Lubeck. On the breaking out of the war between Austria and France in 1809, he raised a body of volunteers in Bohemia. The famous Major Schill had already perished at Stralsund, when the duke made an incursion into Saxony; he was, however, compelled by the King of Westphalia, to evacuate Leipzig and Dresden with his black hussars. Subsequently, he was forced to retreat to his native city, where he was closely pressed. In an action fought at Oelper, near Brunswick, the duke's horse was killed

the 42d, was severely wounded; and, whilst some of his men were conveying him to the rear, a party of French cavalry rode up, and atrociously murdered him and his faithful attendants. Colonel Cameron, of the 92d, fell whilst bravely leading on his regiment; and, at the close of the day, Colonels Askew, Stuart, and Townsend, were all severely wounded, at the head of the last attack of the guards, which decided the fate of the day.

The loss of the French was supposed to have been much greater than that of the allies; but the policy of Napoleon would not allow of any returns being made,—in fact, he boasted that he had gained a victory,—that the vanquished English were flying before his victorious soldiers.

"His bulletins announced two victories of the most dazzling description as the work of the 16th. Blucher would be heard of no more, they said; and Wellington, confounded and amazed, was already within the jaws of ruin."*

"The British had maintained possession of the field of Quatre-Bras, because the Duke of Wellington conceived that Blucher would be able to make his ground good at Ligny, and was consequently desirous that the allied armies should retain the line of communication which they had occupied in the morning. But the Prussians, evacuating all the villages which they held in the neighbourhood of Ligny, had concentrated their forces to retreat upon the river Dyle, in the vicinity of Wavre. By this retrograde movement, they were placed about six leagues to the rear of their former position, and had united themselves to Bulow's division, which had not been engaged in the affair of Ligny. Blucher had effected this retreat, not only without pursuit by the French, but without their knowing for some time in what direction he had gone. This doubt respecting Blucher's movements, occasioned an uncertainty and delay in those of the French, which were afterwards attended with the very worst consequences to them."† It cannot be doubted that there was some error in Napoleon's calculation as to the movements of the Prussians, and the consequent directions given to Grouchy by him. Napoleon accuses Grouchy, according to the relation by Gourgaud, of being the cause of the delay in pursuing the Prussians. "Had Grouchy been at Wavre on the 17th," says Napoleon, "and in communication with my right, Blucher would not have dared to detach any portion against me on the

under him, being the *eleventh* he had lost in a similar manner since his retreat from Saxony. After many narrow escapes, he reached Heligoland with part of his corps, and thence embarked for England. There he was received with great distinction, and his troops were immediately taken into English pay; the British parliament generously granting him a pension of 6000*l.* a year until he should be able to return to his hereditary dominions. Though idolized by his soldiers, he does not appear to have been so popular a sovereign as his father.

* Life of Sir Thomas Picton.

† Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon.

18th, or if he had, I would have destroyed it." From this charge, the marshal triumphantly defended himself. He states that he endeavoured to confer with the Emperor on the night of the 16th, when the Prussians commenced their retreat; but that he could not find him until he returned from Fleurus; and that in reply to his request for reinforcements of infantry, in order that he might be able to follow Blücher, he could obtain no other answer than that he would receive orders on the following day. The marshal went again to head-quarters, on the morning of the 17th, being impressed with the great importance of pursuing the Prussians closely, but was obliged to follow Bonaparte to the field of battle of the preceding day, before he could receive his commands. No orders were given to Grouchy till near noon, when Napoleon suddenly resolved to send him with an army of 32,000 men, not upon Wavre, for it was not known by him what direction the Prussians had taken, but with instructions to pursue Blücher, wherever he might have retreated. Grouchy also asserts that the troops of Girard and Vandamme, which formed a portion of his army, were not in marching order until three o'clock. The first orders given to the marshal for the pursuit, according to his statement, were not received by him then until about noon on the 17th, and the army was not ready to move till three hours afterwards. The marshal blames Excelmans and Girard, who commanded under him. When he commenced his march, he was uncertain which route to take. The first information he received as to the movements of the Prussian army, led him to suppose they were not retreating upon Wavre, but towards Namur, which induced him to press the pursuit in the latter direction, and occasioned the loss of some hours. From all these concurring reasons, the marshal shows distinctly, that he could not have attained Wavre on the evening of the 17th of June, because he had no orders to go there till noon, nor troops ready to march till three o'clock.*

It was late on the 17th when Marshal Grouchy halted at Gembloux, in consequence of learning the route which the main body of the Prussian army had taken. From this place, he sent an aide-de-camp to inform Napoleon of his operations, and to acquaint him that the Prussians had retired in two columns by Sauvenière and Sart-à-Walhain. On the next morning, having ascertained, beyond a doubt, the line of Blücher's retreat, Grouchy advanced in pursuit towards Wavre. Neither Napoleon nor Grouchy possessed any foreknowledge of the motions of Blücher, which could lead them to suspect Wavre to be the point on which he was retreating. It was not till he found the English determined to give battle at Waterloo, and the Prussians

* Sir Walter Scott.

resolved to maintain their communication with them, that the plan of operations determined upon between Wellington and Blücher, to form a junction at that village, became manifest to Napoleon, who found it desirable to accuse Grouchy of delay rather than to admit that he himself had been out-manceuvred. After Grouchy's departure in pursuit of the Prussians, Napoleon moved towards Frasnes, and united himself with Marshal Ney, with the view of making a combined attack on the Duke of Wellington, whom he still supposed to remain at Quatre-Bras.

The evening of the 16th was cold and wet, but the fatigue which the English troops had undergone in their long march, and hard-fought action, rendered the approach of night, wretched as it was, a desirable relief. At daybreak the next morning they were called to arms by some skirmishing at the outposts. It was at first supposed that the French were about to repeat the attempt in which they had failed the preceding day, but this alarm was soon dissipated. About nine o'clock a considerable change was made in the disposition of the British troops, who retired in three columns an hour afterwards, by way of Genappe and Nivelles, towards Waterloo, leaving the cavalry, which arrived in the evening of the 16th, as a rear-guard, to occupy the ground, so as to prevent the French from perceiving the retreat of the main body of the British army. About noon, the French advanced in columns of attack, expecting to find the British in position. As the British infantry retired, the cavalry gradually followed, watching the movements of the advancing French. This retrograde movement was conducted in excellent order. At Genappe an affair of cavalry took place, where the 7th British hussars attacked a French regiment of lancers unsuccessfully, as it debouched from the town, and a second attack by the same regiment was attended with no better success. The French lancers, formed in a hollow way caused by the nature of the road, presented an immovable barrier of pikes, and, from the steepness of the banks, there was no approaching them in flank. The Earl of Uxbridge, seeing a more favourable opportunity, brought up the heavy cavalry, and, by a decisive charge, overthrew the advanced guard of the French, thus giving time to the infantry to take up its ground. A violent thunder-storm passed directly over both armies at the latter part of the afternoon, and the rain fell in such torrents, that the fatigue of marching was greatly increased. At seven o'clock the artillery of the French advanced guard fired a few shots down the great road upon the British, but a few British guns being brought up soon silenced those of the French. The allied army bivouacked on the ground it occupied, principally open corn land, the rye in many places growing to the height of seven feet.

"As the British troops arrived in position, in front of Mont St. Jean, they took up the ground they were to maintain early in the evening. The weather began to be very severe at this period. The whole French army under Napoleon, with the exception of the two corps under Marshal Grouchy, 32,000 men and 108 guns, despatched in pursuit of the Prussians on the road to Wavre, took up a position immediately in front; and after some cannonading both armies remained opposite to each other during the night, the rain falling in torrents. The Duke of Wellington had already communicated with Marshal Blucher, who promised to come to his support with the whole of his army on the morning of the 18th. It was consequently decided upon to cover Brussels, the preservation of which was of such importance, by maintaining the position of Mont St. Jean. The intention of the allied chiefs, if they should not be attacked on the 18th, was to attack the French on the 19th."*

In our account of the battle of Ligny we have stated that Blucher nearly escaped being made prisoner when his horse was struck by a cannon-shot while gallantly leading, in person, the Prussian lancers against the French cuirassiers.† The horse he rode upon this occasion was a gray charger, given to him by the Prince Regent of England: he fell just at the moment when his cavalry turned to fly from the French. "Now," said he to his aide-de-camp, "I am indeed lost!" He was, for the moment, protected by Count Nostitz, who stood by his side to prevent his being noticed, while the mass of the French cavalry passed on. Before, however, the marshal had been extricated from his dying charger, the Prussians rallied, and turned upon their pursuers, when the whole of the retreating troops again passed close by the spot where Blucher was lying. Upon the Prussians coming up, Count Nostitz, with the aid of a soldier, placed the almost insensible marshal on a trooper's horse, and hurried him from the field.

During the confusion consequent upon the night retreat of the Prussians after the battle of Ligny, all appearance of order was lost. Luckily Blucher soon rallied from the effect of his fall. The toil-worn frame of the veteran had been severely shaken, but his mind retained its usual vigour and elasticity. General Gneisenau found him in a cottage by the road-side during the night, already devising plans for another contest. "Hard blows these, Gneisenau," observed Blucher; "but we must just pay them back." It was his unyielding resolution, that, by animating those who were immediately about his person, communicated itself to the soldiers, and thus re-

* Capt. Pringle.

† We are indebted for the facts here stated to an able article in the "United Service Journal."

stored their confidence in the course of a single day. On the morning of the 17th, he issued a general order, detailing the loss of the battle of Ligny: in it he severely censured the cavalry, for want of coolness and intrepidity, and required them to be in readiness to wipe away the stain the defeat had brought upon them. The artillery he also reprimanded, and ordered them to advance in future in a more resolute manner, and not so hastily to withdraw their guns when attacked; "for," said he, "it is better to lose a battery than endanger a position by limbering up too soon." To the infantry he addressed great praise, and concluded with these energetic words: "I shall immediately lead you against the enemy; we shall beat him, because it is our duty to do so!"

Marshal Blucher expressed his dislike to co-operate with the Russian commanders, by whom his plans had been often disconcerted, and he had no confidence in the Austrian cabinet; but was particularly anxious to fight in conjunction with the English army, feeling that his own troops acting with those of Wellington could not fail to be invincible.*

* For the following sketch we are indebted to Dr. Lieber, a Prussian gentleman, who served in a volunteer rifle corps in the army of Blucher:—

"On the morning of the 15th the drum was beat to arms. We marched the whole day and the whole night. In the morning we arrived not far from the battle-field of Ligny: we halted. Before us was a rising ground, up which we saw innumerable troops ascending the plain with flying colours and their bands playing. It was a sight a soldier loves to look at. Orders for charging were given; the pressure of the coming battle was felt more and more. Our whole company consisted of very young men, nearly all lads, who were impatient for battle.

"We marched up the sloping plain, and, by one o'clock in the afternoon, arrived on the battle-ground. Our destiny was first a trying reserve; the enemy's brass played hard upon us; shell-shots fell around us, and took several men out of our column. We were commanded to lie down; I piqued myself on not making any motion when balls or shells were flying over us. Behind us stood some cavalry.

"At length, at about two o'clock, an aide-de-camp of the general of our brigade galloped up, and said to the colonel, 'Your column must throw the enemy out of the left wing of the village.' 'Riflemen!' said the colonel, immediately, 'you are young, I am afraid too ardent; calmness makes the soldier, hold yourselves in order;' and turning round, gave the word to march. The dull half-suffocated drum, from within the deep column, was now heard beating delicious music. At last, all was to be realized for which we had left our homes, had suffered so many fatigues, had so ardently longed for. The bugle gave the signal to halt; we were in front of the village of Ligny. The signal was given for the riflemen to march out to the right and left of the column, and to attack.

"Our ardour now led us entirely beyond the proper limits; the section to which I belonged ran madly, without firing, towards the enemy, who retreated. My hindman fell. I rushed on, hearing well, but not heeding, the urgent calls of our old sergeant. The village was intersected with thick hedges, from behind which the grenadiers fired upon us, but we drove them from one to the other.

"The village of Ligny was four times taken and retaken. The last time we had to march in a hollow way, which leads across the centre of the place, and where the struggle had been the hottest all the afternoon. Three or four

layers of dead and living, men and horses, impeded the progress of the soldiers, who were obliged to wade in the blood of their comrades, or to trample upon wounded enemies, imploring them to give some assistance, but to whom they were obliged to turn a deaf ear, whatever might be their feelings. This last attempt to regain the village, when I was called upon to assist in getting a cannon over the mangled bodies of comrades or enemies, leaping in agony when the heavy wheel crossed over them, has impressed itself with indelible horror upon my mind.

"Towards evening the cavalry began to press us more and more. To regain the village was impossible. Our troops were thinned to the utmost; it became dark; the bugle blew to retreat, when horse-grenadiers approached to charge us. The signal was given to form heaps. It was now, when retreating, that our men began, for the first time, to show uneasiness. The colonel observed it by the irregular *beat* of the gun, when he commanded 'Ready.' But, as if he were on the drilling-ground, he said, 'Your beat is bad; have we drilled so long for nothing? Down with your guns. Now, Ready!' and every man was calm again. The cavalry charged, but we received them according to the rule, 'No firing until you see the white of their eyes;' and they were repelled.

"Of our whole company, which, on entering the engagement, mustered about 150 strong, not more than from twenty to thirty combatants remained. We marched all night. On the 17th we attempted twice to go to bivouac, but were twice disturbed by the enemy. Suffering greatly from hunger, we made a meal of raw pork, having met with a hog.

"Towards evening I was sent with some others to get whatever might be obtained in the shape of victuals, from the surrounding villages. It was a sad charge! In one house, stripped of every thing, we found a young woman with an infant, by the side of her father, who had been beaten and wounded by some marauding enemies. She asked us for a piece of bread; we had none. We gave her some potatoes which we had just found, but she said she had nothing to cook them with. We received this day the Order of the Army, in which Blücher spoke in high terms of the conduct of the infantry during the battle—our regiment was singled out by name.

"We marched a great part of the night. Rain fell in torrents—it had rained the whole of the 17th, and the roads were very bad. Early in the morning of the 18th, we found part of our regiment from which we had been separated. It was a touching scene, to see the soldiers rushing to each other, to find comrades whom we had believed to be dead or missing. Our men were exhausted, but old Blücher allowed us no rest.

"We began our march early on the 18th. As we passed the Marshal, wrapped up in a cloak and leaning against a hill, our soldiers began to hurrah, for it was always a delight to them to see the 'Old one,' as he was called. 'Be quiet, my lads,' said he, 'hold your tongues—time enough after the victory is gained.' He issued this morning his famous order, which ended by assuring the army that he would prove the possibility of beating, two days after a retreat, and with inferior numbers.

"We entered the battle with Blücher in the afternoon: it was again our lot to stand unengaged for some time in sight of the battle; we saw some brilliant charges of our cavalry putting to rout French squares. Not far from us stood the hussars, commanded by Colonel Colomb. An aide-de-camp came with the order to charge a square. 'Volunteers, advance!' called the colonel—when the whole regiment, as if by magic, advanced some steps. Numerous wounded passed by us while we stood there inactive. Marshal Blücher rode by, and when he observed our uniform, said, 'Ah, my Colbergers, wait, wait a moment, I'll give you presently something to do.'"

CHAPTER IX.

1815.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE most important struggle of modern times was now about to commence—a struggle which was to decide the fate of Europe. Napoleon and Wellington at length drew near each other, and the gaze of the civilized world was fixed in expectation of the awful encounter. They had never met—the military reputation of each was of the highest kind—the career of both had been marked by signal victories—Napoleon had carried his triumphant legions across the stupendous Alps, over the north of Italy, throughout Prussia, Austria, Russia, and even to the base of the Pyramids; while Wellington, who had been early distinguished in India, had won immortal renown in the Peninsula, where he had defeated, one after another, the favourite generals of Napoleon. He was now to make trial of his prowess against their master.

Among the most remarkable events of modern times, the battle of Waterloo stands conspicuous. Whatever may be thought of the measures adopted by the Allied Powers—of the military talents of the various generals—whatever opinion may be entertained with respect to the advantages or disadvantages which resulted to Europe from it—the importance of the battle is unquestionable. This sanguinary encounter, in fact, stopped the torrent of the ruthless and predatory ambition of the French, by which so many countries had been desolated. With the peace which immediately succeeded it confidence was restored to Europe. The fierce and reckless beings who composed Napoleon's immense masses, viewed with evil eyes the return to peace, as it took from them their occupations, and reduced them to insignificance. But not merely to the soldiery, who lost all chance of future plunder, was the consequent tranquillity hateful; it was equally so to the numerous ambitious men who, during the continual excitement of the great European contest, hoped, by intrigue or other unworthy means, to obtain sudden distinctions,



*Engraved by Permission by J. W. Galt from the Original Picture by
SIR DAVID LAWRENCE.*

Wellington



wealth, or power. This great battle, then, was fraught with important consequences, not to states alone—it annihilated the wild and selfish projects of these military and political anarchists. No less than 310,000 men were marching to the plains of Fleurus on the morning of the 16th. The summer sun shone brightly on forest and on pasture and corn-land, rich in the promise of abundant harvest, and reposing in peace and loveliness. How changed was the scene on the succeeding morning! Scorched forests, and trampled plain, smoking ruins of cottages and desolated villages, alone remained !*

The night of the 17th was more wretched as to the state of the weather, than that which preceded it. The ground was trampled into mud, and, though in the middle of June, the temperature before dawn was intensely cold. From the very heavy fall of rain, it was found difficult to maintain any fires. Great part of the French army had passed the night in the village of Genappe, and Napoleon had established his quarters at the farmhouse, called Caillou, near La Belle Alliance. As the morning advanced, the weather became more favourable, and the French made preparations for the attack. About ten o'clock, they began to move down to their several positions in the following order: The right wing, under Count d'Erlon, consisting of four divisions of infantry, was drawn up in two lines, and the central direction of the line was between La Belle Alliance on the left, and the village of Frichermont on the right; being thus nearly parallel to the left wing of the allied army. General Jacqueminot's division of light cavalry was stationed on the extreme right of Count d'Erlon's infantry. The left wing, under Count Reille, consisted of six brigades of infantry, also drawn up in two lines with La Belle Alliance on the right, and its left inclining towards the wood of Hougomont. Pieré's light cavalry was formed on the left of Reille's infantry. These two corps, with their cavalry, formed the first line of the French army. The second line consisted of cavalry. In rear of the centre, and on the left of the great road, were two divisions of the 6th corps, under Count Lobau, forming one great column of reserve, while on the right of the same road were stationed two divisions of cavalry. The Imperial Guard, cavalry and infantry, forming the grand reserve to the whole line of battle, was formed on a third line on the heights in rear of the position. This admirable formation of the French order of battle presented resources to its general on every point, from the facility it afforded him in the event of disorder of succouring his infantry, or of promptly following up any advantage he might gain.

The allied army was disposed in the following order: The corps of the Prince of Orange, forming the centre of the line, was posted on some high ground—its right in the rear of the farm of Hougomont; its left behind La Haye Sainte. These

two posts were occupied by light troops. Lord Hill's corps formed the right wing between Merke Braine and Hougomont. General Picton commanded the left wing, which took up a position between the road from Genappe and Ter-la-Haye, through which village a communication was kept up with the Prussian army by means of patrols. The cavalry, under the command of the Earl of Uxbridge, was principally stationed in rear of the left wing, the hussar brigade being on the extreme left of the whole line. Major-general Ponsonby's heavy cavalry was posted immediately in rear of Picton's division. The artillery was judiciously planted in various parts of the line. With this order of battle the Duke of Wellington determined to receive the enemy's assault, it having been arranged that Blücher should aid him with part of his army, under General Bülow, whose arrival was expected about the middle of the day.

The position of Mont St. Jean, thus taken up by the British army,* was situated about a mile, or a mile and a half from a similar height on which the French army placed itself. It was divided from the opposite ascent by a valley into which there was a very gentle and regular slope, so that the whole of the ground within cannon-shot could be readily seen. Two great roads nearly perpendicular to the line of the army, and two smaller roads in a line with the army, and behind it, gave every facility for a free communication for troops and guns. On another ridge about five hundred yards behind our first lines, the second lines were stationed, unseen from the French position, and between the two ridges a valley gave cover to any movement that it might be requisite to make. The flanks were sufficiently protected by the possession of the village of Braine-la-Leude on the right, and La Haye and Ohain on the left, as well as by the forest of Soignies in the rear, upon which both flanks were thrown back.

The smallest reflection upon this position will at once refute the objections of those who have blamed the Duke of Wellington for his choice in occupying it. The only one of these objections that it is necessary to examine is that which states that, in case of defeat, the position left no means of retreat, and that the English army would, in such circumstances, have been utterly destroyed. Now, in any case, it must be very difficult to predicate what would happen in certain contingencies; but in the present circumstances, there does not appear to be any doubt that under such an unfortunate occurrence the British army would have been able to effect a retreat without any extraordi-

* The British cavalry and artillery were superb and magnificent; superior, perhaps, to any force of the kind which the world had ever seen; and Marshal Blücher, who reviewed them a short time before the opening of the campaign, declared that he had not given the world credit for containing so many fine men. The infantry, who, after all, carried away the foremost honours of the day, were inferior in point of men; there were many battalions composed entirely of lads and recruits, who had never seen a shot fired: a great part of the flower of the British infantry, the victors of so many fields, had not arrived from America.

nary difficulty. If our first position had been carried, the village of St. Jean in the rear, at the junction of the two great roads before mentioned, would have been an excellent centre of support for a second position, from which it would have been equally difficult to dislodge us. The position was also sufficiently in advance of the forest to give a free approach from every part of the field to the great road which led into it, and another farm-house and wood immediately behind Mont St. Jean would have enabled us to keep the road open, so as to afford sufficient leisure to allow all the guns to file into the forest.

But even if the British troops had been driven into the forest in a state of rout, they would there have found themselves in comparative safety. The forest consists of tall trees without underwood, almost every where passable for men and horses. In such a position, the practicability of maintaining themselves against the French army must be evident to any one who considers the extreme difficulty of forcing infantry from a wood which cannot be turned; and it is confirmed by a remark of the Duke of Wellington, made in conversation with a friend—"They could never have so beaten us but that we could have made good the wood against them."

The chief strength of the position of Mont St. Jean, was given by the two farms in front: Hougomont and La Haye Sainte. These farms lay on the slope of the valley, about 1500 yards apart. Both were calculated for containing troops, and Hougomont comprised an extent of gardens and enclosures, capable of containing a force sufficient to make it an important post. No columns of the French could pass between them without being exposed to a flank fire, and this circumstance gave the principal advantage to the English position, which would otherwise have possessed little superiority over that of the French, except the loss to which they must unavoidably be exposed in advancing in column upon a line already fixed.

Not more than 34,000 effective British troops were in the field that day, according to the statement of Captain Pringle; but another estimate, which includes outposts, &c., made by an officer of the British army, gives the following numbers:

"The allied army in front of the village of Waterloo (June 18, 1815) consisted of 81 battalions, 28 regiments of cavalry, and 138 pieces of artillery. Of these, 25 battalions, 15 regiments of cavalry, and 72 guns, were British; 8 battalions, 4 regiments of cavalry, and 18 pieces of artillery, belonged to the German Legion; 9 battalions, and 1 regiment of cavalry, with 12 guns, were Hanoverian; 9 battalions, 1 regiment of cavalry, and 12 pieces of ordnance, Brunswick; 22 battalions, 7 regiments of cavalry, and 24 guns, Dutch and Belgic; and 3 battalions of Nassau troops, making a total of 50,500 infantry, and 10,250 cavalry. A division of 4 British and 9 Hanoverian battalions, with 18 guns, were, with a corps under Prince Frederick of

Orange, in front of Halle, about twelve miles from the field of battle, which were not engaged. The French force present at Waterloo may be calculated at 65,000 infantry, and 17,000 cavalry, with 250 pieces of artillery. Napoleon crossed the Sambre with 136,000 men; but from these are to be deducted Grouchy's corps of 36,000 men, exclusive of casualties. The Prussian force, which arrived towards the end of the battle, may be estimated at 35,000; but of these only a portion was engaged.

A detailed French account of the number of Napoleon's troops engaged at Waterloo, which will be found at the end of the present chapter, by the Emperor's ex-secretary, M. Fleury de Chaboulon, gives a total of 67,100 men of all arms. This number is certainly somewhat below the mark. From a comparison of various statements, it seems likely that the French army consisted of rather more than 75,000 effective men.

The morning of the 18th, and part of the forenoon, were passed by the French in a state of supineness, for which it was difficult to account. The rain had certainly retarded their movements, more particularly that of bringing the artillery into position; yet it was observed, that this had been accomplished at an early hour. In Grouchy's publication, we find a reason which may have caused this delay; namely, that Napoleon's ammunition had been so much exhausted in the preceding contests, that there was only a supply with the army for an action of eight hours. Bonaparte states, that it was necessary to wait until the ground was sufficiently dried, to enable the cavalry and artillery to manœuvre;* however, in such a soil, a few hours could make very little difference, particularly as a drizzling rain continued all the morning, and indeed after the action had commenced. The heavy fall of rain on the night of the 17th, was no doubt more disadvantageous to the enemy than to the troops under Lord Wellington; the latter were in position, and had few movements to make; whilst the French columns, and particularly the cavalry, were much fatigued and impeded by the state of the ground, which, with the trampled corn, caused them to advance more slowly and kept them longer under fire. On the other hand, the same causes delayed the Prussians in their junction, which they had promised to effect about noon.†

Soon after eleven,‡ the battle commenced by the advance of the French, under Jerome Bonaparte, upon Hougomont, which was occupied by some Nassau and Brunswick troops,

* Montholon.

† Capt. Pringle.

‡ Accounts differ as to the precise period at which the battle commenced. The British official account states the time to have been ten o'clock; but Colonel Mackinnon, who was with the guards at Hougomont, has a precise recollection that the first gun was fired at the time we have mentioned in our text.

and by the light companies of the English guards, under Colonel Macdonell; and the first gun fired was from an English battery. This made a gap, for a moment, in the head of the advancing column. A tremendous cannonade along the whole French line, from upwards of 200 guns, supported this attack. Napoleon's rapid and eagle glance at once discovered the great importance of the post of Hougomont, which was, in fact, the key to the English position. He accordingly directed his first efforts against it, and persevered in them unceasingly throughout the day. As these attacks were distinct from the other operations simultaneously going forward, we think we cannot do better than narrate the occurrences at this important spot during the action, for which we are indebted to an eyewitness (Colonel Mackinnon, of the Coldstream Guards). This gallant officer states, that—

“Shortly after the action had commenced, the tirailleurs drove the Nassau battalion and the company of Hanoverian Yagers through the wood to the rear of the chateau. This attack was repulsed by the two companies of the second brigade. The French were fast closing round, when Macdonell charged and drove them back on their advancing columns. These attempts were vigorously repeated for an hour and a half, but each time they failed.

“About one o'clock a cart of ammunition, which had been sent for early in the day, was brought into the farm-yard of Hougomont, and proved most seasonable. The men had only time to fill their pouches, when a discharge of artillery suddenly burst upon them, mingled with the shouts of a column rushing on to a fresh attack. A cloud of tirailleurs pushed through the wood and corn-fields: they were aimed at with fatal certainty from the loopholes, windows, and summit of the building. But the French eventually compelled the few men that remained outside to withdraw into the chateau by the rear gate. In the mean time, the French redoubled their efforts against it, and the fire of the immediate defenders of that point for a moment ceased. The gate was then forced. At this critical moment, Macdonell rushed to the spot with the officers and men nearest at hand, and not only expelled the assailants, but re-closed the gate. The French, from their overwhelming numbers, again entered the yard, when the guards retired to the house, and kept up from the windows such a destructive fire, that the French were driven out, and the gate once more was closed.

“General Foy having chased the Nassau troops before him, passed through the wood and surrounded the chateau. All attempts to rally these men proving fruitless, Lieutenant-Colonel Mac Kinnon with the grenadiers and first company moved to the support of the place, and the French were forced back. Lieutenant-Colonel Acheson then joined: the whole followed in pursuit and entered the wood, where they were received with an

incessant discharge of small arms. Colonel Woodford left the seventh and eighth companies in the position for the protection of the colours, and brought down the rest of the battalion. The third and fourth companies of the 3d guards were also sent to Hougomont under Lieutenant-Colonel Home, and occupied the hollow way near the entrance of the wood; these were succeeded by other detachments of equal strength from the same regiment.

"On the retreat of the Nassau troops, Lord Saltoun, with the light companies of the 1st brigade, was again ordered to Hougomont, and recovered the orchard, and also part of the wood in its front; the latter, however, there was no possibility of holding in opposition to the vast superiority of the French troops. Lord Saltoun, therefore, made occasional sallies from the orchard: his orders were, in the event of its being forced, to retire into the chateau; but he defended it against every attempt.

"The entrance of the wood was attacked in the most gallant manner by the Coldstream Guards. The companies under Colonel Woodford cheered, and after charging, opened a fire, but the powerful resistance they met with could not be overcome. This officer therefore retired, and entered Hougomont.

"Afterwards the French exerted themselves to carry the orchard. They twice got possession of the hedge, but gained no further ground, as the defenders were firm, and the troops on the garden-wall which overlooked the orchard, poured in a cross fire and occasioned them severe loss.

"A detachment from the 3d guards, and the grenadiers of that corps, with fifty Hanoverian riflemen, under Lord Saltoun, bravely charged a howitzer, but did not succeed. This, however, had the effect of stopping any thing further on that side, and the French contented themselves with firing from behind a ditch which ran nearly parallel to the hedge and ditch in front of the orchard.

"At two o'clock, Lord Saltoun was relieved by Lieutenant-Colonel Mercer of the 3d guards, who arrived with reinforcements. The 3d guards had been moved for the purpose of support by detachments of two companies at intervals, and after Colonel Woodford entered Hougomont with the Coldstream, they occupied the orchard, under Colonel Hepburn.

"The French soldiers were undaunted in their attacks; but Hougomont was defended with a calm and stubborn gallantry, that alone could have enabled so small a force to resist the repeated and fierce assaults of the great force, consisting of nearly the whole 2d French corps. The cross discharge from the artillery was incessant: the bursting of shells set part of the building in flames, and as the fire extended to the chapel and stables, many of the wounded soldiers of the Coldstream perished. The guards, nevertheless, at no time exceeding 2000 men, maintained the post amidst the terrible conflagration within, and the



HUGOMONT.

murderous fire of the attacking troops from without. When the contention terminated, the French dead lay piled round the chateau, in the wood, and every avenue leading to it."*

During the early part of the day the action was almost entirely confined to this part of the line, except a galling fire of artillery along the centre, which was vigorously returned by the English guns. This fire gradually extended towards the left, and some demonstrations of an attack of cavalry were made by the French.

From the exposed position of part of the English troops on the sloping ground, they suffered very severely from the French artillery; and the Duke of Wellington thought it advisable to move them back about 150 to 200 yards to the reverse slope of the hill. The artillery in consequence remained in advance, that they might see into the valley. This movement was made between one and two o'clock, by the duke in person; it was general along the front or centre of the position, on the height to the right of La Haye Sainte.

This movement withdrew a considerable portion of the allied troops from the sight of the French, and appears to have been considered by them as the beginning of a retreat: Napoleon determined in consequence to attack our left centre, in order to get possession of the farm of Mont St. Jean, or of the village itself, which commanded the point where the two roads met. Accordingly Count d'Erlon moved forward with his whole corps, supported by large bodies of cavalry, and preceded by a tremendous cannonade. The English infantry were formed into squares to receive the cuirassiers. The French cavalry being in advance of their infantry on the left of the attack, the Duke of Wellington ordered the English life-guards to charge them. The cuirassiers were driven back on their own position, where the *chaussée*, being cut into the rising ground, left steep banks on either side. In this confined space, they fought at sword's length for some minutes, until some light artillery was brought down from the heights, upon which the British cavalry returned to its position.

Count d'Erlon's infantry, meanwhile, advanced beyond La Haye Sainte, which at this time they did not attack. As the French drew near, a Belgian brigade of infantry stationed in front, fell back in confusion, and the French columns instantly occupied the height. Sir Thomas Picton, perceiving this, immediately moved up General Pack's brigade, and opened a fire upon the French columns as they took possession of the vantage-ground they had just gained. Without waiting for the English charge of bayonets, the French infantry began to hesitate when the latter approached within thirty yards. At this moment, Ponsonby's brigade of heavy dragoons wheeling round

* Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards, by Colonel Mackinnon.

the infantry, took the French in flank. An immediate panic spread amongst them, and, throwing down their arms, they ran away in all directions to avoid the sabres of the cavalry.* Many were killed, and two eagles, with two thousand prisoners, taken. But the cavalry pursued their success too far; they were fired upon by another column, and being at the same time attacked by a fresh body of French cavalry, they were driven back with much loss.

General Ponsonby, who commanded the heavy dragoons, and Sir Thomas Picton, who led on his division to repel this attack, were both killed.†

* Ponsonby's brigade which effected this brilliant charge, consisted of the Royal Dragoons, the Greys, and the Enniskillens. The attack was made most judiciously, for no sooner did he see the French infantry closely engaged, than he led his brigade up the slope and passed through the intervals of the British squares. Shrill and wild from the Highland ranks sounded the mountain-pipe, mingled with shouts of "Scotland for ever!" when the soldiers of the Scottish regiments saw the Greys arriving to their aid. The horsemen as they advanced replied to the spirit-stirring cheer, and like the avalanche, loosened by sudden and mighty effort from Alpine cliff, the whole of the gallant band burst at once upon the foe. The effect was tremendous. The four shapeless columns were instantly broken into fragments and trodden under hoof. As the tempest swept on, small parties of men who had here and there escaped untouched, others who had only been overthrown, and hundreds who had sunk down before the fury of the onset, ran wildly about the field, scarcely knowing where to seek safety; many rushed in upon the British infantry and surrendered.—*United Service Journal*.

† The following particulars connected with the death of Sir Thomas Picton, will be read with melancholy interest:

"The French columns were marching close up to the hedge; the English advanced to meet them, and the muzzles of their muskets almost touched. Picton ordered Sir James Kempt's brigade forward; they bounded over the hedge, and were received with a murderous volley. A frightful struggle then ensued; the English rushed with fury upon their opponents, not stopping to load, but trusting solely to the bayonet to do its deadly work. The French fire had, however, fearfully thinned this first line, and they were fighting at least six to one. Picton, therefore, ordered General Pack's brigade to advance. With the exhilarating cry of "Charge! Hurra! hurra!" he placed himself at their head, and led them forward. They returned his cheer as they followed him with a cool determination, which, in the words of the Spanish chief Alava, 'appalled the enemy.'

"The general kept at the head of the line, stimulating it by his own example. According to the Duke of Wellington's despatch, "this was one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position." To defeat it was therefore of vital importance to the success of the day. Picton knew this, and doubtless felt that his own presence would tend greatly to inspire his men with confidence. He was looking along his gallant line, waving his sword, when a ball struck him on the temple, and he fell back upon his horse—dead. Captain Tyler, seeing him fall, immediately dismounted and ran to his assistance: with the aid of a soldier he lifted him off his horse; but all assistance was vain—his noble spirit had fled.

"The rush of war passed on, the contending hosts had met, and none could be idle at such a moment. His body was therefore placed beneath a tree, by which it could readily be found when the fight was done.

"When the sanguinary struggle had ceased, and the victorious English were called back to the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to pursue the enemy, Captain Tyler went in search of the body of his old general. He found it easily.

After the French cuirassiers had formed again, they returned to the attack with strong reinforcements, and made several desperate attacks upon our infantry, who immediately formed into square, and maintained themselves with the most determined courage and coolness. During these various charges upon the squares, the French cuirassiers displayed great intrepidity, riding up to the ranks, and actually cutting at the bayonets with their swords, and firing at the officers.

The French cavalry, in their attack on the centre of the British line, were not supported by infantry. They came on, we have stated, with the greatest courage, close to the British squares. The artillery, which was somewhat in front, kept up a well-directed fire upon them as they advanced, but, on their nearer approach, the gunners were obliged to retire into the squares, so that the guns were actually in momentary possession of the French cavalry, who could not, however, keep possession of them, or even spike them, if they had the means, in consequence of the heavy fire of musketry to which they were exposed. The French accounts state that several squares were broken, and standards taken, which is decidedly false; on the contrary, the small squares constantly repulsed the cavalry, whom they generally allowed to advance close to their bayonets before they fired. They were then driven back with loss on all points, and the artillerymen immediately resuming their guns in the most prompt manner, opened a destructive fire of grapeshot on them as they retired.

During this memorable action the British infantry was generally drawn up in squares, each regiment forming a separate body, not quite solid, but nearly so, the men being drawn up several files deep. The distance between these masses afforded space enough to draw up the battalions in line when they should be ordered to deploy; and the regiments were posted with reference

Upon examination, the ball was discovered to have entered near the left temple and passed through the brain, which must have produced instant dissolution: after this, meeting with some resistance, it glanced downwards, and was found just under the skin near the articulation of the lower jaw.

"Upon looking at the dress of Sir Thomas Picton in the evening of the 18th, a few hours after his fall, it was observed that his coat was torn on one side. This led to a further examination, and then the truth became apparent:—on the 16th he had been wounded at Quatre-Bras; a musket-ball had struck him and broken two of his ribs, besides producing, it was supposed, some internal injuries; but, expecting that a severe battle would be fought within a short time, he kept this wound secret, lest he should be solicited to absent himself. From the moment he had left this country until he joined the army, he had never entered any bed—he had scarcely given himself time to take any refreshment, so eager was he in the performance of his duty. After the severe wound which he had received, he would have been justified in not engaging in the action of the 18th. His body was not only blackened by his first wound, but even swelled to a considerable degree: and those who had seen it wondered that he should have been able to take part in the duties of the field."—*Memoirs of Sir T. Picton.*

to each other much like the alternate squares of a chess-board. It was therefore impossible for a squadron of cavalry to push between two of these squares, without finding itself at once assailed by a fire in front, or from that which was in the rear, and on both flanks from those betwixt which it had to move forward. The British artillery also, which was admirably served, made dreadful gaps in the squadrons of cavalry, and strewed the ground with men and horses as they advanced to the charge. Still this was far from repressing the courage of the French, who rushed on in defiance of every obstacle, and of the continued slaughter which was made among their ranks; or, if the attack of the cavalry was suspended for a short interval, it was to give room for the operation of their artillery, which, within the distance of a hundred and fifty yards, played upon the British squares with the most destructive effect. Yet, under such a fire, and in full view of these clouds of cavalry, waiting, like birds of prey, to dart upon them where the slaughter should afford the slightest opening, did these gallant troops close their files over the bodies of their dead and dying comrades, and resume, with stern composure, that close array of battle, which, as their discipline and experience taught them, afforded the surest means of defence.

“ After the failure of the first attack, the French had little or no chance of success by renewing it; but the officers, perhaps ashamed of the failure of troops, of whose prowess they were justly proud, endeavoured repeatedly to bring them back to charge the squares; they could, however, only be brought to pass between them and round them; they even penetrated to our second line, where they cut down some stragglers and artillery drivers, who were with the limbers and ammunition waggons. They charged the Belgian squares in the second line with no better success, and, upon some heavy Dutch cavalry showing themselves, they soon retired.

“ If the French supposed the allies to be in retreat, such an attack of cavalry might have led to the most important results; but by their passing and repassing the British squares of infantry, they suffered severely by their fire; so much so, that, before the end of the action, when they might have been of great use, either in the last great attack, or in covering the retreat, they were nearly destroyed. The only advantage which appeared to result from their remaining in the British position was, that it prevented the guns from playing on the columns which afterwards formed near La Belle Alliance, in order to debouch for a new attack. The galling fire of the infantry, however, forcing the French horsemen at length to retire into the hollow ground to cover themselves, the artillery were again at their guns, and being in advance of the squares, saw completely into the valley, and by their well-directed fire, made gaps in them as they re-formed to repeat this useless expenditure of lives. Had

Bonaparte been nearer the front, he surely would have prevented this wanton sacrifice of his best troops. The protracted presence of his cavalry in the British lines evidently prevented him from concentrating the fire of his powerful artillery on that part of the line he intended to break, as had always been his custom; and this was treating his enemy with a contempt, which, from what he had experienced at Quatre-Bras, could not be justified.*

"No situation could be more trying to the steady courage of the British army than the disposition of the troops in square at Waterloo. There is an excited feeling in an attacking body that stimulates the coldest, and blunts the thought of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares, when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers; when the constant order, "Close up!—close up!" marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their ranks; and when later in the day, the remnants of two, and even three regiments were necessary to complete the square which one of them had formed in the morning—to support this with firmness, and 'feed death,' inactive and unmoved, exhibited that calm and desperate bravery which elicited the admiration of Napoleon himself.

"There was a terrible sameness in the battle of the 18th of June, which distinguishes it in the history of great modern battles. Although designated by Napoleon 'a day of false manoeuvres,' in reality there was less display of military tactics at Waterloo than in any general action we have on record. Bonaparte's favourite plan was perseveringly followed. To turn a wing, or separate a position, was his customary system. Both were tried at Hougoumont to turn the right, and at La Haye Sainte to break through the left centre. Hence the French operations were confined to fierce and incessant onsets with masses of cavalry and infantry, generally supported by a numerous and destructive artillery.

"Knowing that to repel these desperate and sustained attacks,

* After one of these charges of cavalry, a hand-to-hand encounter, many of which occurred during the day, took place in sight of the British forces. An hussar and a French cuirassier met in the plain; the former had lost his cap, and was bleeding from a wound on the head; he did not, however, hesitate to attack his steel-clad adversary, and it was soon evident that the efficiency of cavalry depends upon good horsemanship and skill in the use of the sword, and not in heavy defensive armour. The moment that the swords crossed, the military skill and superiority of the hussar were evident; after a few skirmishes, the Frenchman received a violent cut in the face that made him reel in his saddle; it was now impossible for him to escape his active opponent, and a well-directed thrust of the British hussar levelled the cuirassier to the ground, amidst the cheers of his anxious comrades.

a tremendous sacrifice of human life must occur, Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion; when charged on the left of the English line by the gallant Ponsonby; when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate; when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that 'feeble few' showed a perfect front, and held the ground they had originally taken; no wonder his admiration was expressed to Soult—'How beautifully these English fight!—but they must give way!'**

While the battle continued along the whole of the British position, the Belgians were driven from Papellote and La Haye by the French. One of the columns in making this attack, was completely routed by the 12th British dragoons: this, nevertheless, did not prevent them from carrying the two villages. The possession of them however was of little moment.

The farm of La Haye Sainte was bravely defended by 300 men of the King's German Legion. Profiting by the temporary recoil produced by one of their combined attacks upon this part of the British line, La Haye Sainte was surrounded by their troops, and incessant efforts were made by them to carry it. The gallant Germans repulsed every attempt as long as their ammunition lasted. This at length failed them, and there was no possibility of introducing a further supply. The overwhelming force of the French near the spot, and the difficulty of ingress offered by the construction of the building, rendered all aid hopeless. For some time these devoted men resisted their adversaries with their swords and bayonets; but the French, firing upon them from the roof, and bursting open the strong doors and defences, soon succeeded in overpowering the remnant, who, to a man, were put to the sword. This success, unattended with any ultimate benefit to the French, was all they can boast of. The contest was now continued in the same unconnected mode of skirmishing in front of La Haye Sainte, and around Hougomont.

It was about four o'clock when a brief cessation of Napoleon's repeated attacks took place: this may be considered as the crisis of the sanguinary contest of Waterloo. The squares of the allied army had remained unshaken, and as it were like a rock fixed to the ground; they had received repeated charges with a characteristic coolness and intrepidity that have no equal. The Emperor might at this moment have broken off the engagement, but if it was to be continued, it could only be done by destroying the English army before the Prussians, who were expected, should arrive; for at this time, General Domont, who had been detached to watch the progress of the Prussians

* Maxwell.

announced that a corps of 10,000 men was in full march towards Planchenoit.

"The French about this period seemed to concentrate their artillery, particularly on the left of the Genappe chaussée, in front of La Belle Alliance, and commenced a heavy fire (a large proportion of his guns were twelve-pounders) on that part of the British line extending from behind La Haye Sainte towards Hougomont: the infantry sheltered themselves, by lying down behind the ridge of the rising ground, and bore it with the most heroic patience. Several of the English guns had been disabled, and many artillerymen killed and wounded, so that this fire was scarcely returned, but when the new point of attack was no longer doubtful, two brigades were brought from Lord Hill's corps on the right, and were of most essential service."*

"The British army had sustained several severe attacks, which had been all repulsed, and no advantage of any consequence had been gained by the enemy. They had possessed part of the wood and garden of Hougomont, and La Haye Sainte, which latter they were unable to occupy. Not a square had been broken, shaken, or obliged to retire. Our infantry continued to display the same obstinacy, the same cool, calculating confidence in themselves, in their commander, and in their officers, which had covered them with glory in the long and arduous war in the Peninsula. From the limited extent of the field of battle, and the tremendous fire their columns were exposed to, the loss of the enemy could not have been less than 15,000 killed and wounded. Two eagles, and 2000 prisoners, had been taken, and their cavalry nearly destroyed. We still occupied nearly the same position as we did in the morning, but our loss had been severe, perhaps not less than 10,000 killed and wounded. Our ranks were further thinned by the numbers of men who carried off the wounded; part of whom never returned to the field; the number of Belgians and Hanoverian troops, many of whom were young levies, that crowded to the rear, was very considerable, besides the number of our own dismounted dragoons, together with a proportion of our infantry, some of whom, as will always be found in the best armies, were glad to escape from the field. These thronged the road leading to Brussels, in a manner that none but an eyewitness could have believed, so that perhaps the actual force under the Duke of Wellington at this time, half-past six, did not amount to more than 34,000 men.

It may here be proper to consider the situation of the Prussian army, and the assistance they had been able to render up to this time.

"We had at an early hour been in communication with some

* Capt. Pringle.

patrols of Prussian cavalry on our extreme left. A Prussian corps, under Bulow, had marched from Wavre at an early hour to manœuvre on the right and rear of the French army, but Marshal Blücher with a large proportion of the Prussian army were still on the heights above Wavre, when the action had commenced at Waterloo.*

The state of the roads had become deplorable, for the ground was completely saturated with the heavy rains that had fallen during sixteen hours. Rivulets had become torrents: water had filled up every hollow, so as constantly to compel the troops to separate—for in many cases the infantry were obliged to wade for hundreds of yards together, along the forest roads, which might rather be termed water-courses. The columns of the Prussian troops advancing from Wavre, extended over many miles. Great as were the obstacles that retarded the progress of the cavalry and infantry, the immense train of artillery occasioned still greater delay, although they had not more than twelve or fourteen miles to march. The guns frequently sunk axle-deep into the mud; "We shall never get on," was heard on all sides. "We must get on," replied Blücher. "I have given my word to Wellington, and you surely will not suffer me to break it! only exert yourselves a few hours longer, my children, and certain victory is ours." Thus encouraging their gallant efforts, the marshal was to be seen in every part of the tedious line of march. The cannonading at Waterloo had been distinctly heard by Blücher and his anxious army for several hours. Aides-de-camp were continually arriving with reports of the state of the battle; and the Prussians were arduously engaged in toiling through narrow lanes, being well aware that if attacked in such a perilous position, should the English army experience a reverse, their own destruction would be inevitable.

Information had been conveyed to Blücher, about three o'clock, that Grouchy had attacked Marshal Thielmann at Wavre, in great force. Unmoved by this news, the veteran marshal replied, "Tell him to do his best; for the campaign of Belgium must be decided at Mont Saint-Jean, and not at Wavre."

Marshal Blücher, who had joined in person Bulow's corps at half-past four, ordered immediately two brigades of infantry, and some cavalry, to act on the right of the French. He was so far from them, however, that his fire was too distant to produce any effect, and was chiefly intended to give the Duke of Wellington notice of his arrival. It was certainly past five o'clock before the fire of the Prussian artillery was observed from the British position; and it soon seemed to cease altogether. It appears they had advanced, and obtained some success, but were afterwards held in check by the French, who sent a corps under General Lobau to prevent them from ad-

* Captain Pringle.

vancing. About half-past six, the first Prussian corps came into communication with our extreme left near the small hamlet of Ohain.*

The attacks of the French now bore a wild and savage aspect: they resembled the onsets of irregular hordes, and rushed in detached bands upon our lines. The British remained unmoved under these continued assaults; Milhaud's cuirassiers and the cavalry of the guard had again charged about five o'clock: to support these the cuirassiers of Valmy were despatched, as well as a part of the reserve cavalry.† To oppose these movements the British squares were again formed, and successfully repulsed them; thousands of French cavalry were in this manner put *hors de combat* during the day. Not able to force the square of the British infantry, the French cavalry showed greater courage when opposed to the horse of the allies, and many severe contests took place between them in front of, and even among the squares.

During the comparative cessation which now took place, the Duke began to concentrate his forces towards the centre. The assistance of the Prussians, as we have already stated, was expected at mid-day, and this induced Wellington to accept a battle; so that the British army had to bear the whole brunt of the action for a much longer period than was calculated. It was now past six o'clock, and they had been under fire for nearly seven hours. The Duke of Wellington, however, never for a moment showed any anxiety as to the result of the battle. He knew his troops, and all that they would do under him and for him, and felt confident he should be able to maintain his position. The British army was not aware of the concerted approach of the Prussians, nor did their commander think it necessary to animate their exertions by telling them they were coming. Napoleon, on the contrary, in order to revive the already drooping spirits of his men, even of his favourite guards, who had not as yet been engaged, sent Labédoyère to inform them, as they were about to advance on our squares, that the corps of Grouchy had joined the right flank of the French army. This intelligence deceived even Marshal Ney, and had a bad effect in the French ranks when the men learned that it was false.

On the part of Wellington, besides a corps of 15,000 men, stationed at Halle, and which had not been engaged, a considerable portion of Lord Hill's corps was still available as a reserve. On the side of Bonaparte, the Imperial Guard

* United Service Journal.

† Bonaparte allows that this charge was made too soon; but that it was necessary to support it, and that the cuirassiers of Kellerman, 3000 in number, were consequently ordered forward to maintain the position. And he allows that the grenadiers-à-cheval, and dragoons of the guard, which were in reserve, advanced without orders—that he sent to recal them, but, as they were already engaged, any retrograde movement would then have been dangerous.

had been kept in reserve, and had been for some time formed on the heights which extend from La Belle Alliance towards Hougomont, that covered their left flank. With these devoted and brave men Bonaparte resolved to make a last desperate effort to break the often tried centre of the British line, and carry their position before the attack of the Prussians could take effect.

"About seven o'clock they advanced in two columns,* leaving four battalions in reserve. They were commanded by Ney, who led them on. At the same time, they pushed forward some light troops in the direction of La Haye Sainte. The advance of these columns of the Imperial Guard was supported by a heavy fire of artillery. The British infantry, which had been posted on the reverse of the hill, to be sheltered from the guns, was instantly moved forward by Lord Wellington. General Maitland's brigade of guards, and General Adam's brigade (52d and 71st regiments, and 95th rifles), met this formidable attack. They were flanked by two brigades of artillery, who kept up a destructive discharge on the advancing columns. The troops waited for the approach of the French with their characteristic coolness, until they were within a short distance of their line, when they opened a well-directed fire upon them. This line was formed four deep. Each man fired independently, retiring a few paces to load, and then advanced again, so that they never ceased for a moment. The French, headed by their gallant leader, still came on, notwithstanding the severe loss they sustained by this destructive musketry. They were now within about fifty yards of the British line, when they attempted to deploy, in order to return the fire. The line appeared to be closing round them. They could not deploy under such a storm; and, from the moment they ceased to advance, their chance of success was over. They now formed a confused mass, and at last giving way, retired in the utmost confusion. They were immediately pursued by the light troops of General Adam's brigade. This decided the battle. Napoleon had now exhausted his means of attack. He had still, however, the four battalions of the Old Guard in reserve. Lord Wellington immediately ordered his whole line to advance, and attack their position. The French were already attempting a retreat. The Old Guard formed a square to cover the dismayed and flying columns, flanked by a few guns, and supported by some light cavalry (red lancers).

It was fully expected that Napoleon would charge at the head of his gallant guards; but though he certainly exposed his person to great danger towards the end of the battle, he did not put himself at their head as he certainly would have done in the days of Lodi and Arcola. A distinguished writer says—

"It was about seven o'clock at night when Napoleon determined to devote this proved and faithful reserve as his last

* See Lord Wellington's despatches.

stake, to the chance of one of those desperate games in which he had been so frequently successful. For this purpose he left the more distant point of observation, which he had for some time occupied upon the heights in the rear of the line, and descending from the hill, placed himself in the midst of the highway, fronting Mont St. Jean, and within about a quarter of a mile of the English line. The banks which rise high on each side, protected him from such balls as did not come in a direct line. Here he caused his guards to defile before him, and acquainting them that the English cavalry and infantry were entirely destroyed, and that to carry their position, they had only to sustain with bravery a heavy fire of their artillery, he concluded by pointing to the causeway, and exclaiming, 'There, there is the road to Brussels!' The prodigious shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, with which the guards answered this appeal, led the British troops, and the Duke of Wellington himself, to expect an instant renewal of the attack, with Napoleon as their leader.

"In this, the last charge they were ever to make, the guards of Napoleon advanced into the plain with demonstrations of enthusiasm; but it was soon evident that their courage was damped. They advanced against every obstacle till they attained the ridge, where the British soldiers lay on the ground to avoid the destructive fire of artillery, by which the assault was covered: but this was their final effort. 'Up guards and at them!' cried the Duke of Wellington, who was then with a brigade of the household infantry. In an instant they sprang up, and, assuming the offensive, rushed upon the attacking columns with the bayonet. This body of the guards had been previously disposed in line, instead of the squares which they had hitherto formed. But the line was of unusual depth, consisting of four ranks instead of two. 'You have stood cavalry in this order,' said the general, 'and can therefore find no difficulty in charging infantry.' The effect of their three fatal cheers, and of the rapid advance which followed, was decisive. The guards of Napoleon were within twenty yards of the British, but not one staid to cross bayonets. The consciousness that no support or reserve remained to them, added confusion to their retreat. The tirailleurs of the Imperial Guard gallantly attempted to cover the retreat. They were charged by the British cavalry, and literally cut to pieces."*

"The first Prussian corps, commanded by Bulow, had now joined our extreme left. They had obtained possession of the village of La Haye, driving out the French light troops, who occupied it. Bulow had some time previously made an unsuccessful attack upon the village of Planchenoit, in the rear of the French right wing, and being joined by the second

* Paul's Letters.

corps (Pirch's), was again advancing to attack it.* In the mean time, the square of the Old Guard maintained itself, the guns on its flank firing upon the British light cavalry, which now advanced, and threatened to turn the flank. The light troops were close on their front, and the whole line advancing under Wellington, when this body, the *élite*, and now the only hope of the French to cover their retreat, and save their army, gave way, and mixed in the general confusion and rout, abandoning their cannon and all their *matériel*."†

The closing scene of Waterloo is described with great animation in the following passage:

"The irremediable disorder consequent on this decisive repulse, and the confusion in the French rear, where Bulow had fiercely attacked them, did not escape the eagle glance of Wellington. "The hour is come!" he is said to have exclaimed; and closing his telescope, commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed: forming four deep, on came the British;—wounds, and fatigue, and hunger, were all forgotten! With their customary steadiness they crossed the ridge: when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer that seemed to rend the heavens pealed from their proud array, and with levelled bayonets they pressed on to meet the enemy.

"But, panic-stricken and disorganized, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear; the British bayonet was flashing in their front, and, unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with their *matériel*, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten, and Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck—a terror-stricken multitude. His own words best describe it—'It was a total rout!'

"But although the French army had ceased to exist, and now exhibited rather the flight of a scattered horde of barbarians, than the retreat of a disciplined body—never had it, in the proudest days of its glory, shown greater devotion to its leader, or displayed more desperate and unyielding bravery, than during this long and sanguinary battle."‡

It was now nearly dark: Bulow, upon being joined by Pirch's corps, again attacked Planchenoit, which he turned; and then the French abandoned it. He immediately advanced towards the Genappe chaussée, and closed round the right of the French, driving the enemy before him, and augmenting their confusion.

* General Gneisenau says it was past seven o'clock before Pirch's corps came up; and this fact is admitted in Blücher's official despatches.

† Captain Pringle.

‡ Maxwell.

His troops came into the high road, near Maison du Roi, and Blucher and Wellington having met about the same time near La Belle Alliance, it was resolved to pursue the French, and give them no time to rally. The loss of the Prussians on the 18th did not exceed 800 men. The brunt of the action was chiefly sustained by the British troops, and King's German Legion.

The British army rested on the night of the 18th on the field of battle, but this was not before a hot pursuit of the French had been accomplished; and then the Duke of Wellington halted, not only on account of the fatigue of his troops, which had been engaged eight hours, but because he found himself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who promised to continue the pursuit during the night.

The Prussians well performed this part of their duty; and the Duke of Wellington, with the liberality of an honourable mind, in his despatches, made the fullest acknowledgment of their services.

"I should not," said he, "do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them. The operation of General Bulow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one; and even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them, if they should unfortunately have succeeded." The Prussian pursuit was most active and vigorous. The Marshal had ordered that the last man and the last horse should join in it, and nothing could be more complete than the discomfiture of the French. "The causeway," says the Prussian narrative, "was covered with an innumerable quantity of cannon, caissons, carriage, baggage, arms, and wrecks of every kind. Those of the enemy who had attempted to repose for a time, and had not expected to be so quickly pursued, were driven from their bivouacs. The whole march was a continued chase. About 40,000 men, the remains of their whole army, saved themselves by retreating through Charleroi, partly without arms, and carrying with them only 27 pieces of their numerous artillery."

The Prussians, who had made only a short march during the day, pursued the enemy with such vigour that they were unable to rally a single battalion. They once attempted to make a show of resistance at Genappe, where, perhaps, if they had had a chief to direct them, they might have maintained themselves until daylight, the situation of the village being strong; this might have given them the means of having, at least, the semblance of an army. The second Prussian corps was afterwards detached to intercept Grouchy, who was not aware of the result of the battle until twelve o'clock next day. He had succeeded in obtaining

some advantage over General Thielmann, and got possession of Wavre. He immediately retreated towards Namur, where his rear-guard maintained themselves against all the efforts of the Prussians, who suffered severely in their attempt to take the place. This served to cover his retreat, which he executed with great ability, keeping in a parallel line to Blücher, and having rallied many of the fugitives, he brought his army in the end, without loss, to Paris.

Grouchy had been considered as lost, and his army made prisoners: this belief was a great cause of the resignation of Bonaparte; otherwise, with this army he could have mustered 70,000 or 80,000 men; with the fortifications and resources of Paris, which were sufficiently secure against a *coup-de-main*, it was not likely he would have so easily submitted without another struggle, after the brilliant defensive campaign he had made the preceding year. The great central depôts of Paris and Lyons gave him great advantages, as is well known. There are always some turns of fortune in the events of war; he might, at least, have made terms. The southern and eastern parts of France were certainly in his favour; he and his army had been well received there only a few weeks before. That army, and a great part of the population, would still have been glad to make sacrifices to endeavour to re-establish the sullied lustre of his arms. At least, the honour of falling sword in hand was in his power.

The time of the arrival and co-operation of the Prussians has been variously stated. The account given by us is, perhaps, as near the truth as can be. The French writers make it at an early hour, to account more satisfactorily for their defeat. The Prussians also make it somewhat earlier than was actually the case, in order to participate more largely in the honours of the day. Their powerful assistance has been acknowledged to its full extent. We may say with Sir W. Scott, "the British won the battle, the Prussians achieved and rendered valuable the victory." They completed the destruction of the French army after it had failed in all its attacks against the British, which had continued upwards of seven hours; this was, however, after the cavalry had been destroyed, their Imperial Guards driven back, and eagles and prisoners taken, and when their means of further attack might be considered as exhausted.

The British army had suffered severely, and was not in a condition to take great advantage of the retreat of the French. But its safety was never for a moment compromised, and no calculation could justify the idea that the British would have been so easily defeated and driven from their position; but the French would have been so much crippled, as to be unable, in case of reverse to the British army, to take any advantage. Even in such a case, the arrival of the Prussian army must have obliged them to retire. Muffling has observed, that the bold movement of Blücher on the 18th has not been sufficiently

appreciated. It was daring and masterly: even when he was told that Grouchy was in his rear with a large force, his plans were not shaken, though this might have somewhat retarded his movements. The veteran knew that it was on the field of Waterloo that the fate of the day was to be decided, and even if Grouchy had attacked Bulow's corps, there was nothing to prevent the 1st and 2d Prussian corps from joining the British army by Ohain. There cannot be a moment's doubt of the anxiety and exertions of the Prussians to assist on the 18th. This short campaign of "Hours" was a joint operation. The honours must be shared. On the 16th, the Prussians fought at Ligny under the promise of our co-operation, which could not, however, be given to the extent it was wished or hoped. On the 18th, Lord Wellington fought at Waterloo, on the promise of the early assistance of the Prussians, which, though unavoidably delayed, was at last given with an effect, which perhaps had never before been witnessed. The finest army France ever saw, commanded by the greatest and ablest of her chiefs, ceased to exist, and in a moment the destiny of Europe was changed.*

Such was the battle of Waterloo: the most warmly contested, and certainly most decisive, in modern military history. It shed the brightest lustre on the British arms; in his own modest narrative, Wellington's name rarely appeared; but all the private accounts of this engagement were filled with anecdotes of his extraordinary coolness in the most trying circumstances, and of the intrepidity with which he exposed himself where the danger was greatest.

* See "Remarks on the Campaign of 1815," by Captain John W. Pringle, of the artillery; a production not less distinguished by its perspicuity than by its rare impartiality.

FRENCH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF
WATERLOO.

On the morning of the 16th, the army occupied the following position :

The left wing, commanded by the Marshal Duke of Elchingen, and consisting of the 1st and 2d corps of infantry, and the 2d of cavalry, occupied the positions of Frasnes.

The right wing, commanded by Marshal Grouchy, and composed of the 3d and 4th corps of infantry, and the 3d corps of cavalry, occupied the heights in rear of Fleurus.

The Emperor's head-quarters were at Charleroi, where were the Imperial Guard and the 6th corps.

The left wing had orders to march upon Quatre-Bras, and the right upon Sombref. The Emperor advanced to Fleurus with his reserve.

The columns of Marshal Grouchy being in march, perceived, after having passed Fleurus, the enemy's army, commanded by Field-Marshal Blücher, occupying with its left the heights of the mill of Bussy, the village of Sombref, and extending its cavalry a great way forward on the road to Namur; its right was at St. Amand, and occupied that large village in great force, having before it a ravine which formed its position.

The Emperor reconnoitred the strength and the position of the enemy, and resolved to attack immediately. It became necessary to change front, the right in advance, and pivoting upon Fleurus.

General Vandamme marched upon St. Amand, General Girard upon Ligny, and Marshal Grouchy upon Sombref. The 4th division of the 2d corps, commanded by General Girard, marched in reserve behind the corps of General Vandamme. The guard was drawn up on the heights of Fleurus, as well as the cuirassiers of General Milhaud.

At three in the afternoon, these dispositions were finished. The division of General Lefol, forming part of the corps of General Vandamme, was first engaged, and made itself master of St. Amand, whence it drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet. It kept its ground during the whole of the engagement, at the burial-ground and steeple of St. Amand: but that village, which is very extensive, was the theatre of various combats during the evening; the whole corps of General Vandamme was there engaged, and the enemy there fought in considerable force.

General Girard, placed as a reserve to the corps of General Vandamme, turned the village by its right, and fought there with his accustomed valour. The respective forces were supported on both sides by about 50 pieces of cannon each.

On the right, General Girard came into action with the 4th corps, at the village of Ligny, which was taken and retaken several times.

Marshal Grouchy, on the extreme right, and General Pajol fought at the village of Sombref. The enemy showed from 80 to 90,000 men, and a great number of cannon.

At seven o'clock we were masters of all the villages situate on the bank of the ravine, which covered the enemy's position; but he still occupied, with all his masses, the heights of the mill of Bussy.

The Emperor returned with his guard to the village of Ligny; General Girard directed General Pecheux to debouch with what remained of the reserve, almost all the troops having been engaged in that village.

Eight battalions of the guard debouched with fixed bayonets, and behind them, four squadrons of the guards, the cuirassiers of General Deltort, those of General Milhaud, and the grenadiers of the horse-guards. The old guard attacked with the bayonet the enemy's columns, which were on the heights of Bussy, and in an instant covered the field of battle with dead. The squadron of the guard attacked and broke a square, and the cuirassiers repulsed the enemy in all directions. At half-past nine o'clock we had forty pieces of cannon, several carriages, colours, and prisoners, and the enemy sought safety in a precipitate retreat. At ten o'clock the battle was finished, and we found ourselves masters of the field.

General Lutzwow, a partisan, was taken prisoner. The prisoners assure us that Field-Marshal Blucher was wounded. The flower of the Prussian army was destroyed in this battle: its loss could not be less than 15,000 men. Ours was 3000 killed and wounded.

On the left, Marshal Ney had marched on Quatre-Bras with a division, which cut in pieces an English division which was stationed there; but being attacked by the Prince of Orange with 25,000 men, partly English, partly Hanoverians in the pay of England, he retired upon his position at Frasnès. There a multiplicity of combats took place: the enemy obstinately endeavoured to force it, but in vain. The Duke of Elchingen waited for the first corps, which did not arrive till night; he confined himself to maintaining his position. In a square attacked by the 8th regiment of cuirassiers, the colours of the 69th regiment of English infantry fell into our hands. The Duke of Brunswick was killed. The Prince of Orange has been wounded. We are assured that the enemy had many personages and generals of note killed or wounded; we estimate the loss of the English at from 4000 to 5000. Ours on this side was very considerable; it amounts to 4200 killed or wounded. The combat ended with the approach of night. Lord Wellington then evacuated Quatre-Bras, and proceeded to Genappes.

In the morning of the 17th the Emperor repaired to Quatre-Bras, whence he marched to attack the English army: he drove it to the entrance of the forest of Soignes with the left wing and the reserve. The right wing advanced by Sombref, in pursuit of Field-Marshal Blucher, who was going towards Wavre, where he appeared to wish to take a position.*

At ten o'clock in the evening, the English army occupied Mont St. Jean with its centre, and was in position before the forest of Soignes: it would have required three hours to attack it; we were therefore obliged to postpone it till the next day.

The head-quarters of the Emperor were established at the farm of Oaillon, near Planchenoit. The rain fell in torrents. Thus, on the 16th, the left wing, the right, and the reserve, were equally engaged, at a distance of about two leagues.

At nine in the morning, the rain having somewhat abated, the 1st corps put itself in motion, and placed itself with the left on the road to Brussels, and opposite the village of Mont St. Jean, which appeared the centre of the enemy's position. The 2d corps leaned its right upon the road to Brussels, and its left upon a small wood, within cannon-shot of the English army. The cuirassiers were in reserve behind, and the guard in reserve upon the heights. The 6th corps, with the cavalry of General d'Aumont, under the orders of Count Lobau, was destined to proceed in rear of our right to oppose a Prussian corps, which appeared to have escaped Marshal Grouchy, and to intend to fall upon our right flank, an intention which had been made known to us by our reports, and by the letter of a Prussian general, enclosing an order of battle, and which was taken by our light troops.

The troops were full of ardour. We estimated the force of the English army at 80,000 men. We supposed that the Prussian corps, which might be in line towards the right, might be 15,000 men. The enemy's force, then, was upwards of 90,000 men, ours less numerous.

At noon, all the preparations being terminated, Prince Jerome, commanding a division of the second corps, and destined to form the extreme left of it, advanced upon the wood of which the enemy occupied a part. The cannonade began. The enemy supported, with 30 pieces of cannon, the troops he had sent to keep the wood. We made also on our side dispositions of artillery. At one o'clock Prince Jerome was master of all the wood, and the whole English army fell back behind a curtain. Count d'Erlon then attacked the village of Mont St. Jean, and supported his attack with 80 pieces of cannon, which must have occasioned great loss to the English army. All the efforts were made towards the ridge. A brigade of the 1st division of Count d'Erlon took the village of Mont St. Jean; a second brigade was charged by a corps of English cavalry, which occasioned it much loss. At the same moment a division of English cavalry charged the battery of Count d'Erlon by its right, and disorganized several pieces; but the cuirassiers of General Milhaud charged that division, three regiments of which were broken and cut up.

It was three in the afternoon. The Emperor made the guard advance to place it in the plain upon the ground which the 1st corps had occupied at the outset of the battle; this corps being already in advance. The Prussian division, whose movement had been foreseen, then engaged with the light troops of Count Lobau, spreading its fire upon our whole right flank. It was expedient, before undertaking any thing elsewhere, to wait for the event of this attack. Hence, all the means in reserve were ready to succour Count Lobau, and overwhelm the Prussian corps when it should be advanced.

This done, the Emperor had the design of leading an attack upon the village of Mont St. Jean, from which we expected decisive success; but, by a movement of impatience so frequent in our military annals, and which has often been so fatal to us, the cavalry of reserve, having perceived a retrograde movement made by the English to shelter themselves from our batteries, from which they suffered so

much, crowned the heights of Mont St. Jean, and charged the infantry. This movement, which, made in time, and supported by the reserves, must have decided the day, made in an isolated manner, and before affairs on the right were terminated, became fatal.

Having no means of countermanding it, the enemy showing many masses of cavalry and infantry, and our two divisions of cuirassiers being engaged, all our cavalry ran at the same moment to support their comrades. There, for three hours, numerous charges were made, which enabled us to penetrate several squares, and to take six standards of the light infantry; an advantage out of proportion with the loss which our cavalry experienced by the grapeshot and musket-firing. It was impossible to dispose of our reserves of infantry until we had repulsed the flank attack of the Prussian corps. This attack always prolonged itself perpendicularly upon our right flank. The Emperor sent thither General Duhesme with the young guard, and several batteries of reserve. The enemy was kept in check, repulsed, and fell back—he had exhausted his forces, and we had nothing to fear. It was this moment that was indicated for an attack upon the centre of the enemy. As the cuirassiers suffered from the grapeshot, we sent four battalions of the middle guard to protect the cuirassiers, keep the position, and, if possible, disengage and draw back into the plain a part of our cavalry.

Two other battalions were sent to keep themselves *en potence* upon the extreme left of the division, which had manœuvred upon our flanks, in order not to have any uneasiness on that side—the rest was disposed in reserve, part to occupy the *potence* in rear of Mont St. Jean, part upon the ridge in rear of the field of battle, which formed our position of retreat.

In this state of affairs, the battle was gained; we occupied all the positions, which the enemy occupied at the outset of the battle: our cavalry having been too soon and ill employed, we could no longer hope for decisive success; but Marshal Grouchy, having learned the movement of the Prussian corps, marched upon the rear of that corps, which ensured us a signal success for next day. After eight hours' fire and charges of infantry and cavalry, all the army saw with joy the battle gained, and the field of battle in our power.

At half-past eight o'clock, the four battalions of the middle guard, who had been sent to the ridge on the other side of Mont St. Jean, in order to support the cuirassiers, being greatly annoyed by the grapeshot, endeavoured to carry the batteries with the bayonet. At the end of the day, a charge directed against their flank, by several English squadrons, put them in disorder. The fugitives recrossed the ravine. Several regiments near at hand, seeing some troops belonging to the guard in confusion, believed it was the old guard, and in consequence were thrown into disorder. Cries of *All is lost! The guard is driven back!* were heard on every side. The soldiers pretend even that on many points ill-disposed persons cried out, *Sauve qui peut*. However this may be, a complete panic at once spread itself throughout the whole field of battle, and they threw themselves in the greatest disorder on the line of communication; soldiers, cannoneers, caissons, all pressed to this point; the old guard, which was in reserve, was infected, and was itself hurried along.

In an instant, the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers, of all arms, were mixed *pêle mêle*, and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps. The enemy, who perceived this astonishing confusion, immediately attacked with their cavalry, and increased the disorder; and such was the confusion, owing to night coming on, that it was impossible to rally the troops, and point out to them their error. Thus a battle terminated, a day of false manœuvres rectified, the greatest success ensured for the next day, all was lost by a moment of panic terror. Even the squadrons of *service* drawn up by the side of the Emperor were overthrown and disorganized by these tumultuous waves, and there was then nothing else to be done but to follow the torrent. The parks of reserve, the baggage which had not repassed the Sambre, in short every thing that was on the field of battle, remained in the power of the enemy. It was impossible to wait for the troops on our right; every one knows what the bravest army in the world is when thus mixed and thrown into confusion, and when its organization no longer exists.

The Emperor crossed the Sambre at Charleroi, at five o'clock in the morning of the 10th. Philippeville and Avesnes have been given as the points of reunion. Prince Jerome, General Morand, and other generals, have there already rallied a part of the army. Marshal Grouchy, with the corps on the right, is moving on the Lower Sambre.

The loss of the enemy must have been very great, if we may judge from the number of standards we have taken from them, and from the retrograde movements which he made;—ours cannot be calculated till after the troops have been collected. Before the disorder broke out, we had already experienced a very considerable loss, particularly in our cavalry, so fatally, though so bravely engaged. Notwithstanding these losses, this brave cavalry constantly kept the position it had taken from the English, and only abandoned it when the tumult and disorder of the field of battle forced it. In the midst of the night, and the obstacles which encumbered their route, it could preserve its own organization.

The artillery has, as usual, covered itself with glory. The carriages belonging to the head-quarters remained in their ordinary position: no retrograde movement being judged necessary. In the course of the night they fell into the enemy's hands.

Such has been the issue of the battle of Mont St. Jean, glorious for the French armies, and yet so fatal.

MARSHAL NEY'S ACCOUNT.

THE PRINCE OF MOSKWA (MARSHAL NEY) *to his Excellency the DUKE OF OTRANTO.*

M. LE DUC,—The most false and defamatory reports have been spreading for some days over the public mind, upon the conduct which I have pursued during this short and unfortunate campaign. The journals have reported those odious calumnies, and appear to lend them credit. After having fought for twenty-five years for my country, after having shed my blood for its glory and independence, an attempt is made to accuse me of treason; an attempt is made to mark me out to the people, and the army itself, as the author of the disaster it has just experienced.

Forced to break silence, while it is always painful to speak of oneself, and above all, to answer calumnies, I address myself to you, sir, as the President of the Provisional Government, for the purpose of laying before you a faithful statement of the events I have witnessed. On the 11th of June, I received an order from the minister of war to repair to the imperial presence. I had no command, and no information upon the composition and strength of the army. Neither the Emperor nor his minister had given me any previous hint, from which I could anticipate that I should be employed in the present campaign; I was consequently taken by surprise, without horse, without accoutrements, and without money, and I was obliged to borrow the necessary expenses of my journey. Having arrived on the 12th, at Laon, on the 13th at Avesnes, and on the 14th at Beaumont, I purchased, in this last city, two horses from the Duke of Treviso, with which I repaired, on the 15th, to Charleroi, accompanied by my first aide-de-camp, the only officer who attended me. I arrived at the moment when the enemy, attacked by our troops, was retreating upon Fleurus and Gosselies.

The Emperor ordered me immediately to put myself at the head of the 1st and 2d corps of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Generals d'Erlon and Reille, of the divisions of light cavalry of Lieutenant-General Pine, of the division of light cavalry of the guards, under the command of Lieutenant-Generals Lefebvre, Desnouettes, and Colbert, and of two divisions of cavalry of the Count Valmy, forming, in all, eight divisions of infantry, and four of cavalry. With these troops, a part of which only I had as yet under my immediate command, I pursued the enemy, and forced him to evacuate Gosselies, Frasnes, Millet, Hepegnies. There they took up a position for the night, with the exception of the 1st corps, which was still at Marchiennes, and which did not join me till the following day.

On the 16th I received orders to attack the English in their position at Quatre-Bras. We advanced towards the enemy with an enthusiasm difficult to be described. Nothing resisted our impetuosity. The battle became general, and victory was no longer doubtful, when, at the moment that I intended to order up the first corps of infantry, which had been left by me in reserve at Frasnes, I learned that the Emperor had disposed of it without advertising me of the circumstance, as well as of the division of Girard of the second corps, on purpose to direct them upon St. Amand, and to strengthen his left wing, which was vigorously engaged with the Prussians. The shock which this intelligence gave me, confounded me. Having no longer under me more than three divisions, instead of the eight upon which I calculated, I was obliged to renounce the hopes of victory; and, in spite of all my efforts, in spite of the intrepidity and devotion of my troops, my utmost efforts after that could only maintain me in my position till the close of the day. About nine o'clock, the first corps was sent me by the Emperor, to whom it had been of no service. Thus twenty-five or thirty thousand men were, I may say, paralyzed, and were idly paraded during the whole of the battle from the right to the left, and the left to the right, without firing a shot.

It is impossible for me, sir, not to arrest your attention for a moment upon these details, in order to bring before your view all the consequences of this false movement, and, in general, of the bad arrange-

ments during the whole of the day. By what fatality, for example, did the Emperor, instead of leading all his forces against Lord Wellington, who would have been attacked unawares, and could not have resisted, consider this attack as secondary? How did the Emperor, after the passage of the Sambre, conceive it possible to fight two battles on the same day? It was to oppose forces double ours, and to do what military men who were witnesses of it can scarcely yet comprehend. Instead of this, had he left a corps of observation to watch the Prussians, and marched with his most powerful masses to support me, the English army had undoubtedly been destroyed between Quatre-Bras, and Genappe; and this position, which separated the two allied armies, being once in our power, would have opened for the Emperor an opportunity of advancing to the right of the Prussians, and of crushing them in their turn. The general opinion in France, and especially in the army, was, that the Emperor would have bent his whole efforts to annihilate first the English army; and circumstances were favourable for the accomplishment of such a project: but fate ordered otherwise.

On the 17th, the army marched in the direction of Mont Saint-Jean.

On the 18th, the battle began at one o'clock, and though the bulletin, which details it, makes no mention of me, it is not necessary for me to mention that I was engaged in it. Lieutenant-General Count Drouot has already spoken of that battle, in the House of Peers. His narration is accurate, with the exception of some important facts which he has passed over in silence, or of which he was ignorant, and which it is now my duty to declare. About seven o'clock in the evening, after the most frightful carnage which I have ever witnessed, General Labédoyère came to me with a message from the Emperor, that Marshal Grouchy had arrived on our right, and attacked the left of the English and Prussians united. This general officer, in riding along the lines, spread this intelligence among the soldiers, whose courage and devotion remained unshaken, and who gave new proofs of them at that moment, in spite of the fatigue which they experienced. Immediately after, what was my astonishment, I should rather say indignation, when I learned that so far from Marshal Grouchy having arrived to support us, as the whole army had been assured, between 40 and 50,000 Prussians attacked our extreme right, and forced it to retire!

Whether the Emperor was deceived with regard to the time when the marshal could support him, or whether the march of the marshal was retarded by the efforts of the enemy longer than was calculated upon, the fact is, that at the moment when his arrival was announced to us, he was only at Wavre upon the Dyle, which to us was the same as if he had been 800 leagues from the field of battle.

A short time afterwards, I saw four regiments of the middle guard, conducted by the Emperor, arriving. With these troops he wished to renew the attack, and to penetrate the centre of the enemy. He ordered me to lead them on; generals, officers, and soldiers, all displayed the greatest intrepidity; but this body of troops was too weak to resist, for a long time, the forces opposed to it by the enemy, and it was soon necessary to renounce the hope which this attack had, for a few moments, inspired. General Friant had been struck with a

ball by my side, and I myself had my horse killed, and fell under it. The brave men who will return from this terrible battle, will, I hope, do me the justice to say, that they saw me on foot with sword in hand during the whole of the evening, and that I only quitted the scene of carnage among the last, and at the moment when retreat could no longer be prevented. At the same time, the Prussians continued their offensive movements, and our right sensibly retired, the English advancing in their turn. There remained to us still four squares of the old guard to protect the retreat. These brave grenadiers, the choice of the army, forced successively to retire, yielded ground foot by foot, till, overwhelmed by numbers, they were almost entirely annihilated. From that moment a retrograde movement was declared, and the army formed nothing but a confused mass. There was not, however, a total rout, nor the cry of *saute qui peut*, as has been calumniously stated in the bulletin. As for myself, constantly in the rear guard, which I followed on foot, having all my horses killed, worn out with fatigue, covered with contusions, and having no longer strength to march, I owe my life to a corporal who supported me on the road, and did not abandon me during the retreat. At eleven at night I found Lieutenant-General Lefebvre Desnouettes, and one of his officers, Major Schmidt, had the generosity to give me the only horse that remained to him. In this manner I arrived at Marchienne-aupont at four o'clock in the morning, alone, without any officers of my staff, ignorant of what had become of the Emperor, who, before the end of the battle, had entirely disappeared, and who, I was allowed to believe, might be either killed or taken prisoner. General Pamphile Lacroix, chief of the staff of the second corps, whom I found in this city, having told me that the Emperor was at Charleroi, I was led to suppose that his Majesty was going to put himself at the head of Marshal Grouchy's corps, to cover the Sambre, and to facilitate to the troops the means of rallying towards Avesnes, and, with this persuasion, I went to Beaumont: but parties of cavalry following on the rear, and having already intercepted the roads of Maubeuge and Philippeville, I became sensible of the total impossibility of arresting a single soldier to oppose the progress of the victorious enemy. I continued my march upon Avesnes, where I could obtain no intelligence of what had become of the Emperor.

In this state of matters, having no knowledge of his Majesty, nor of the major-general, confusion increasing every moment, and, with the exception of some fragments of the guard and of the line, every one following his own inclination, I determined immediately to go to Paris by St. Quentin, to disclose, as quickly as possible, the true state of affairs to the Minister of War, that he might send to the army some fresh troops, and take the measures which circumstances rendered necessary. At my arrival at Bourget, three leagues from Paris, I learned that the Emperor had passed there at nine o'clock in the morning.

Such, M. le Duc, is a history of the calamitous campaign.

Now, I ask those who have survived this fine and numerous army, how I can be accused of the disasters of which it has been the victim, and of which your military annals furnish no example. I have, it is said, betrayed my country—I, who to serve it, have shown a zéâl

which I perhaps have carried to an extravagant height: but this calumny is supported by no fact, by no circumstance. But how can these odious reports, which spread with frightful rapidity, be arrested? If, in the researches which I could make on this subject, I did not fear almost as much to discover as to be ignorant of the truth, I would say, that all has a tendency to convince that I have been unworthily deceived, and that it is attempted to cover with the pretence of treason the faults and extravagances of this campaign—faults which have not yet been avowed in the bulletins which have appeared, and against which I in vain raised the voice of truth, which I will yet cause to resound in the House of Peers. I expect, from the candour of your excellency, and from your indulgence to me, that you will cause this letter to be inserted in the journals, and give it the greatest possible publicity.

I renew to your Excellency, &c.,—Marshal Prince of Moskwa.
Paris, June 26, 1815.

MARSHAL DE GROUCHY'S ACCOUNT.

Report addressed to the Emperor by Marshal de Grouchy.

Dinant, June 20, 1815.

It was not till after seven in the evening of the 18th of June that I received the letter of the Duke of Dalmatia, which directed me to march on St. Lambert, and to attack General Bulow. I fell in with the enemy as I was marching on Wavre. He was immediately driven into Wavre, and General Vandamme's corps attacked that town, and was warmly engaged. The portion of Wavre, on the right of the Dyle, was carried, but much difficulty was experienced in debouching on the other side. General Girard was wounded by a ball in the breast while endeavouring to carry the mill of Bielge, in order to pass the river, but in which he did not succeed, and Lieutenant-General Aix had been killed in the attack on the town. In this state of things, being impatient to co-operate with your majesty's army on that important day, I detached several corps to force the passage of the Dyle and march against Bulow. The corps of Vandamme, in the mean time, maintained the attack on Wavre and on the mill, whence the enemy showed an intention to debouch, but which I did not conceive he was capable of effecting. I arrived at Limale, passed the river, and the heights were carried by the division of Vichery and the cavalry. Night did not permit us to advance farther, and I no longer heard the cannon on the side where your majesty was engaged.

I halted in this situation until daylight. Wavre and Bielge were occupied by the Prussians, who, at three in the morning of the 18th, attacked in their turn, wishing to take advantage of the difficult position in which I was, and expecting to drive me into the defile, and take the artillery which had debouched, and make me repass the Dyle. Their efforts were fruitless. The Prussians were repulsed, and the village of Bielge taken. The brave General Penny was killed.

General Vandamme then passed one of his divisions by Bielge, and carried with ease the heights of Wavre; and along the whole of my line the success was complete. I was in front of Rozierne, preparing

to march on Brussels, when I received the sad intelligence of the loss of the battle of Waterloo. The officer who brought it informed me that your majesty was retreating on the Sambre, without being able to indicate any particular point on which I should direct my march. I ceased to pursue, and began my retrograde movement. The retreating enemy did not think of following me. Learning that the enemy had already passed the Sambre, and was on my flank, and not being sufficiently strong to make a diversion in favour of your majesty, without compromising that which I commanded, I marched on Namur. At this moment, the rear of the columns were attacked. That of the left made a retrograde movement sooner than was expected, which endangered, for a moment, the retreat of the left; but good dispositions soon repaired every thing, and two pieces which had been taken were recovered by the brave 20th dragoons, who, besides, took an howitzer from the enemy. We entered Namur without loss. The long defile which extends from this place to Dinant, in which only a single column can march, and the embarrassment arising from the numerous transports of wounded, rendered it necessary to hold for a considerable time the town, in which I had not the means of blowing up the bridge. I intrusted the defence of Namur to General Vandamme, who, with his usual intrepidity, maintained himself there till eight in the evening; so that nothing was left behind, and I occupied Dinant.—The enemy has lost some thousands of men in the attack on Namur, where the contest was very obstinate. The troops have performed their duty in a manner worthy of praise.

(Signed)

DE GROUCHY.

BRITISH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DESPATCHES.

Waterloo, June 19, 1815.

My Lord,—Bonaparte having collected the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 6th corps of the French army and the Imperial Guards, and nearly all the cavalry on the Sambre, and between that river and the Meuse, between the 10th and 14th of the month, advanced on the 15th, and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobez, on the Sambre, at daylight in the morning.

I did not hear of these events till the evening of the 15th, and immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march, and afterwards to march to their left, as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters, to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack.

The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre on that day; and General Ziethen, who commanded the corps which had been at Charleroi, retired upon Fleurus; and Marshal Prince Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sambref, holding the villages in front of his position of St. Amand and Ligny.

The enemy continued his march along the road from Charleroi towards Bruxelles, and on the same evening, the 15th, attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under the Prince de Weimar,

posted at Frasné, and forced it back to the farm-house on the same road, called *Les Quatre Bras*.

The Prince of Orange immediately reinforced this brigade with another of the same division, under General Perponcher, and in the morning early regained part of the ground which had been lost, so as to have the command of the communication leading from Nivelles and Bruxelles, with Marshal Blücher's position.

In the mean time I had directed the whole army to march upon *Les Quatre Bras*, and the 5th division, under Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton, arrived at about half-past two in the day, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

At this time the enemy commenced an attack upon Prince Blücher, with his whole force, excepting the 1st and 2d corps; and a corps of cavalry under General Kellerman, with which he attacked our post at *Les Quatre Bras*.

The Prussian army maintained their position with their usual gallantry and perseverance, against a great disparity of numbers, as the 4th corps of their army, under General Bülow, had not joined, and I was not able to assist them as I wished, as I was attacked myself, and the troops, the cavalry in particular, which had a long distance to march, had not arrived.

We maintained our position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with a large body of cavalry and infantry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery: he made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner. In this affair His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, and Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton, and Major-general Sir James Kempt, and Sir Denis Pack, who were engaged from the commencement of the enemy's attack, highly distinguished themselves, as well as Lieutenant-general Charles Baron Alten, Major-general Sir C. Halket, Lieutenant-general Cooke, and Major-generals Maitland and Byng, as they successively arrived. The troops of the 5th division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry. I must particularly mention the 28th, 42d, 79th, and 92d regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians.

Our loss was great, as your lordship will perceive by the enclosed return; and I have particularly to regret his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, who fell fighting gallantly at the head of his troops.

Although Marshal Blücher had maintained his position at *Sambreville*, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged, and as the fourth corps had not arrived he determined to fall back, and concentrate his army upon *Wavre*; and he marched in the night after the action was over.

This movement of the Marshal's rendered necessary a corresponding one on my part; and I retired from the farm of *Quatre Bras* upon *Genappe*, and thence upon *Waterloo* the next morning, the 17th, at ten o'clock.

The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blücher. On the

contrary, a patrol which I sent to Sambref in the morning found all quiet, and the enemy's videttes fell back as the patrol advanced. Neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day, excepting by following, with a large body of cavalry, brought from his right, the cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge.

This gave Lord Uxbridge an opportunity of charging them with the 1st Life Guards, upon their debouché from the village of Genappe, upon which occasion his lordship has declared himself to be well satisfied with that regiment.

The position which I took up in front of Waterloo crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelles, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied; and its left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelles road, we occupied the house and garden of Hougomont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince Blücher, at Wavre, through Ohain; and the marshal promised me, that in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps as might be necessary.

The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the third corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blücher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning, and at about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougomont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of Guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lieut.-colonel Macdonald, and afterwards of Colonel Home; and I am happy to add that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.

This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry, occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one of these the enemy carried the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the legion which occupied it had expended all its ammunition, and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them.

The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry, but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful, and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge, in one of which Lord E. Somerset's brigade, consisting of the lifeguards, royal horseguards, and 1st dragoon guards, highly distinguished themselves, as did that of Major-general Sir W. Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.

These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with the cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which after a severe contest was defeated; and having observed that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bülow's corps by Euschermont upon Planchenoire and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take

effect, and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blucher had joined in person, with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands. I continued the pursuit till long after dark; and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. He has sent me word this morning that he had taken sixty pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial Guard, and several carriages, baggage, &c. belonging to Bonaparte, in Genappe.

I propose to move, this morning, upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations.

Your lordship will observe, that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages could not be gained, without great loss; and I am sorry to add, that ours has been immense. In Lieutenant-general Sir Thomas Picton, his majesty has sustained the loss of an officer who has frequently distinguished himself in his service, and he fell gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position, was defeated. The Earl of Uxbridge, after having successfully got through this arduous day, received a wound by almost the last shot fired, which will, I am afraid, deprive his majesty for some time of his services.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct till he received a wound from a musket-ball through the shoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your lordship, that the army never, upon any occasion, conducted itself better. The division of guards, under Lieutenant-general Cooke, who is severely wounded, Major-general Maitland, and Major-general Byng, set an example which was followed by all; and there is no officer, nor description of troops, that did not behave well.

I must, however, particularly mention, for his royal highness's approbation, Lieutenant-gen. Sir H. Clinton, Major-gen. Adam, Lieutenant-general Charles Baron Alten, severely wounded; Major-general Sir Colin Halket, severely wounded; Colonel Ompteda, Col. Mitchell, commanding a brigade of the 4th division; Major-general Sir James Kempt, and Sir Denis Pack, Major-general Lambert, Major-general Lord E. Somerset; Major-general Sir W. Ponsonby, Major-general Sir C. Grant, and Major-general Sir H. Vivian; Major-general Sir O. Vandeleur; Major-general Count Dornberg. I am also particularly indebted to General Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct upon this as upon all former occasions.

The artillery and engineer department were conducted much to my satisfaction by Colonel Sir G. Wood and Colonel Smyth; and I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Adjutant-general, Major-general Barnes, who was wounded, and of the Quarter-master-

general, Colonel Delancy, who was killed by a cannon-shot in the middle of the action. This officer is a serious loss to his majesty's service, and to me at this moment. I was likewise much indebted to the assistance of Lieutenant-colonel Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who was severely wounded, and of the officers composing my personal staff, who have suffered severely in this action. Lieutenant-colonel the hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, who has died of his wounds, was a most promising officer, and is a serious loss to his majesty's service.

General Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself much to my satisfaction, as did General Trip, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry, and General Vanhope, commanding a brigade of infantry of the King of the Netherlands.

General Pozzo-di-Borgo, General Baron Vincent, General Muffling, and General Alava, were in the field during the action, and rendered me every assistance in their power. Baron Vincent is wounded, but I hope not severely; and General Pozzo-di-Borgo received a contusion.

I should not do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day, to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them.

The operation of General Bulow, upon the enemy's flank, was a most decisive one; and even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack, which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire, if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them, if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

I send, with this despatch, two eagles, taken by the troops in this action, which Major Percy will have the honour of laying at the feet of his royal highness.

I beg leave to recommend him to your lordship's protection.

I have the honour, &c.

(Signed)

WELLINGTON.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have received a report, that Major-general Sir William Ponsonby is killed, and, in announcing this intelligence to your lordship, I have to add the expression of my grief, for the fate of an officer who had already rendered very brilliant and important services, and was an ornament to his profession.

2d P. S.—I have not yet got the returns of killed and wounded, but I enclose a list of officers killed and wounded on the two days, as far as the same can be made out without the returns; and I am very happy to add, that Colonel Delancey is not dead, and that strong hopes of his recovery are entertained.

Subsequently to this despatch, which was written on the field he had so gloriously won, the Duke of Wellington sent the following to Lord Bathurst:

Brussels, June 19, 1815.

My Lord—I have to inform your lordship, in addition to my despatch of this morning, that we have already got here 5000 prisoners,

taken in the action of yesterday, and that there are above 2000 more coming in to-morrow; there will probably be many more. Among the prisoners are the Count Lobau, who commanded the 6th corps, and General Cambrone, who commanded a division of the guards. I propose sending the whole to England by Ostend.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

WELLINGTON.

Earl Bathurst, &c.

War Department, Downing-street, June 29, 1815.

Despatches, of which the following are extracts, have been this day received by Earl Bathurst from Field-Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, dated Cateau, 22d, and Joncourt, 25th inst.

Le Cateau, June 22, 1815.

We have continued in march on the left of the Sambre since I wrote to you. Marshal Blucher crossed that river on the 19th, in pursuit of the enemy, and both armies entered the French territory yesterday; the Prussians by Beaumont, and the allied army, under my command, by Bavay.

The remains of the French army have retired upon Laon.* All accounts agree in stating, that it is in a very wretched state; and that, in addition to its losses in battle and in prisoners, it is losing vast numbers of men by desertion.

The soldiers quit their regiments in parties, and return to their homes; those of the cavalry and artillery selling their horses to the people of the country.

The 3d corps, which in my despatch of the 19th I informed your lordship had been detached to observe the Prussian army, remained in the neighbourhood of Wavre till the 20th; it then made good its retreat by Namur and Dinant. This corps is the only one remaining entire.

I am not yet able to transmit your lordship returns of the killed and wounded in the army in the late actions.

It gives me the greatest satisfaction to inform you, that Colonel Delancey is not dead: he is badly wounded, but his recovery is not doubted, and I hope will be early.

PRUSSIAN OFFICIAL REPORT.

It was on the 15th of this month (June) that Napoleon, after having collected on the 14th five corps of his army, and the several corps of the guard, between Maubeuge and Beaumont, commenced hostilities. The points of concentration of the four Prussian corps were Fleurus, Namur, Ligny, and Hannut, the situation of which made it possible to unite the army in one of these points in twenty-four hours.

On the 15th, Napoleon advanced by Thuin, upon the two banks of the Sambre, against Charleroi. General Ziethen had collected the first corps near Fleurus, and had on that day a very warm action

with the enemy, who, after having taken Charleroi, directed his march upon Fleurus. General Ziethen maintained himself in his position near that place.

Field-Marshal Blücher intending to fight a great battle with the enemy as soon as possible, the three other corps of the Prussian army were consequently directed upon Sombref, a league and a half from Fleurus, where the 2d and 3d corps were to arrive on the 15th, and the 4th corps on the 16th.

Lord Wellington had united his army between Ath and Nivelles, which enabled him to assist Field-Marshal Blücher, in case the battle should be fought on the 15th.

JUNE 16.—BATTLE OF LIGNY.

The Prussian army was posted on the heights between Brie and Sombref, and beyond the last place, and occupied with a large force the villages of St. Amand and Ligny, situated in its front.

Meantime only three corps of the army had joined; the 4th, which was stationed between Liege and Hannut, had been delayed in its march by several circumstances, and was not yet come up. Nevertheless, Field-Marshal Blücher resolved to give battle, Lord Wellington having already put in motion to support him a strong division of his army, as well as his whole reserve stationed in the environs of Brussels, and the 4th corps of the Prussian army being also on the point of arriving.

The battle began at three o'clock in the afternoon. The enemy brought up above 130,000 men. The Prussian army was 80,000 strong. The village of St. Amand was the first point attacked by the enemy, who carried it after a vigorous resistance.

He then directed his efforts against Ligny; it is a large village, solidly built, situated on a rivulet of the same name. It was there that a contest began which may be considered as one of the most obstinate recorded in history. Villages have often been taken and retaken; but here the combat continued for five hours in the villages themselves, and the movements forward or backward were confined to a very narrow space. On both sides fresh troops continually came up. Each army had behind the part of the village which it occupied great masses of infantry, which maintained the combat, and were continually renewed by the reinforcements which they received from their rear, as well as from the heights on the right and left. About two hundred cannon were directed from both sides against the village, which was on fire in several places at once. From time to time the combat extended along the whole line, the enemy having also directed numerous troops against the 3d corps; however, the main contest was near Ligny. Things seemed to take a favourable turn for the Prussian troops, a part of the village of St. Amand having been retaken by a battalion commanded by the field-marshal in person; in consequence of which advantage we had regained a height, which had been abandoned after the loss of St. Amand. Nevertheless, the battle continued about Ligny with the same fury. The issue seemed to depend upon the arrival of the English troops, or on that of the 4th corps of the Prussian army; in fact, the arrival of this last divi-

sion would have afforded the field-marshal the means of making, immediately, with the right wing, an attack, from which great success might be expected: but news arrived that the English division destined to support us was violently attacked by a corps of the French army, and that it was with great difficulty it had maintained itself in its position at Quatre Bras. The 4th corps of the army did not appear, so that we were forced to maintain alone the contest with an army greatly superior in numbers. The evening was already much advanced, and the combat about Ligny continued with the same fury and the same equality of success; we invoked, but in vain, the arrival of those succours which were so necessary; the danger became every hour more and more urgent; all the divisions were engaged, or had already been so, and there were not any corps at hand able to support them. Suddenly a division of the enemy's infantry, which by favour of the night made a circuit round the village without being observed, at the same time that some regiments of cuirassiers had forced the passage on the other side, took in rear the main body of our army, which was posted behind the house. This surprise on the part of the enemy was decisive, especially at the moment when our cavalry, also posted on a height behind the village, was repulsed by the enemy's cavalry in repeated attacks.

Our infantry posted behind Ligny, though forced to retreat, did not suffer itself to be discouraged, either by being surprised by the enemy in the darkness, a circumstance which exaggerates in the mind of man the danger to which he finds himself exposed, or by the idea of seeing itself surrounded on all sides. Formed in masses, it coolly repulsed all the attacks of the cavalry, and retreated in good order upon the heights, whence it continued its retrograde movement upon Tilly. In consequence of the sudden irruption of the enemy's cavalry, several of our cannons in their precipitate retreat had taken directions which led them to defiles, in which they necessarily fell into disorder; in this manner, 15 pieces fell into the hands of the enemy. At the distance of a quarter of a league from the field of battle, the army formed again. The enemy did not venture to pursue it. The village of Brie remained in our possession during the night, as well as Sombref, where General Thielman had fought with the third corps, and whence he at daybreak slowly began to retreat towards Gembloux, where the fourth corps, under General Bulow, had at length arrived during the night. The first and second corps proceeded in the morning behind the defile of Mount St. Guibert. Our loss in killed and wounded was great; the enemy, however, took from us no prisoners, except a part of our wounded. The battle was lost, but not our honour. Our soldiers fought with a bravery which equalled every expectation; their fortitude remained unshaken, because every one retained his confidence in his own strength. On this day Field-Marshal Blucher had encountered the greatest dangers. A charge of cavalry, led on by himself, had failed. While that of the enemy was vigorously pursuing, a musket-shot struck the field-marshal's horse: the animal, far from being stopped in his career by this wound, began to gallop more furiously till it dropped down dead. The field-marshal, stunned by the violent fall, lay entangled under the horse.

The enemy's cuirassiers following up their advantage, advanced:

our last horseman had already passed by the field-marshal, an adjutant alone remained with him, and had just alighted, resolved to share his fate. The danger was great, but Heaven watched over us. The enemy pursuing their charge, passed rapidly by the field-marshal without seeing him : the next moment a second charge of our cavalry having repulsed them, they again passed by him with the same precipitation, not perceiving him, any more than they had done the first time. Then, but not without difficulty, the field-marshal was disengaged from under the dead horse, and he immediately mounted a dragoon-horse.

On the 17th in the evening the Prussian army concentrated itself in the environs of Wavre. Napoleon put himself in motion against Lord Wellington, upon the great road leading from Charleroi to Brussels. An English division maintained on the same day, near Quatre Bras, a very severe contest with the enemy. Lord Wellington had taken a position on the road to Brussels, having his right wing leaning upon Braine-le-Leu, the centre near Mont Saint-Jean, and the left wing against La Haye Sainte. Lord Wellington wrote to the field-marshal, that he was resolved to accept the battle in this position, if the field-marshal would support him with two corps of his army. The field-marshal promised to come with his whole army : he even proposed, in case Napoleon should not attack, that the allies themselves, with their united force, should attack him the next day. This may serve to show how little the battle of the 16th had disorganized the Prussian army, or weakened its moral strength. Thus ended the day of the 17th.

At break of day the Prussian army again began to move. The 4th and 2d corps marched by St. Lambert, where they were to take a position, covered by the forest, near Frichefont, to take the army in the rear, when the moment should appear favourable. The 1st corps was to operate by Ohain on the right flank of the enemy. The 3d corps was to follow slowly in order to afford succour in case of need. The battle began about ten o'clock in the morning. The English army occupied the heights of Mont St. Jean ; that of the French was on the heights before Planchenoit : the former was about 80,000 strong ; the enemy had above 130,000. In a short time the battle became general along the whole line. It seems that Napoleon had the design to throw the left wing upon the centre, and thus to effect the separation of the English army from the Prussian, which he believed to be retreating upon Maestricht. For this purpose he had placed the greatest part of his reserve in the centre, against his right wing, and upon this point he attacked with fury. The English army fought with a valour which it is impossible to surpass. The repeated charges of the old guard were baffled by the intrepidity of the Scotch regiments ; and at every charge the French cavalry was overthrown by the English cavalry. But the superiority of the enemy in numbers was too great ; Napoleon continually brought forward considerable masses, and with whatever firmness the English troops maintained themselves in their position, it was not possible but that such heroic exertions must have a limit.

It was half-past four o'clock. The excessive difficulties of the passage by the defile of St. Lambert had considerably retarded the

march of the Prussian columns, so that only two brigades of the fourth corps had arrived at the covered position which was assigned to them. The decisive moment was come; there was not an instant to be lost. The generals did not suffer it to escape. They resolved immediately to begin the attack with the troops which they had at hand. General Bulow, therefore, with two brigades, and a corps of cavalry, advanced rapidly upon the rear of the enemy's right wing. The enemy did not lose his presence of mind; he instantly turned his reserve against us, and a murderous conflict began on that side. The combat remained long uncertain, while the battle of the English army still continued with the same violence.

Towards six o'clock in the evening we received the news that General Thielman, with the third corps, was attacked near Wavre by a very considerable corps of the enemy, and that they were already disputing the possession of the town. The field-marshal, however, did not suffer himself to be disturbed by this news; it was on the spot where he was, and nowhere else, that the affair was to be decided. A conflict continually supported by the same obstinacy, and kept up by fresh troops, could alone ensure the victory, and if it were obtained here, any reverse sustained near Wavre was of little consequence. The columns, therefore, continued their movements. It was half an hour past seven, and the issue of the battle was still uncertain. The whole of the fourth corps, and a part of the second, under General Reich, had successively come up. The troops fought with desperate fury; however, some uncertainty was perceived in their movements, and it was observed that some pieces of cannon were retreating. At this moment the first columns of the corps of General Ziethen arrived on the points of attack, near the village of Smouhen, on the enemy's right flank, and instantly charged them. This moment decided the defeat of the enemy; his right wing was broken in three places; he abandoned his positions. Our troops rushed forward at the *pas de charge*, and attacked him on all sides, whilst at the same time the whole English line advanced.

Circumstances were extremely favourable to the attack formed by the Prussian army: the ground rose in an amphitheatre, so that our artillery could freely open its fire from the summit of a great many heights which rose gradually above each other, and in the intervals of which the troops descended into the plain, formed into brigades, and in the greatest order; while fresh corps continually unfolded themselves, issuing from the forest on the height behind us. The enemy, however, still preserved means to retreat, till the village of Planchenoit, which he had on his rear, and which was defended by the guard, was, after several bloody attacks, carried by storm. From that time the retreat became a rout, which soon spread through the whole French army, which in its dreadful confusion, hurrying away every thing that attempted to stop it, soon assumed the appearance of the flight of an army of barbarians. It was half-past nine.

The field-marshal assembled all the superior officers, and gave orders to send the last man and the last horse in pursuit of the enemy. The van of the army accelerated its march. The French being pursued without intermission, was absolutely disorganized. The causeway presented the appearance of an immense shipwreck: it was

covered with an innumerable quantity of cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wrecks of every kind. Those of the enemy who had attempted to repose for a time, and had not expected to be so quickly pursued, were driven from more than nine bivouacs. In some villages they attempted to maintain themselves; but as soon as they heard the beating of our drums, or the sound of the trumpet, they either fled or threw themselves into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners. It was moonlight, which greatly favoured the pursuit, for the whole march was but a continued chase, either in the corn-fields or the houses.

At Genappe the enemy had intrenched himself with cannon and overturned carriages; at our approach we suddenly heard in the town a great noise and motion of carriages; at the entrance we were exposed to a brisk fire of musketry; we replied by some cannon-shot, followed by an hurra, and an instant after the town was ours. It was here that, among many other equipages, the carriage of Napoleon was taken: he had just left it to mount on horseback, and in his hurry had forgotten in it his sword and hat. Thus the affair continued till break of day. About 40,000 men, in the most complete disorder, the remains of the whole army, have saved themselves, retreating through Charleroi, partly without arms, and carrying with them only twenty-seven pieces of their numerous artillery.

The enemy in his flight has passed all his fortresses, the only defence of his frontiers, which are now passed by our armies.

At three o'clock Napoleon had despatched from the field of battle a courier to Paris, with the news that victory was no longer doubtful: a few hours after, he had no longer an army left! We have not yet any exact account of the enemy's loss: it is enough to know that two-thirds of the whole army are killed, wounded, or prisoners: among the latter are Generals Mouton, Duhesme, and Compans. Up to this time about 300 cannon, and above 500 caissons, are in our hands.

Few victories have been so complete; and there is certainly no example that an army, two days after losing a battle, engaged in such an action, and so gloriously maintained it. Honour be to such troops capable of so much firmness and valour! In the middle of the position occupied by the French army, and exactly upon the height, is a farm, called La Belle Alliance. The march of all the Prussian columns was directed towards this farm, which was visible from every side. It was there that Napoleon was during the battle; it was thence that he gave his orders, that he flattered himself with the hopes of victory; and it was there that his ruin was decided. There, too, it was, that by a happy chance Field-Marshal Blucher and Lord Wellington met in the dark, and mutually saluted each other as victors.

In commemoration of the alliance which now subsists between the English and Prussian nations, of the union of the two armies, and their reciprocal confidence, the field-marshal desired that this battle should bear the name of La Belle Alliance.

By the order of Field-Marshal Blucher,

GENERAL GNEISENAU.

RELATION OF THE SPANISH GENERAL ALAVA.

From the *Madrid Gazette*.

I joined the army on the morning of the 18th, though I had received no orders to that effect, because I believed that I should thus best serve his majesty, and, at the same time, fulfil your excellency's directions; and this determination has afforded me the satisfaction of having been present at the most important battle that has been fought for many centuries, in its consequences, its duration, and the talents of the chiefs of both sides; and because the peace of the world, and the future security of all Europe, may be said to have depended on its result.

The position occupied by his lordship was very good; but towards the centre it had various weak points, which required good troops to guard them, and much science and skill on the part of the general-in-chief. These qualifications were, however, to be found in abundance in the British troops and their illustrious commander; and it may be asserted, without offence to any one, that to them both belongs the chief part, or all the glory of this memorable day.

On the right of the position, and a little in advance, was a country-house, the importance of which Lord Wellington quickly perceived, because without it the position could not be attacked on that side, and it might therefore be considered as its key. The duke confided this important point to three companies of the English guards, under the command of Lord Saltoun, and laboured during the night of the 17th in fortifying it as well as possible, lining its garden and a wood, which served as its park, with Nassau troops and sharpshooters.

At half-past ten a movement was observed in the enemy's line, and many officers were seen coming from and going to a particular point, where there was a very considerable corps of infantry, which we afterwards understood to be the Imperial Guard: here was Bonaparte in person, and from this point issued all the orders. In the mean time, the enemy's masses were forming, and every thing announced the approaching combat, which began at half-past eleven, the enemy attacking with one of his corps, and with his usual shouts, the country-house on the right.

The Nassau troops found it necessary to abandon their post; but the enemy met such resistance in the house, that though they surrounded it on three sides, and attacked it most desperately, they were compelled to desist from their enterprise, leaving a great number of killed and wounded on the spot. Lord Wellington sent fresh English troops, who recovered the wood and garden, and the combat ceased for the present on this side.

The enemy then opened a horrible fire of artillery of more than two hundred pieces, under cover of which Bonaparte made a general attack from the centre to the right with infantry and cavalry, in such numbers that it required all the skill of his lordship to post his troops, and all the good qualities of the latter to resist the attack.

General Picton, who was with his division on the road from Brussels to Charleroi, advanced with the bayonet to receive them, but was unfortunately killed at the moment when the enemy, appalled by the attitude of this division, fired, and then fled.

The English life guards then charged with the greatest vigour, and the 49th and 105th French regiments lost their eagles in this charge, together with from two to three thousand prisoners. A column of cavalry, at whose head were the cuirassiers, advanced to charge the life guards, and thus save their infantry; but the guards received them with the greatest vigour, and the most sanguinary cavalry fight perhaps ever witnessed was the consequence.

The French cuirassiers were completely beaten, in spite of their cuirasses, by troops who had nothing of the sort, and lost one of their eagles in this conflict, which was taken by the heavy English cavalry called the Royals.

General Alava next mentions the approach of the Prussian army, "which," he observes, "was the more necessary, from the superior numbers of the enemy's army, and from the dreadful loss we had sustained in this unequal combat, from eleven in the morning till five in the afternoon."

Bonaparte, who did not believe the Prussians to be so near, and who reckoned upon destroying Lord Wellington before their arrival, perceived that he had fruitlessly lost more than five hours, and that in the critical position in which he was then placed, there remained no other resource but that of desperately attacking the weaker post of the English position, and thus, if possible, beating the duke before his right was turned, and attacked by the Prussians.

Henceforward, therefore, the whole was a repetition of attacks by cavalry and infantry, supported by more than 300 pieces of artillery, which unfortunately made horrible ravages in our line, and killed and wounded officers, artillerists, and horses, in the weakest part of the position.

The enemy, aware of this destruction, made a charge with the whole cavalry of his guard, which took some pieces of cannon that could not be withdrawn, but the duke, who was at this point, charged them with three battalions of English and three of Brunswickers, and compelled them in a moment to abandon the artillery, though we were unable to withdraw them for want of horses; nor did they dare to advance to recover them.

At last, about seven in the evening, Bonaparte made a final effort, and putting himself at the head of his guards, attacked the above point of the English position with such vigour, that he drove back the Brunswickers, who occupied part of it, and for a moment the victory was undecided, and even more than doubtful.

The duke, who felt that the moment was most critical, spoke to the Brunswick troops with that ascendancy which every great man possesses, made them return to the charge, and putting himself at their head, again restored the combat, exposing himself to every kind of personal danger.

Fortunately at this moment we perceived the fire of Marshal Blucher, attacking the enemy's right with his usual impetuosity; and the moment of decisive attack being come, the duke put himself at the head of the English foot-guards, spoke a few words to them, which were replied to by a general hurrah, and his grace himself guiding them on with his hat, they marched at the point of the

bayonet, to come to close action with the Imperial Guard. But the latter began a retreat, which was soon converted into flight, and the most complete rout ever exhibited by soldiers. The famous rout of Vittoria was not even comparable to it.

The general then adds several reflections on the importance of the victory, and in enumerating the loss sustained, says—

“Of those who were by the side of the Duke of Wellington, only he and myself remained untouched in our persons and horses. The rest were all either killed, wounded, or lost one or more horses. The duke was unable to refrain from tears in witnessing the death of so many brave and honourable men, and the loss of so many friends and faithful companions, and which alone can be compensated by the importance of the victory.”

CHAPTER X.

NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY M. FLEURY DE CHABOULON, EX-SECRETARY TO THE
EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE plan of the campaign adopted by the Emperor, was worthy of the courage of the French and of the high reputation of their chief. Information given by agents employed by the Duke of Otranto, had made known the position of the allies, in all its particulars. Napoleon knew that the army of Wellington was dispersed over the country, from the borders of the sea to Nivelles; that the right of the Prussians rested on Charleroi; and that the rest of their army was stationed in échelon indefinitely as far as the Rhine. He judged that the lines of the enemy were too much extended; and that it would be practicable for him, by not giving them time to close up, to separate the two armies, and fall in succession on their troops thus taken by surprise. For this purpose he had united all his cavalry into a single body of twenty thousand horse, with which he intended to dart like lightning into the midst of the enemy's cantonments. If victory favoured this bold stroke, the centre of our army would occupy Brussels on the second day, while the corps of the right and of the left drove the Prussians to the Meuse, and the English to the Scheldt. Belgium being conquered, he would have armed the malcontents, and marched from success to success as far as the Rhine.

On the 14th, during the night, our army, the presence of which the Emperor had taken care to conceal, was to commence its march; nothing indicated that the enemy had foreseen our irruption, and every thing promised us important results. It was at this time that Napoleon was informed that General Bourmont, Colonels Clouet and Villoutreys,

and two other officers, had just deserted to the enemy. He knew from Marshal Ney that M. de Bourmont, at the time of the occurrences at Besançon, had shown some hesitation, and was backward to employ him. But M. de Bourmont having given General Girard his word of honour to serve the Emperor faithfully, and this general, whom Napoleon highly valued, having answered for Bourmont, the Emperor consented to admit him into the service. How could he have supposed that this officer, who had covered himself with glory in 1814, would, in 1815, go over to the enemy on the eve of a battle? Napoleon immediately made such alterations in his plan of attack as this unexpected treason rendered necessary, and then marched forward. On the 15th, at one in the morning, he was in person at Jumiguan, on the Eure. At three, his army moved in three columns, and debouched suddenly at Beaumont, Maubeuge, and Philippeville. A corps of infantry, under General Ziethen, attempted to dispute the passage of the Sambre. The fourth corps of chasseurs, supported by the ninth, broke it, sword in hand, and took three hundred prisoners. The sappers and miners of the guard, sent after the enemy to repair the bridges, did not allow them time to destroy them. They followed them as sharpshooters, and penetrated with them into the great square. The brave Pajol soon arrived with his cavalry, and Charleroi was ours. The inhabitants, happy at seeing the French once more, saluted them unanimously with continued shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" "France for ever!" General Pajol immediately sent the hussars of General Clary in pursuit of the Prussians, and this brave regiment finished its day by the capture of a standard, and the destruction of a battalion that ventured to resist it. During this time the second corps passed the Sambre at Marchiennes, and overthrew every thing before it. The Prussians having at length rallied, attempted to oppose some resistance to it; but General Reille beat them with his light cavalry, took two hundred prisoners, and killed or dispersed the rest. Beaten in every part, they retired to the heights of Fleurus, which had been so fatal to the enemies of France twenty years before. Napoleon reconnoitred the ground at a glance. Our troops rushed on the Prussians at full gallop. Three squares of infantry, supported by several squadrons and some artillery, sustained the shock with intrepidity. Wearied of their immovableness, the Emperor ordered General Letort to charge them at the head of the dragoons of the guard. At the same moment, General Exelmans fell upon the left flank of the enemy; and the 20th dragoons, commanded by the brave and the young Briquerville, rushed on the Prussians on one side, while Letort attacked them on the other. They were broken and annihilated; but dearly was the victory purchased: Letort was killed. This affair, of little importance in its results, for it cost the enemy five pieces of artillery, and 3000 men killed or taken prisoners, pro-

duced the happiest effects on the army. The illness of Marshal Mortier, and the treason of General Bourmont had given birth to sentiments of doubt and fear, which were entirely dissipated by the successful issue of this first battle. Hitherto each chief of a corps had retained its immediate command, and it is easy to suppose what their ardour and emulation must have been: but the Emperor fell into the error of overturning the hopes of their courage and their ambition; he placed General d'Erlon and Count Reille under the orders of Marshal Ney, whom he brought forward too late; and Count Girard and Count Vandamme, under the orders of Marshal Grouchy, whom it would have been better to have left at the head of the cavalry. On the 16th, in the morning, the army, thus distributed, occupied the following positions. Marshal Ney, with the first and second corps, the cavalry of General Lefevre-Desnouettes, and that of General Kellerman, had his advanced guard at Frasnes; and the other troops in the neighbourhood of Gosselies.*

* The following is the French official account of the force of the army of Flanders.

Left.—Under Marshal Ney.—1st Corps.	
Infantry	16,500
Cavalry	1,500
2d Corps.	
Infantry	21,000
Cavalry	1,500
Cavalry of Desnouettes	2,100
Cuirassiers of Kellerman	2,600
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Artillery, horse and foot	45,200
And 116 pieces of ordnance.	2,400
Right.—Under Marshal Grouchy.—3d Corps.	
Infantry	13,000
Cavalry	1,500
4th Corps.	
Infantry	12,000
Cavalry	1,500
Cavalry of Pajol	2,500
Cavalry of Excelmans	2,600
Cuirassiers of Milhaud	2,500
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Artillery, horse and foot	35,600
And 112 pieces of ordnance.	2,250
Centre and Reserve.—Under the Emperor.—6th Corps.	
Infantry	11,000
Old Guard	5,000
Middle Guard	5,000
Young Guard	4,000
Horse Grenadiers	1,200
Dragoons	1,200
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Artillery, horse and foot	27,400
And 134 pieces of ordnance.	2,700

Marshal Grouchy, with the 3d and 4th corps, and the cavalry of Generals Pajol, Excelmans, and Milhaud, was placed on the heights of Fleurus, and in advance of them. The 6th corps and the guard were in *échelon* between Fleurus and Charleroi. The same day the army of Marshal Blucher, 90,000 strong, collected together with great skill, was posted on the heights of Brie and Sombref, and occupied the villages of Ligny and St. Amand, which protected his front. His cavalry extended far in advance on the road to Namur. The army of the Duke of Wellington, which this general had not yet had time to collect, was composed of about 100,000 men, scattered between Ath, Nivelles, Genappe, and Brussels.

The Emperor went in person to reconnoitre Blucher's position, and, penetrating his intentions, resolved to give him battle, before his reserves, and the English army, for which he was endeavouring to wait, should have time to arrive. He immediately sent orders to Marshal Ney, whom he supposed to have been on the march for Quatre-Bras, *where he would have found very few forces*, to drive the English briskly before him, and then fall with his main force on the rear of the Prussian army. At the same time he made a change in the front of the imperial army: General Grouchy advanced towards Sombref, General Girard towards Ligny, and General Vandamme towards St. Amand.

General Girard, with his division, 5000 strong, was detached from the 2d corps, and placed in the rear of General Vandamme's left, so as to support him, and, at the same time, form a communication between Marshal Ney's army and that of Napoleon. The guard, and Milhaud's cuirassiers, were disposed as a reserve in advance of Fleurus. At three o'clock the 3d corps reached St. Amand, and carried it. The Prussians, rallied by Blucher, retook the village. The French, intrenched in the churchyard, defended themselves there with obstinacy; but, overpowered by numbers, they were about to give way, when General Drouot, who has more than once decided the fate of a battle, galloped up with four batteries of the guard, took the enemy in the rear, and stopped his career. At the same moment Marshal Grouchy was fighting successfully at Sombref, and General Girard made an impetuous attack on the village of Ligny. Its embattled walls, and a long ravine, rendered the approaches to it not less difficult than dangerous. But these obstacles did not intimidate General Lefol, or the brave fellows

Recapitulation.	
Infantry	87,500
Cavalry	20,800
Artillery, horse and foot	7,350
Engineers	2,200
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Total	117,850
Pieces of ordnance	362
o 2	

under his command: they advanced with the bayonet, and in a few minutes the Prussians, repulsed and annihilated, quitted the ground. Marshal Blucher, conscious that the possession of Ligny would decide the fate of the battle, returned to the charge with chosen troops; and here, to use his own words, "commenced a battle that may be considered as one of the most obstinate mentioned in history." For five hours no less than 200 pieces of cannon vomited forth incessantly an iron hail upon this scene of carnage. French and Prussians, alternately vanquished and victors, disputed this ensanguined post hand to hand, and foot to foot, and seven times in succession was it taken and lost. The Emperor expected every instant that Marshal Ney was coming to take part in the action. From the commencement of the affair he had reiterated this order to him, to manœuvre so as to surround the right of the Prussians; and he considered this diversion of such high importance as to write to the marshal, and cause him to be repeatedly told that the fate of France was in his hands. Ney answered, that "he had the whole of the English army to encounter, yet he would promise him to hold out the whole day, but nothing more." The Emperor, better informed, assured him "that it was Wellington's advanced guard alone that made head against him;" and ordered him anew "to beat back the English, and make himself master of Quatre-Bras, cost what it might." The marshal persisted in his fatal error. Napoleon, deeply impressed with the importance of the movement that Marshal Ney refused to comprehend and execute, sent directly to the first corps an order to move with all speed on the right of the Prussians; but, after having lost much valuable time in waiting for it, he judged that the battle could not be prolonged without danger, and directed General Girard, who had with him but 5000 men, to undertake the movement which should have been accomplished by the 20,000 men under Count d'Erlon; namely, to turn St. Amand, and fall on the rear of the enemy.

This manœuvre, ably executed, and seconded by the guard attacking in front, and by a brilliant charge of the cuirassiers of General Delore's brigade, and of the horse grenadier guards, decided the victory. The Prussians, weakened in every part, retired in disorder, and left us masters of the field of battle, forty cannons and many standards.

On the left, Marshal Ney, instead of rushing rapidly on Quatre-Bras, and effecting the diversion that had been recommended to him, had spent twelve hours in useless attempts, and given time to the Prince of Orange to reinforce his advanced guard. The pressing orders of Napoleon not allowing him to remain meditating any longer; and desirous, no doubt, of recovering the time he had lost; he did not thoroughly reconnoitre either the position or the forces of the enemy, but rushed upon them headlong. The division of General Foy commenced the attack, and drove in the sharpshooters, and the ad-

vanced posts. Bachelu's cavalry, aided, covered, and supported by this division, pierced and cut to pieces three Scotch battalions: but the arrival of fresh reinforcements, led by the Duke of Wellington and the heroic bravery of the Scotch, the Belgians, and the Prince of Orange, suspended our success. This resistance, far from discouraging Marshal Ney, revived in him an energy, which he had not before shown. He attacked the Anglo-Hollanders with fury; and drove them back to the skirts of the wood of Bossu. The 1st regiment of chasseurs, and 6th of lancers, overthrew the Brunswickers; the 8th of cuirassiers positively rode over two Scotch battalions, and took from them a colour. The 11th, equally intrepid, pursued them to the entrance of the wood; but the wood, which had not been examined, was lined with English infantry. Our cuirassiers were assailed by a fire at arm's length, which at once carried dismay and confusion into their ranks. Some of the officers, lately incorporated with them, instead of appeasing the disorder, increased it by shouts of "Every one for himself" (*Sauve qui peut*)! This disorder, which in a moment spread from one to another as far as Beaumont, might have occasioned greater disasters, if the infantry of General Foy, which remained unshaken, had not continued to sustain the conflict with equal perseverance and intrepidity.

Marshal Ney, who had with him not more than twenty thousand men, was desirous of causing the first corps, which he had left in the rear, to advance: but the Emperor, as I have said above, had sent immediate orders to Count d'Erlon, who commanded it, to rejoin him, and this general had commenced his march. Ney, when he heard this, was exposed to a cross fire from the enemy's batteries. "Do you see those bullets!" exclaimed he, his brow clouded with despair: "I wish they would all pass through my body." Instantly he sent with all speed after Count d'Erlon, and directed him, whatever orders he might have received from the Emperor himself, to return. Count d'Erlon was so unfortunate and weak as to obey. He brought his troops back to the marshal; but it was nine o'clock in the evening, and the marshal, dispirited by the checks he had received, and dissatisfied with himself and others, had discontinued the engagement.

The Duke of Wellington, whose forces had been increased successively to upwards of fifty thousand men, retired in good order during the night to Genappe.

Marshal Ney was indebted to the great bravery of his troops, and the firmness of his generals, for the honour of not being obliged to abandon his positions.

The desperation with which this battle was fought, made those shudder who were most habituated to contemplate with coolness the horrors of war. The smoking ruins of Ligny and St. Amand, were heaped with the dead and the dying; the ravine before Ligny resembled a river of blood, on which carcasses were floating: at Quatre-Bras there was a similar spectacle! The

hollow way, that skirted the wood, had disappeared under the bloody corpses of the brave Scotch, and of our cuirassiers. The Imperial Guard was every where distinguished by its murderous rage: it fought with shouts of "The Emperor for ever! No quarter!" The corps of General Girard displayed the same animosity. It was this corps that, having expended all its ammunition, called out for more cartridges and more Prussians.

The loss of the Prussians, rendered considerable by the tremendous fire of our artillery, was twenty-five thousand men. Blucher, unhorsed by our cuirassiers, escaped them only by a miracle.

The English and Dutch lost four thousand five hundred men. Three Scotch regiments, and the black legion of Brunswick, were almost entirely exterminated. The Prince of Brunswick himself, and a number of other officers of distinction, were killed.

We lost, in the left wing, near five thousand men, and several generals. Prince Jerome, who had already been wounded at the passage of the Sambre, had his hand slightly grazed by a musket-shot. He remained constantly at the head of his division, and displayed a great deal of coolness and valour. Our loss at Ligny, estimated at six thousand five hundred men, was rendered still more to be regretted by General Girard's receiving a mortal wound. Few officers were endued with a character so noble, and an intrepidity so habitual. More greedy of glory than of wealth, he possessed nothing but his sword; and his last moments, instead of resting with delight on the remembrance of his heroic actions alone, were disturbed by the pain of leaving his family exposed to want.

The victory of Ligny did not entirely fulfil the expectations of the Emperor. "If Marshal Ney," said he, "had attacked the English with all his forces, he would have crushed them, and have arrived in time to give the Prussians the finishing blow: and if, after having committed this first fault, he had not been guilty of a second folly, in preventing the movement of Count d'Erlon, the intervention of the 1st corps would have shortened the resistance of Blucher, and rendered his defeat irreparable: his whole army would have been taken or destroyed."

This victory, though imperfect, was not the less considered by the generals as of the highest importance. It separated the English army from the Prussians, and left us hopes of being able to vanquish it in its turn.

The Emperor, without losing time, was for attacking the English on one side at daybreak, and pursuing Blucher's army without respite on the other. In opposition to this plan, it was remarked, that the English army was fresh, and ready to accept battle; while our troops, harassed by the conflicts and fatigue of Ligny, would not perhaps be in a condition to fight with the necessary vigour. Finally, such numerous objections were made, that he consented to suffer the army to take rest. Ill success

inspires timidity. If Napoleon, as of old, had listened only to the suggestions of his own daring resolution, it is probable, nay it is certain, and I have heard General Drouot say that he might, according to his plan, have led his troops to Brussels on the 17th; and who can calculate what would have been the consequences of that capital falling into his hands?

On the 17th, therefore, the Emperor contented himself with forming his army into two columns; one, of sixty-five thousand men, headed by the Emperor himself, after having joined to it the left wing, followed the English army. The light artillery, the lancers of General Alphonse Colbert, and of the intrepid Colonel Sourd, hung close upon their rear even to the entrance of the forest of Soignes, where the Duke of Wellington took up his position.

The other, thirty-six thousand strong, was detached under the orders of Marshal Grouchy, to observe and pursue the Prussians. It did not proceed beyond Gembloux.

The night of the 17th was dreadful, and seemed to presage the calamities of the day. A violent and incessant rain did not allow the army to take a single moment's rest. To increase our misfortunes, the bad state of the roads retarded the arrival of our provisions, and most of the soldiers were without food: however, they endured this double ill-luck with much cheerfulness, and at daybreak announced to Napoleon by repeated acclamations, that they were ready to fly to a fresh victory.

The Emperor had thought, that Lord Wellington, separated from the Prussians, and foreseeing the march of General Grouchy, who, on passing the Dyle, might fall on his flank, or on his rear, would not venture to maintain his position, but would retire to Brussels. He was surprised when daylight discovered to him that the English army had not quitted its positions, and appeared disposed to accept battle to wait the attack. Several general officers were directed to reconnoitre their positions; and, to use the words of one of them, he learned, that they were defended "by an army of cannons, and mountains of infantry."

Napoleon immediately sent advice to Marshal Grouchy, that he was probably about to engage in a grand battle with the English, and ordered him to push the Prussians briskly, to re-join the grand army as speedily as possible, and to direct his movements, so as to be able to connect his operations with it.

He then sent for his principal officers, to give them his instructions.

Some of them, confident and daring, asserted that the enemy's position should be attacked and carried by main force. Others, not less brave, but more prudent, remonstrated that the ground being deluged by the rain, the troops, the cavalry in particular, could not manœuvre without much difficulty and fatigue; that the English army would have the immense advantage of awaiting us on firm ground in its intrenchments; and that it would be better to endeavour to turn these. All did justice to

the valour of our troops, and promised that they would perform prodigies ; but they differed in opinion with regard to the resistance that the English would make. "Their cavalry," said the generals who had fought in Spain, "are not equal to ours ; but their infantry are more formidable than is supposed. When intrenched, they are dangerous from their skill in firing ; in the open field, they stand firm, and, if broken, rally again within a hundred yards, and return to the charge." Fresh disputes arose ; and, what is remarkable, it never entered into any one's head, that the Prussians, pretty numerous parties of whom had been seen towards Moustier, might be in a situation to make a serious diversion on our right.

The Emperor, after having heard and discussed the opinions of all, determined, on considerations to which all assented, to attack the English in front. Reiterated orders were despatched to Marshal Grouchy ; and Napoleon, to give him time to execute the movement he had enjoined, spent the whole morning in arranging his army.

The English army was reconnoitred anew by the Emperor in person. Its central position, resting on the village of Mont St. Jean, was supported on the right by the farm of Hougomont ; on the left by that of La Haye Sainte. Its two wings extended beyond the hamlets of Ter-la-Haye and Merke-Braine. Hedges, woods, ravines, an immense quantity of artillery, from 85,000 to 90,000 men, defended this formidable position.

The Emperor drew up his army* in the following order :

The 2d corps, of which Prince Jerome always made a part, was posted opposite the woods, that surrounded Hougomont.

The 1st corps opposite La Haye Sainte.

The 6th corps was sent to the extremity of the right, so as to be able to form a communication with Marshal Grouchy, when he should appear.

The light cavalry and cuirassiers were flanked in a second line, behind the 1st and 2d corps.

* 2d Corps.			
Infantry	.	.	16,500
Cavalry	.	.	1,500
}			
18,000			
1st Corps.			
Infantry	.	.	12,500
Cavalry	.	.	1,200
}			
13,700			
6th Corps.			
Infantry	.	7,000—(4,000 had been joined to Grouchy,)	7,000
Division of Domont and Suberwick	.	.	2,500
Cuirassiers	.	.	4,800
Foot guards	.	.	12,500
Light cavalry	.	.	2,100
Grenadiers and dragoons	.	.	2,000
}			
16,600			
Artillery	.	.	4,500
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67,100			

Girard's division 3000 men.

The guard and its cavalry were kept in reserve on the heights of Planchenoit.

The old division of General Girard was left at Fleurus.

The Emperor, with his staff, took his station on a rising ground near the farm of La Belle Alliance, which commanded the plain, and whence he could easily direct the movements of the army, and observe those of the English.

At half-past twelve the Emperor, persuaded that Marshal Grouchy must be in motion, caused the signal for the battle to be given.

Prince Jerome, with his division, advanced against Hougomont. The approaches were defended by hedges and a wood, in which the enemy had posted numerous guns. The attack, rendered so difficult by the state of the ground, was conducted with extreme impetuosity. The wood was alternately taken and retaken. Our troops and the English, very frequently separated only by a hedge, fired on each other, their muskets almost touching, without retreating a single step. The artillery made fearful ravages on both sides. The event was doubtful, till General Reille ordered Foy's division to support the attack of Prince Jerome, and thus succeeded in compelling the enemy to abandon the woods and orchards, which they had hitherto so valiantly defended and kept possession of.

It was one o'clock. A few moments before, an intercepted despatch informed the Emperor of the near approach of 30,000 Prussians, commanded by Bulow. Napoleon thought that the strength of this corps, some of the skirmishers of which had appeared on the heights of St. Lambert, was exaggerated; and persuaded, too, that Grouchy's army was following it, and that it would soon find itself between two fires, it gave him but little uneasiness. However, rather from precaution than from fear, he gave orders to General Domont, to advance with his cavalry and that of General Suberwick, to meet the Prussians; and directed Count de Lobau to be ready to support General Domont in case of necessity. Orders were despatched at the same time to Marshal Grouchy, to inform him of what was passing, and enjoin him anew, to hasten his march, to pursue, attack, and crush Bulow.

Thus, by drawing off the divisions of Domont and Suberwick, and by the paralysation of the 6th corps, our army was reduced to less than 57,000 men; but it displayed so much resolution, that the Emperor did not doubt that it was sufficient to defeat the English.

The 2d corps, as I have already said, had effected the dislodgment of the English from the woods of Hougomont; but the 1st corps, notwithstanding the continual play of several batteries, and the resolution of our infantry and of the light horse of General Lefevre, Desnouettes, and Guyot, had been unable to force either La Haye Sainte or Mont St. Jean. The Emperor

ordered Marshal Ney to undertake a fresh attack, and to support it by eighty pieces of cannon. A tremendous fire of musketry and artillery then took place along the whole line. The English, insensible to danger, supported the charges of our foot and of our horse with great steadiness. The more resistance they displayed, the more furiously did our soldiers continue the attack. At length the English, driven from one position to another, evacuated La Haye Sainte and Mont St. Jean, and our troops seized on them with shouts of "Long live the Emperor!"

To sustain them there, Count d'Erlon immediately sent the 2d brigade of General Alix. A body of English horse intercepted the passage, threw the brigade into disorder, and then, falling on our batteries, succeeded in dismounting several pieces of artillery. The cuirassiers of General Milhaud rushed forward at a gallop to repulse the English horse. A fresh division of these came and fell upon our cuirassiers. Our lancers and chasseurs were sent to their assistance. A general charge ensued, and the English, broken, overthrown and cut down, were forced to retire in disorder.

Hitherto the French army, or, to speak more properly, the forty thousand men of Generals Reille, and d'Erlon, had obtained and preserved a marked superiority. The enemy, driven back, appeared hesitating on their movements. Dispositions had been observed, that seemed to indicate an approaching retreat. The Emperor, satisfied, joyfully exclaimed: "They are ours, I have them:" and Marshal Soult, and all the generals, considered as he did, the victory certain. The guard had already received orders to put itself in motion, to occupy the ground we had gained, and annihilate the enemy, when General Domont sent to inform the Emperor, that Bulow's corps had just formed in line, and was advancing rapidly on the rear of our right. This information changed the design of Napoleon; and, instead of employing his guard to support the first and second corps, he kept it in reserve; ordering Marshal Ney to maintain his ground in the woods of Hougomont, at La Haye Sainte, and at Mont St. Jean, till the event of the movement, which Count Lobau was about to make against the Prussians, should be known.

The English, informed of the arrival of Bulow, resumed the offensive; and endeavoured to drive us from the positions that we had taken from them. Our troops repulsed them victoriously. Marshal Ney, carried away by his reckless courage, forgot the orders of the Emperor. He charged the enemy at the head of Milhaud's cuirassiers and the light cavalry of the guard, and succeeded, amid the applauses of the army, in establishing himself on the heights of Mont St. Jean, till then inaccessible.

This ill-timed and hazardous movement did not escape the Duke of Wellington. He ordered his infantry to advance, and fell upon us with all his cavalry. The Emperor immediately ordered General Kellerman and his cuirassiers, to hasten to

extricate our first line. The horse grenadiers and dragoons of the guard, either from a misconception of Marshal Ney, or spontaneously, put themselves in motion, and followed the cuirassiers, without its being possible to stop them. A second conflict, more bloody than the first, took place at all points. Our troops, exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy's batteries and infantry, heroically sustained and executed numerous brilliant charges during two hours, in which we had the glory of taking six flags, dismounting several batteries, and cutting to pieces four regiments; but in which we also lost the flower of our intrepid cuirassiers, and of the cavalry of the guard.

The Emperor, whom this fatal engagement filled with despair, could not remedy it. Grouchy did not arrive: and he had already been obliged to weaken his reserves by four thousand of the young guard, in order to master the Prussians, whose numbers and whose progress were still increasing.

Mean time our cavalry, weakened by a considerable loss, and unequal contests incessantly renewed, began to be disheartened, and to give ground. The issue of the battle appeared to become doubtful. It was necessary to strike a grand blow by a desperate attack.

The Emperor did not hesitate a moment.

Orders were immediately given to Count Reille, to collect all his forces, and to fall with impetuosity on the right of the enemy, while Napoleon in person proceeded to attack the front with his reserves. The Emperor had already formed his guard into a column of attack, when he heard that our cavalry had just been compelled to evacuate in part the heights of Mont St. Jean. Marshal Ney was immediately ordered to take with him four battalions of the middle guard, and hasten with all speed to the fatal height, to support the cuirassiers by whom it was still occupied.

The determined aspect of the guard, and the harangues of Napoleon, animated the courage of all: the cavalry and a few battalions who had followed his movement to the rear, faced about towards the enemy, shouting "The Emperor for ever!"

At this moment the firing of musketry was heard. "There's Grouchy!" exclaimed the Emperor: "The day is ours!" Labédoyère flew to announce this happy news to the army: in spite of the enemy, he penetrated to the head of our columns: "Marshal Grouchy is arriving, the guard is going to charge: courage! courage! 'tis all over with the English."

One last shout of hope burst from every rank: the wounded who were still capable of taking a few steps, returned to the combat; and thousands of voices eagerly repeated, "Forward! forward!"

The column commanded by the bravest of the brave, on his arrival in the face of the enemy, was received by discharges of artillery, that occasioned it a terrible loss. Marshal Ney, weary

of bullets, ordered the batteries to be carried by the bayonet. The grenadiers rushed on them with such impetuosity, that they neglected the admirable order to which they had been so often indebted for victory. Their leader, intoxicated with intrepidity, did not perceive this disorder. He and his soldiers rushed on the enemy tumultuously. A shower of balls and grape burst on their heads. Ney's horse was shot under him, Generals Michel and Friant fell wounded or dead, and a number of brave fellows were stretched on the ground. Wellington did not allow our grenadiers time to recover themselves. He attacked them in flank with his cavalry, and compelled them to retire in the greatest disorder. At the same instant, the 30,000 Prussians under Ziethen, who had been taken for Grouchy's army, carried by assault the village of La Haye, and drove our men before them. Our cavalry, our infantry, already staggered by the defeat of the middle guard, were afraid of being cut off, and precipitately retreated. The English horse, skilfully availing themselves of the confusion, which this unexpected retreat had occasioned, pierced through our ranks, and succeeded in spreading disorder and dismay amongst them. The other troops on the right, who continued to resist with great difficulty the attack of the Prussians, and who had been in want of ammunition above an hour, seeing some of our squadrons routed, and some of the guards running away, thought all was lost, and quitted their position. This panic extended in an instant to our left; and the whole army, after having so valiantly carried the enemy's strongest posts, abandoned them with as much precipitation as they had displayed bravery in conquering them.

The English army, which had advanced in proportion as we retreated, and the Prussians, who had not ceased to pursue us, fell at once on our scattered battalions; night increased the tumult and alarm; and soon the whole army was nothing but a confused crowd, which the English and Prussians routed without effort, and pitilessly massacred.

The Emperor, witnessing this frightful defection, could scarcely believe his eyes. His aides-de-camp flew to rally the troops in all directions. He also threw himself into the midst of the crowd. But his words, his orders, his entreaties, were not heard. How was it possible for the army to form anew under the guns, and amid the continual charges of 80,000 English, and 60,000 Prussians, who covered the field of battle?

However, eight battalions, which the Emperor had previously collected, formed in squares, and blocked up the road to prevent the advance of the Prussian and English armies. These brave fellows, notwithstanding their resolution and courage, could not long resist the efforts of an enemy twenty times their number. Surrounded, assaulted, cannonaded on all sides, most of them at length fell. Some sold their lives dearly; others,

exhausted with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, had no longer strength to fight, and suffered themselves to be killed, without being able to make any defence. Two battalions only, whom the enemy were unable to break, retreated disputing the ground, till, thrown into disorder and hurried along by the general movement, they were obliged themselves to follow the stream.

One last battalion of reserve, the illustrious and unfortunate remains of the granite column of the fields of Marengo, had remained unshaken amid the tumultuous waves of the army. The Emperor retired into the ranks of these brave fellows, still commanded by Cambronne ! He formed them into a square, and advanced at their head, to meet the enemy. All his generals, Ney, Soult, Bertrand, Drouot, Corbineau, De Flahaut, Labédoyère, Gourgaud, &c., drew their swords, and became soldiers. The old grenadiers, incapable of fear for their own lives, were alarmed at the danger that threatened the life of the Emperor. They conjured him to withdraw. "Retire," said one of them: "You see clearly that death shuns you." The Emperor resisted, and ordered them to fire. The officers around him seized his bridle, and dragged him away. Cambronne and his brave fellows crowded round their expiring eagles, and bade Napoleon an eternal adieu. The English, moved by their heroic resistance, conjured them to surrender. "No," said Cambronne, "the guard can die, but not yield!" At the same moment they all rushed on the enemy, with shouts of "Long live the Emperor!" Their blows were worthy of the conquerors of Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and Montmirail. The English and Prussians, from whom they still kept back the victory, united against this handful of heroes, and cut them down. Some, covered with wounds, fell to the ground, weltering in their blood; others, more fortunate, were killed outright: finally, they whose hopes were not answered by death, shot one another, that they might not survive their companions in arms or die by the hands of their enemies.

Wellington and Blücher, thus become quiet possessors of the field of battle, traversed it as masters. But at what expense of blood was this unjust triumph purchased! Never, no never, were the blows of the French more formidable or more deadly to their adversaries. Thirsting after blood and glory, despising danger and death, they rushed daringly on the blazing batteries of their enemy; and seemed to multiply in number, to seek, attack, and pursue them in their inaccessible intrenchments. Thirty thousand English or Prussians* were sacrificed by their

* The general loss of the army of the Duke of Wellington, in killed and wounded, was about 25,000

And that of Prince Blücher 35,000

60,000

hands on that fatal day; and when it is considered that this horrible carnage was the work of 50,000 men,* dying with fatigue and hunger, and striving in miry ground against an impregnable position, and 130,000 fighting men, we cannot but be seized with sorrowful admiration, and decree to the vanquished the palm of victory.†

Such is the account of the campaign of 1815, which was given by M. Fleury de Chaboulon, and which is still considered by most Frenchmen as being a correct description of that awful catastrophe. Without letting our national pride at all interfere with us, we confidently assert that the account is in many essential points exceedingly incorrect, and that M. de Chaboulon, according to the invariable practice of his master, adds to the numbers of the enemy, and deducts from those of his countrymen with an unscrupulous hand. Still, however, his details are in some respects valuable; and the reader will no doubt find amusement in comparing them with those emanating from the British, Prussian, and Spanish sources.

That of the French may be estimated as follows :

The 15th and 16th, killed and wounded	11,000
The 18th, killed and wounded	18,000
Prisoners	8,000
	<hr/>
	37,000

The loss of the French would have been much greater, had it not been for the generous care taken of them by the inhabitants of Belgium. After the victory of Fleurus and of Ligny, they hastened to the field of battle, to console the wounded, and give them every assistance. Nothing could be more affecting, than the sight of a number of women and girls endeavouring to revive, by cordial liquors, our exhausted soldiers, while their husbands and brothers supported our wounded in their arms, stanching their blood, and bound up their wounds.

The precipitancy of our march had not allowed us to prepare conveyances and field-hospitals, to receive our wounded. The good and feeling inhabitants of Belgium supplied the deficiency with eagerness. They carried our poor Frenchmen from the field of battle, and offered them an asylum, and all the attention necessary.

At the time of our retreat, they lavished on us proofs of their regard not less affecting, and not less valuable. Braving the rage of the ferocious Prussians, they quitted their houses, to show us the paths, that would favour our escape, and guide our course through the enemy's columns. When they parted from us, they still followed us with their eyes, and expressed from a distance how happy they were at having been able to save us.

When they knew that a great number of Frenchmen remained prisoners with the conqueror, they were eager to offer, and to lavish on them, consolation and assistance. The Prince of Orange himself, as formidable in the heat of battle, as magnanimous after victory, became the protector of a number of brave fellows, who, having learned how to esteem him on the field of battle, had nobly invoked his support.

* I say fifty thousand men, for more than ten thousand of the guard took no share in the action.

† Memoirs of the Private Life, Return and Reign of Napoleon in 1815. By M. Fleury de Chaboulon, Ex-secretary of the Emperor Napoleon, and of his cabinets, Master of Requests to the Council of State, &c. &c.

M. Chaboulon's assertion, that the British positions at Waterloo were covered with works, is absolutely false. On this head, the gallant Colonel Mackinnon, a man incapable of asserting what is not true, says,—“In other battles positions have been selected with judgment, and defended with courage; but the strong intrenchments at Genappe were carried by the French lines, under Dumourier; and the redoubts of Borodino were insufficient to stop the advance of Napoleon on the ancient capital of the Czars. At Waterloo there were no works of military art to cover the British army. They had and required no protection but their arms, nor any shelter but their matchless discipline, to enable them to repel the furious assaults of an enemy bent on forcing their position. Their unflinching resistance at first perplexed the scientific calculations of the Emperor, then changed his confidence into anxiety, and finally drove him to that state of desperation which flies to a last great effort as its only hope. He had promised victory to his soldiers; he threw his veterans forward, and failed. Up to this period, a large and well-earned portion of the glories of the strife must be given to the brave men who for so many successive hours beat off the attacks of their opponents. Their conduct is beyond all praise, and the merit was their own. But the master-mind that ruled the fight throughout the day—the eagle glance that at its close converted a well-sustained defence into an irresistible charge on the assailing columns, and swept them from the ground on which they stood, belonged exclusively to WELLINGTON. He closed on his adversary, and broke the imperial sceptre for ever. Thus was the battle of Waterloo gained; the most important in its results of ancient or modern times. Here the two greatest captains of this or any other age were opposed to each other: here they were fairly matched, and ample opportunity was afforded for a trial of generalship and military skill. The best troops of France were in the field, and the result is decisive of the superiority of Wellington over his great competitor, while it affords another instance of the unequalled steadiness, perseverance, and courage of the British soldiers.”*

We shall here insert the eloquent and impartial eulogium which General Foy, who, Frenchman as he was, pronounced on the British infantry.

“We saw these sons of Albion formed in square battalions in the plain between the wood of Hougomont and the village of Mont Saint Jean; to effect this compact formation, they had doubled and redoubled their lines several times. The cavalry which supported them were cut to pieces, and the fire of their artillery completely silenced. The general and staff officers were galloping from one square to another, not knowing where to find shelter. Carriages, wounded men, parks of reserve, and auxiliary troops, were all flying in disorder towards Brussels. Death was

* Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards. By Colonel Mackinnon.

before them and in their ranks; disgrace in their rear. In this terrible situation, neither the balls of the Imperial Guard, discharged almost point blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France could make the least impression on the immovable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the majestic movement which its battalions commenced some minutes after sunset; at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprized Wellington he had just achieved the most decisive victory of the age.”*

Napoleon himself expressed his wonder and admiration of the British infantry. “There are no such foot-soldiers in the world,” said he. “Even my old guard could make no impression on them: their fire, so sure, was dreadful! and as for charging them, we might as well have charged stone-walls.”

Foy ascribes this excellence, “the glory of the British army,” above all things to the excellent discipline maintained in our service, and to the calm and frank bravery of the national character.

Baron Muffling in speaking of the British army, says—

“There is not, perhaps in all Europe, an army superior to the English in the actual field of battle. The English soldier is strongly formed and well fed, and nature has endowed him with much courage and intrepidity. He is accustomed to severe discipline, and is very well armed. The infantry shows more indifference than any other European army when attacked in the flank or rear. These qualities explain why the English have never been defeated in a pitched field since they were commanded by the Duke of Wellington.”

As the present work is devoted to Napoleon Bonaparte, and not to the British and their great commander, we have left untold many a thrilling tale relating exclusively to the latter, and many an anecdote calculated to make the pulse of every true Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman, beat high, and bound again!

What must have been the feelings of Napoleon on the memorable night of Waterloo! One of his aides-de-camp has described his attitude the last time he was seen in the field, and the fascination he still exercised over all who were about his person.

“He has ruined us—he has destroyed France and himself;—yet I love him still; it is impossible to be near him and not love him. He has so much greatness of soul—such majesty of manner. He bewitches all minds; approach him with a thousand prejudices, and you quit him filled with admiration: but then, his mad ambition! his ruinous infatuation! his obstinacy without bounds! Besides, he was wont to set every thing upon a cast—his game was all or nothing! Even the battle of Wa-

* See Foy’s account of the Peninsular War, &c.

terloo might have been retrieved, had he not charged with the Guard. This was the reserve of the army, and should have been employed in covering his retreat instead of attacking; but with him, whenever matters looked desperate, he resembled a mad dog. He harangued the Guard—he put himself at its head—it debouched rapidly, and rushed upon the enemy. We were mowed down by grape—we wavered—turned our backs, and the rout was complete. A general disorganization of the army ensued, and Napoleon, rousing himself from the stupor into which he had sunk, was cold as a stone. The last time I saw him was in returning from the charge, when all was lost. My thigh had been broken by a musket-shot in advancing, and I remained in the rear, having fallen on the ground. Napoleon passed close by me; his nose was buried in his snuff-box, and his bridle fell loosely on the neck of his horse, which was pacing leisurely along. A Scotch regiment was advancing at the charge in the distance. The Emperor was almost alone. Lallemand only was with him. The latter still exclaimed, ‘All is not lost, sire; all is not lost! Rally, soldiers! rally!’ The Emperor replied not a word. Lallemand recognised me in passing. ‘What has happened to you, Raoul?’ ‘My thigh is shattered with a musket-ball.’ ‘Poor devil, how I pity you! how I pity you! Adieu! adieu!’ The Emperor uttered not a word.”*

In the midst of the horrid rout that followed, it was not known what had become of Bonaparte. Some of the soldiers swore he had perished. When this was announced to a well-known general officer in his service, he exclaimed like Megret on the death of Charles XII. at Friederickstadt, “*Voilà la pièce finie*” (The play is over). Others pretended that having charged several times at the head of the guard, he had been dismounted and made prisoner. The same uncertainty prevailed respecting the fate of Marshal Ney, the major-general, and most of the French generals and chiefs.

Other people again affirmed that they had seen Napoleon pass, escaping alone through the disordered crowd, and that they had perfectly recognised him by his gray great-coat, and dapple-coloured horse. This last account was the true one. In his flight, he threw himself into an orchard adjoining the farm of La Belle Alliance. It was there he was met by two French horse-soldiers, who, like himself, had lost their way, but who now undertook to guide and protect him through the parties of Prussians, who, fortunately for him, were so busy in plundering the camp equipages, that they let him pass. In spite of the darkness of night, he was perceived and recognised in several places, and his presence was made manifest by the remarks of the soldiers, who said to one another in a low tone of

* Raoul.

voice, "There is the Emperor!" "There goes the Emperor!" These words appeared to him a cry of alarm; and each time he was thus discovered, he galloped forward as quickly as the crowded state of the roads would permit. What had now become of those rapturous acclamations that used to accompany him whenever he showed himself in the midst of his army?

At a short distance from Charleroi two roads meet: one leads to Avesnes, the other to Philippeville: Bonaparte chose the latter, and increasing his speed as the roads became clearer, and he could obtain a carriage and post-horses, he abandoned his army without making any effort to rally it. He has been severely censured for this; but we would remark that French soldiers with all their excellent qualities, are not good at rallying after a signal defeat, and that his army was so completely cut up and dispersed—so thoroughly disheartened, that every effort to re-form them must have failed. In their blind panic, groups of these heroes of many battles—cavalry and infantry still well armed, suffered themselves to be cut up by a few Prussian lancers, whom they ought to have turned upon and annihilated.

On arriving at Philippeville, Napoleon was compelled to wait some time outside the walls. He had need of the protection of its ramparts, for the Prussians, into whose hands he dreaded to fall, were close upon him, having tracked him with great pertinacity, and thrown off numerous parties in that direction. When he reached the gates of the town, the men on guard would not admit him, until the commander of the fortress came up and recognised him. He then entered with a very humble retinue, the drawbridge being raised and the barrier closed immediately afterwards. As soon as it was known that the Emperor was at Philippeville, many of his scattered troops closed round the town in order to protect Napoleon, and to receive protection from those ramparts. This caused him some uneasiness: such a gathering of men would prove to the Prussians that he was there. To obviate this, recourse was had to the following stratagem:

A number of emissaries were sent from the town to the camp, instructing them to counterfeit great terror, and to cry out, "Brothers escape! save yourselves! the Cossacks are coming! here are the Cossacks close upon us!" The emissaries played their parts so well, and the French soldiery were now so spiritless, that they broke up and fled like a flock of sheep. The feigned heralds of the Cossacks then went on to spread over the country the deplorable news that the Emperor was blockaded in Philippeville. This was regarded as certain, and nobody on the roads of Mezières and Laon, where the rumour was propagated, took it into his head to suspect that all this was nothing more nor less than an admirable combination, a stratagem of war of an entirely new conception, imagined by

the great man to conceal his line of march, on which his safety depended. But the public could not long be imposed upon, and after a few hours' rest, Bonaparte left Philippeville and took the road to Paris, by Rocroi and Mezières.

It was at Philippeville that the Duke of Bassano and his secretary, M. Fleury de Chaboulon, who were travelling together in haste, found Napoleon in a state which indicated the feelings of his mind. It was from hence that he sent orders to Generals Rapp, Lecourbe, and Lamarque, to collect what troops were still scattered, and proceed by forced marches towards Paris; and at the same time the commanders of every fortified town on the roads leading to the capital were directed to defend themselves to the last extremity, in order that time might be gained to concentrate troops to prevent the allies from entering Paris. It was at Philippeville that Napoleon dictated two letters to his secretary, to be forwarded immediately to his brother Joseph, the substance of which is thus stated: The first was to be communicated by that prince to the council of ministers; which, however, by no means contained the whole of the fatal result of the battle; the second was a private letter to Joseph, giving him all the details of the day, and of the complete discomfiture of the army. He concluded this letter by saying, "All is however not lost; when I shall have collected my forces, I expect I shall have 150,000 men: those of the National Guards, who are still attached to me, will furnish at least 100,000; the battalions in depot can supply 50,000, consequently I shall have 300,000 troops to oppose to the enemy: the best horses of Paris must be employed for the artillery. There must be immediately a levy of 100,000 recruits to be armed with the firelocks of the royalists. I will cause a levy *en masse* of the provinces of Dauphiné, Burgundy, Lorraine, and Champagne, for I am determined to crush our enemies. But to accomplish all this you must aid me immediately. I am going to Laon. I have not yet heard of Grouchy; if he is not taken prisoner, or his corps destroyed, which I much fear is the case, I may have in three days 50,000 men more, which will enable me to engage the attention of the allies, and thus give time to Paris and to France to do their duty. The English troops march very slowly, and the Prussians, fearing our peasants, do not dare to advance. All may yet go well: write me word as to the effect which this skirmish has produced in the chamber. I believe that the deputies will feel it to be their duty to join me in every effort in order to save France: urge them to second me in my endeavours."

It was nightfall, on the 20th of June, when he approached the walls of Rocroi, where every body expected he would stop and repose himself. A considerable part of the population of that town gathered on the ramparts and saluted him with the old cry of *Vive l'Empereur*, but he only staid to change horses,

and then posted onward. In his critical circumstances, a single night, nay, a single hour gained was of the very highest importance.

CHAPTER XI.

1815.

Interview with Lavallette—Proceedings in the French chambers—Second abdication of Bonaparte—He retires to Rochefort, negotiates with Captain Maitland, and finally embarks in the Bellerophon.

ONE of the first public men to see Napoleon after his return from Waterloo was Lavallette. "I flew," says he, "to the Elysée to see the Emperor: he summoned me into his closet; and as soon as he saw me, he came to meet me with a frightful epileptic laugh. 'Oh! my God!' he said, raising his eyes to heaven, and walking two or three times up and down the room. This appearance of despair was however very short. He soon recovered his coolness, and asked me what was going forward in the chamber of representatives. I could not attempt to hide that exasperation was there carried to a high pitch, and that the majority seemed determined to require his abdication, and to pronounce it themselves if he did not send it in willingly." "How is that?" he said. "If proper measures are not taken, the enemy will be before the gates of Paris in eight days. 'Alas!' he added, 'I have accustomed them to such great victories, that they know not how to bear *one day's* misfortune! What will become of poor France? I have done all I could for her.' He then heaved a deep sigh. Somebody asked to speak to him, and I left him, with an order to come back at a later hour. I passed the day in seeking information among all my friends and acquaintances. I found in all of them either the greatest dejection or an extravagant joy, which they disguised by feigned alarm, and pity for myself, which I repulsed with great indignation. Nothing favourable was to be expected from the chamber of representatives. They all said, they wished for liberty; but, between two enemies who appeared ready to destroy it, they preferred the foreigners, the friends of the Bourbons, to Napoleon, who might still have prolonged the struggle, but that he alone would not find means to save them, and erect the edifice of liberty. The chamber of peers presented a much sadder spectacle. Except the intrepid Thibaudeau, who till the last moment expressed himself with

admirable energy against the Bourbons, almost all the others thought of nothing else but of getting out of the scrape with the least loss they could. Some took no pains to hide their wish of bending again under the Bourbon yoke."

On the evening of Napoleon's return to Paris, he sent for M. Benjamin Constant to come to him at the Elysée about seven o'clock. The chambers had decreed their permanence, and the proposal for the abdication had reached the Emperor. He was serious, but calm. In reply to some words dropped on the disaster of Waterloo, he said, "The question no longer concerns me, but France. They wish me to abdicate. Have they calculated upon the inevitable consequences of this abdication? It is round me, round my name, that the army rallies: to separate me from it, is to disband it. If I abdicate to-day, in two days' time you will no longer have an army. These poor fellows do not understand all your subtleties. Is it believed that axioms in metaphysics, declarations of right, harangues from the tribune will put a stop to the disbanding of an army? To reject me when I landed at Cannes, that I can conceive possible: to abandon me at present is what I do not understand. It is not when the enemy is at twenty-five leagues distance that a government can be overturned with impunity. Does any one imagine that the foreign powers will be won over by fine words? If they had dethroned me fifteen days ago, there would have been some spirit in it: but as it is, I make part of what strangers attack, I make part then of what France is bound to defend. In giving me up, she gives up herself, she avows her weakness, she acknowledges herself conquered, she courts the insolence of the conqueror. It is not the love of liberty which deposes me, but Waterloo; it is fear, and a fear of which your enemies will take advantage. And then what title has the chamber to demand my abdication? It goes out of its lawful sphere in doing so; it has no authority. It is my right, my duty to dissolve it."

"He then hastily ran over the possible consequences of such a step. Separated from the chambers, he could only be considered as a military chief: but the army would be for him; that would always join him who can lead it against foreign banners, and to this might be added all that part of the population which is equally powerful and easily led in such a state of things. As if chance intended to strengthen Napoleon in this train of thought, while he was speaking, the avenue of Marigny resounded with the cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* A crowd of men, chiefly of the poor and labouring class, pressed forward into the avenue, full of a wild enthusiasm, and trying to scale the walls to make an offer to Napoleon to rally round and defend him. Bonaparte for some time looked attentively at this group. 'You see it is so,' said he: 'those are not the men whom I have loaded with honours and riches. What do these people owe

me? I found them—I left them poor. The instinct of necessity enlightens them; the voice of the country speaks by their mouths; and if I choose, if I permit it, in an hour the refractory chambers will have ceased to exist. But the life of a man is not worth purchasing at such a price: I did not return from the Isle of Elba that Paris should be inundated with blood.* He did not like the idea of flight. ‘Why should I not stay here?’ he repeated. ‘What do you suppose they would do to a man disarmed like me? I will go to Malmaison: I can live there in retirement with some friends, who most certainly will come to see me only for my own sake.’ He then described with complacency and even with a sort of gaiety this new kind of life. Afterwards, discarding an idea which sounded like mere irony, he went on: ‘If they do not like me to remain in France, where am I to go? To England? My abode there would be ridiculous or disquieting. I should be tranquil; no one would believe it. Every fog would be suspected of landing me on the coast. At the first sight of a green coat getting out of a boat, one party would fly from France, the other would put France out of the pale of the law. I should commit every body, and by dint of repeating, ‘Behold he comes!’ I should feel the temptation to set out. America would be more suitable; I could live there with dignity. But once more, what is there to fear? What sovereign can, without injuring himself, persecute me? To one I have restored half his dominions; how often has the other pressed my hand, calling me a *great man*! And as to the third, can he find pleasure or honour in the humiliation of his son-in-law? Would they wish to proclaim in the face of the world that all they did was through fear? As to the rest, I shall see: I do not wish to employ open force. I came in the hope of combining our last resources: they abandoned me; they do so with the same facility with which they received me back. Well then, let them efface, if possible, this double stain of weakness and levity! Let them cover it over with some sacrifice, with some glory! Let them do for the country what they will not do for me. I doubt it. To-day those who deliver up Bonaparte, say that it is to save France: to-morrow, by delivering up France, they will prove that it was to save their own heads.*

The humiliating scenes which now rapidly succeeded one another, and which ended in Napoleon's unconditional surrender, may be briefly told. As soon as possible after his arrival at Paris he assembled his counsellors, when, it is affirmed, that he proposed proclaiming himself dictator, and that his brother Lucien was peremptorily in favour of such a measure, but that several members of the council declared their opinion, that in the present temper of the public, there was no probability that it could be carried. It is further asserted, that M. de Lafayette

* Hazlitt.

being made acquainted with what was in contemplation, repaired immediately to the chamber of representatives, of which he was a member, and that this was the cause of the propositions which he laid before them. By these, the independence of the nation was asserted to be in danger; the sittings of the chamber were declared permanent, and all attempts to dissolve it were pronounced treasonable. The propositions were adopted, and being communicated to the chamber of peers, that body also declared itself permanent. Whatever might have been the intentions of Bonaparte, it was now manifest that there were no longer any hopes of his being able to make his will the law of the nation; after some vacillation, therefore, on June 22, he published the following declaration to the French people:

"Frenchmen!—In commencing war for maintaining the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, of all wills, and the concurrence of all the national authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me. Circumstances appear to me changed. I offer myself a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and really have directed them only against my power. My political life is terminated, and I proclaim my son under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. The present ministers will provisionally form the council of the government. The interest which I take in my son, induces me to invite the chambers to form without delay the regency by a law. Unite all for the public safety, that you may continue an independent nation.

NAPOLEON."

This declaration was conveyed to both the chambers, which voted deputations to the late Emperor, accepting this abdication; but, in their debates, the nomination of his son to the succession was artfully eluded. The chamber of representatives voted the nomination of a commission of five persons, three to be chosen from that chamber, and two from the chamber of peers, for the purpose of provisionally exercising the functions of government; and also that the ministers should continue their respective functions under the authority of this commission. The persons chosen by the chamber of representatives were Carnot, Fouché, and Gremier; those nominated by the peers were the Duke of Vicenza (Caulaincourt) and Baron Quinette. The commission nominated five persons to the allied army for the purpose of proposing peace. These proceedings were however rendered of little importance, by the resolution of the victors to advance to Paris.

Napoleon's behaviour just before and immediately after the crisis, is well described by Lavallette. "The next day," he observes, "I returned to the Emperor. He had received the most positive accounts of the state of feeling in the chamber

of representatives. The reports had, however, been given to him with some little reserve; for he did not seem to me convinced that the resolution was really formed to pronounce his abdication. I was better informed on the matter; and I came to him without having the least doubt in my mind that the only thing he could do was to descend once more from the throne. I communicated to him all the particulars I had just received; and I did not hesitate to advise him to follow the only course worthy of him. He listened to me with a sombre air, and though he was in some measure master of himself, the agitation of his mind and the horrors of his position betrayed themselves in his face and in all his motions. 'I know,' said I, 'that your majesty may still keep the sword drawn; but with whom, and against whom? Dejection has chilled the courage of every one; the army is still in the greatest confusion. Nothing is to be expected from Paris, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire cannot be renewed.'—'That thought,' he replied, stopping, 'is far from my mind. I will hear nothing more about myself. But poor France!' At that moment S—— and C—— entered, and having drawn a faithful picture of the exasperation of the deputies, they persuaded him to send in his abdication. Some words he uttered proved to us that he would have considered death preferable to that step; but still he took it."

This great act of abdication being performed, he remained calm during the whole day, giving his advice on the position the army should take, and on the manner in which the negotiations with the enemy ought to be conducted. He insisted especially on the necessity of proclaiming his son Emperor, not so much for the advantage of the child, as with a view to unite on one head all the power of sentiments and affections. Unfortunately, nobody would listen to him. Some men of sense and courage rallied round that proposition in the two chambers; but fear swayed the majority; and among those who remained free from it, many thought that a public declaration of liberty, and the resolution to defend it at any price, would make the enemy and the Bourbons turn back. Strange delusion of weakness and want of experience! It must, however, be respected, for it had its source in love of their country; but, while we excuse it, can it be justified? The population of the metropolis had resumed its usual appearance, which was that of complete indifference, with a resolution to cry 'Long live the King!' provided the king arrived well escorted; for one must not judge of the whole capital by about one-thirtieth part of the inhabitants, who called for arms, and declared themselves warmly against the return of the abandoned family.

On the 23d I returned to the Elysée. The Emperor had been for two hours in his bath. He himself turned the discourse on the retreat he ought to choose, and spoke of the United States. I rejected the idea without reflection, and with

a degree of vehemence that surprised him. 'Why not America?' he asked. I answered, 'Because Moreau retired there.' The observation was harsh, and I should never have forgiven myself for having expressed it, if I had not altered my opinion a few days afterwards. He heard it without any apparent ill humour; but I have no doubt that it must have made an unfavourable impression on his mind. I insisted on his choosing England for his asylum.

The Emperor went to Malmaison. He was accompanied thither by the Duchess de St. Leu, Bertrand and his family, and the Duke of Bassano. I went there several times a-day; for I could not leave Madame de St. Leu, who had suffered much in health by the late events. The day he arrived in that retreat he proposed to me to accompany him abroad. 'Drouot,' he said, 'remains in France. I see, the war minister wishes him not to be lost to his country. I dare not complain; but it is a great loss for me; I never met with a better head, or a more upright heart. That man was formed to be a prime minister any where.' I declined to accompany him in the following words: 'I have a daughter of thirteen years of age; my wife is four months advanced in pregnancy; I cannot make up my mind to leave her. Allow me some time, and I will join you wherever you may be. I have remained faithful to your majesty in better times, and you may reckon upon me now. Nevertheless, if my wife did not require all my attention, I should do better to go with you, for I have sad forebodings respecting my fate.'

The Emperor made no answer; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that he had no better augury of my fate than I had. However, the enemy was approaching, and for the last three days he had solicited the provisional government to place a frigate at his disposal, with which he might proceed to America. It had been promised him; he was even pressed to set off; but he wanted to be the bearer of the order to the captain to convey him to the United States, and that order did not arrive. We all felt that the delay of a single hour might put his freedom in jeopardy.

'After we had talked the subject over among ourselves, I went to him, and strongly pointed out to him how dangerous it might be to prolong his stay. He observed, that he could not go without the order. 'Depart nevertheless,' I replied; 'your presence on board the ship will still have a great influence over Frenchmen; cut the cables, promise money to the crew, and if the captain resist, have him put on shore, and hoist your sails. I have not the least doubt but Fouché has sold you to the allies.' 'I believe it also; but go and make the last effort with the minister of marine.' I went off immediately to M. Decrès. He was in bed, and listened to me with an indifference that made my blood boil. He said to me, 'I am only a minister. Go to Fouché; speak to government. As for me, I can do nothing.'

Good night.' And so he covered himself up again in his blankets. I left him; but I could not succeed in speaking either to Fouché or to any of the others. It was two o'clock in the morning when I returned to Malmaison; the Emperor was in bed. I was let into his chamber, where I gave him an account of the result of my mission, and renewed my entreaties. He listened to me, but made no answer. He got up, however, and spent a part of the night in walking up and down the room.

The following day was the last of that sad drama. The Emperor had gone to bed again, and slept a few hours. I entered his closet at about twelve o'clock. 'If I had known you were here,' he said, 'I would have had you called in.' He then gave me, on a subject that interested him personally, some instructions which it is needless for me to repeat. Soon after I left him, full of anxiety respecting his fate, my heart oppressed with grief, but still far from suspecting the extent to which both the rigour of fortune and the cruelty of his enemies would be carried.*

All the morning of the 30th of June, the great road from St. Germain, rung with the cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, proceeding from the troops who passed under the walls of Malmaison. About midday, General Becker,† sent by the provisional government, arrived. He had been appointed to watch over Napoleon. The basest feeling had dictated this choice. Fouché

* Memoirs of Lavallette.

† The following official letters relative to the situation of Napoleon at this period, are too interesting to be omitted.

Copy of the letter of the Commission of Government to Marshal the Prince d'Eckmuhl, Minister of War.

SIR,

Such is the present state of affairs, that it is necessary that Napoleon should resolve on taking his departure for the Isle of Aix. If he does not decide upon doing so when you announce the subjoined resolutions, you will take care that he is watched at Malmaison, in order to prevent his escape. You will with this view place the proper number of gendarmerie and troops under the direction of Gen. Becker to guard every avenue which leads to Malmaison. For this purpose you will give the necessary orders to the chief inspector of gendarmerie. These measures must be as secret as possible.

This letter is intended for you; but General Becker (who will be charged to acquaint Napoleon with the resolutions) will receive particular instructions from your excellency, and will make him sensible that they have been drawn up for the interest of the state and the safety of his person; that their prompt fulfilment is indispensable; and finally, that the interest of Napoleon himself, as regards his future fate, imperiously demands their execution.

(Signed)

THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.

Copy of the Resolutions of the Commission of Government.

Paris, 26th June, 1815.

The Commission of Government resolves as follows:

Art. I. The minister of marine shall give orders for two frigates to be prepared at Rochefort to convey Napoleon Bonaparte to the United States.

knew that General Becker was personally obnoxious to the Emperor, and thought to find in him a willing agent. He was

Art. II. He shall be furnished, if he requires it, until his departure, with a sufficient escort, under the command of Lieutenant-General Becker, who will be charged to provide for his safety.

Art. III. The director-general of posts shall give the necessary orders for the relays of horses.

Art. IV. The minister of the marine shall give the necessary orders to secure the immediate return of the frigates after the embarkation of Napoleon.

Art. V. The frigates shall not quit Rochefort until the safe arrival of the passports.

Art. VI. The ministers of the marine, of war, and of the finances, are charged, in respect to their several departments with the execution of the present resolutions.

(Signed)

THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.

By the Commission of Government, the Assistant-Secretary of State,

(Signed)

COUNT BERLIER.

Copy of a Letter from the Duke of Otranto to the Minister of War.

Paris, 27th June, 1815, noon.

SIR,

I transmit you a copy of a letter I have just written to the minister of marine respecting Napoleon. You will perceive the necessity, upon reading it, of giving orders to General Becker not to separate himself from the person of Napoleon, whilst the latter shall remain in the roads.

(Signed)

THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.

Copy of a Letter from the Duke of Otranto to the Minister of Marine.

Paris, 27th June, 1815, noon.

SIR,

The commission reminds you of the instructions which it caused to be transmitted to you an hour ago. It is necessary that the resolution should be executed as directed by the commission yesterday, and according to which Napoleon Bonaparte will remain in the roads of Aix until the passports shall arrive.

The interest of the state which cannot be indifferent to him, requires that he shall remain there until his own fate and that of his family shall be definitively arranged. Every means shall be employed in order that the negotiation may be settled to his satisfaction. The honour of France is interested in it; but meanwhile every possible precaution must be taken for the personal security of Napoleon, and that he does not quit the place which has been temporarily assigned to him.

The President of the Commission of Government.

(Signed)

THE DUKE OF OTRANTO.

The Minister of War to General Becker.

SIR,

Paris, 27th June, 1815.

I have the honour to transmit to you the resolutions annexed, which the commission of government charges you to notify to the Emperor Napoleon; observing to his majesty that circumstances are so imperious, that it has become indispensable he should decide upon departing for the Isle of Aix. This resolution, observes the commission, has been taken as much for the safety of his own person as for the welfare of the state, which must always be dear to him.

If his majesty does not decide upon the notification of these resolutions, it is the intention of the commission of government that necessary measures should

grossly deceived; for the general paid to the Emperor a degree of respect highly to his honour. Time now became pressing. The Emperor, at the moment of departure, sent a message by General Becker himself to the provisional government, offering to march as a private citizen at the head of the troops. He promised to repulse Blucher, and afterwards to continue his route. Upon the refusal of the provisional government, he quitted Malmaison. Napoleon, and part of his suite, took the road to Rochefort. He slept at Rambouillet on the 29th of June; on the 30th, at Tours; on the 1st of July he arrived at Niort; and on the 3d reached Rochefort, on the western coast of France, with the intention of escaping to America, but all that sea-board was so vigilantly watched by British men-of-war, that after various plans and devices, he was obliged to abandon the attempt in despair. The Emperor now laid aside his military costume. He was lodged at the house of the prefect, at the balcony of which he occasionally showed himself to acknowledge the acclamations of the people.

During his stay here, a French naval officer, commanding a Danish merchant-vessel, generously offered to some of Napoleon's adherents, to further his escape. He proposed to take Napoleon alone, and undertook to conceal his person so effectually, as to defy the most rigid scrutiny, and offered to sail immediately to the United States of America. He required no other compensation than a small sum to indemnify the owners of his ship for the loss this enterprise might occasion them. This was agreed to by Bertrand upon certain stipulations.

On the evening of the 8th of July, Napoleon reached Fourras, receiving every where testimonies of attachment. He proceeded on board the Saal, one of the two frigates appointed by the provisional government to convey him to the United States, and slept on board that night. Very early on the following morning, he visited the fortifications of that place, and returned to the frigate to dinner. On the 10th, he despatched Count Las Cases and the Duke of Rovigo to the commander of the English squadron, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the passports promised by the provisional government to enable him to proceed to America, had been

be taken to prevent the escape of his majesty, and every attempt against his person.

I report to you, sir, that this resolution has been adopted for the welfare of the state, and for the personal security of the Emperor; and that the commission of government considers its prompt execution as indispensable for the interest of his majesty and of his family.

I have the honour to be, &c.

This letter remained unsigned. The Prince of Eckmühl, at the moment of despatching it, observing to his secretary, 'I will never sign that letter—do you sign it—that will be sufficient.' The secretary, however, did not sign it.

received. A negative answer was returned ; it was at the same time signified that the Emperor would be attacked by the English squadron if he attempted to sail under a flag of truce ; and it was intimated that every neutral vessel would be examined, and probably sent into an English port. Las Cases affirms that Napoleon was recommended to proceed to England by Captain Maitland, who assured him that he would experience no ill-treatment there. The English ship *Bellerophon*, then anchored in the Basque roads, within sight of the French vessels of war. The coast being, as we have stated, entirely blockaded by the English squadron, the Emperor was undecided as to the course he should pursue. Neutral vessels and *chasse-marées*, manned by young naval officers, were proposed, and many other plans were devised.

Napoleon disembarked on the 12th, at the Isle of Aix : acclamations ringing on every side. He had quitted the frigates because they refused to sail, owing either to the weakness of character of the commandant, or in consequence of his receiving fresh orders from the provisional government. Many persons thought that the enterprise might be undertaken with some probability of success ; the wind, however, remained constantly in the wrong quarter.

Las Cases returned to the *Bellerophon* at four o'clock in the morning of the 14th, to inquire whether any reply had been received to the communication made by Napoleon. Captain Maitland stated, that he expected to receive it every moment ; and added, that if the Emperor would then embark for England, he was authorized to convey him thither. He added, moreover, that in his own opinion, and many other officers present concurred with him, he had no doubt Napoleon would be treated in England with all possible attention and respect ; that in England, neither the king nor ministers exercised the same arbitrary power as on the continent ; that the English indeed possessed a generosity of sentiment and a liberality of opinions superior even to the king. Las Cases replied, that he would make Napoleon acquainted with Captain Maitland's offer, and added, that he thought the Emperor would not hesitate to proceed to England, so as to be able to continue his voyage to the United States. He described France, south of the Loire, to be in commotion, the hopes of the people resting on Napoleon as long as he was present ; the propositions every where made to him, and at every moment ; his decided resolution not to become the pretext of a civil war ; the generosity he had exhibited in abdicating, in order to render the conclusion of a peace more practicable ; and his settled determination to banish himself, in order to render that peace more prompt and more lasting.

The messengers returned to their master, who, after some doubt and hesitation, despatched General Gourgaud with the following well-known letter to the Prince Regent :

Rochefort, July 13th, 1815.

ROYAL HIGHNESS,

A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the hostility of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to share the hospitality of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

NAPOLEON.

On the 14th of July, Las Cases and Savary returned to the Bellerophon, where they had a long conversation with Captain Maitland, in the presence of Captains Sartorius and Gambier, who both declare, that Maitland repeatedly warned Napoleon's adherents not to entertain the remotest idea that he was enabled to offer any pledge whatever to their master beyond the simple assurance that he would convey him in safety to the English coast, there to await the determination of the British government. On this their second interview, Captain Maitland's precise words to Las Cases were—

"You will recollect that I am not authorized to stipulate as to the reception of Bonaparte in England, but that he must consider himself as entirely at the disposal of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent."

Napoleon had begun to prepare for his embarkation before daylight on the 15th. It was time that he did so, for a messenger charged with orders to arrest him had already arrived at Rochefort from the new government. The execution of this order was delayed by General Becker for a few hours, in order to allow Napoleon sufficient time to escape. At daybreak he quitted the Epervier, and was enthusiastically cheered by the ship's company so long as the boat was within hearing. Soon after six he was received on board the Bellerophon with respectful silence, but without those honours generally paid to persons of high rank: Bonaparte was dressed in the uniform of the *chasseurs à cheval* of the Imperial Guard, and wore the grand cross of the Legion of Honour. On entering the vessel, he pulled off his hat, and addressing Captain Maitland, said, "I am come to throw myself on the protection of the laws of England." Napoleon's manner was well calculated to make a favourable impression on those with whom he conversed. He requested to be introduced to the officers of the ship, and put various questions to each. He then went round the ship, although he was informed that the men were cleaning and scouring, and remarked upon any thing which struck him as differing from what he had seen in French vessels. The clean appearance of the men surprised him. "He then observed," says Captain Maitland, to whose interesting narrative we refer, "I can see no sufficient reason why your ships should beat the French with so much ease. The finest men-of-war in

your service are French ; a French ship is heavier in every respect than one of yours ; she carries more guns, and those guns are of a larger calibre, and she has a great many more men." His inquiries, which were minute, proved that he had directed much attention to the French navy.

On the first morning Napoleon took breakfast in the English fashion, but observing that his distinguished prisoner did not eat much, Captain Maitland gave directions that for the future a hot breakfast should be served up after the French manner. The *Superb*, the admiral's ship, which had been seen in the morning, was now approaching. Immediately on her anchoring, Captain Maitland went on board to give an account of all that had happened, and received the admiral's approbation of what he had done. In the afternoon Sir Henry Hotham, accompanied by Captain Senhouse, and Mr. Irving, his secretary, were introduced to Napoleon, and invited by him to dinner. This was arranged in order to make it more agreeable to him, by Bonaparte's *maitre d'hôtel*. On dinner being announced, Napoleon led the way, and seated himself in the centre, at one side of the table, desiring Sir Henry Hotham to take the seat on his right, and Madame Bertrand that on his left hand. On this day Captain Maitland took the seat at the end of the table, but on the following day, by his request, he placed himself on Napoleon's right hand, whilst General Bertrand took the top. Two of the ship's officers dined with Napoleon daily, by express invitation. The conversation of Bonaparte was animated. He made many inquiries as to the family and connexions of Captain Maitland, and, in alluding to Lord Lauderdale, who was sent as ambassador to Paris, during the administration of Mr. Fox, paid that nobleman some compliments, and said of the then premier, "Had Mr. Fox lived, it never would have come to this ; but his death put an end to all hopes of peace."

On one occasion, he ordered his camp-bed to be displayed for the amusement of the English officers. In two small leather packages were comprised the couch of the once mighty ruler of the continent. The steel bedstead which, when folded up, was only two feet long, and eighteen inches wide, occupied one case, while the other contained the mattress and curtains. The whole was so contrived as to be ready for use in three minutes.

Napoleon spoke in terms of high praise of the marines on duty in the *Bellerophon*, and on going through their ranks, exclaimed to Bertrand, "How much might be done with a hundred thousand such soldiers as these !" In putting them through their exercise, he drew a contrast between the charge of the bayonet as made by the English and the French, and observed that the English method of fixing the bayonet was faulty, as it might easily be twisted off when in close action. In visiting Admiral Hotham's flag-ship, the *Superb*, he manifested the same active

curiosity as in former instances, and made the same minute inquiries into every thing by which he was surrounded. During breakfast, one of Napoleon's suite, Colonel Planat, was much affected, and even wept, on regarding the humiliation of his master.

On the return of Bonaparte from the *Superb* to the *Bellerophon*, the latter ship was got under weigh in conformity to the following order from Sir Henry Hotham, addressed to Captain Maitland:

"Extract of an Order from Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, K. C. B., addressed to Captain Maitland of H. M. S. Bellerophon, dated Superb, in Basque Roads, July 15th, 1815.

"You are hereby required and directed to take the Myrmidon under your orders, and, putting on board her such persons composing a part of the suite of Napoleon Bonaparte as cannot be conveyed in the Bellerophon, you are to put to sea in H. M. S. under your command, in company with the Myrmidon, and make the best of your way with Napoleon Bonaparte and his suite to Torbay, and there landing the officer of the ship bearing my flag, whom I have charged with a despatch addressed to the Secretary of the Admiralty, as well as an officer of the ship you command, for the purpose of proceeding express to Plymouth with the despatch you will herewith receive, addressed to Admiral Lord Keith, and a copy of these instructions (which you will transmit to his lordship), await orders from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, or his lordship, for your further proceedings."

The vessel accordingly made all sail for England, and in passing within a cable's length of the *Superb*, Bonaparte inquired of Captain Maitland if he thought that distance was sufficient for action. The reply of the English officer was characteristic; he told the ex-Emperor that half the distance, or even less, would suit much better. Speaking of Sir Sydney Smith, Bonaparte repeated the anecdote connected with his quarrel at St. Jean d'Acre, with that officer, which has already been related in one of the notes to the present work. Patting Capt. Maitland on the head, he observed, that had it not been for the English navy, he would have been Emperor of the East; but that wherever he went, he was sure to find English ships in the way. The *Bellerophon*, with Bonaparte on board, approached the coast of England on Sunday, the 23d of July, 1815, and at daybreak on the 24th, the vessel neared Dartmouth. No sooner had the ship anchored than an order from Lord Keith was delivered to Captain Maitland, from which the following is an extract:

"Extract of an Order from Admiral Viscount Keith, G. C. B., addressed to Captain Maitland, of H. M. S. Bellerophon, dated Ville de Paris, Hamoaee, 23d July, 1815.

"Captain Sartorius, of His Majesty's ship Slaney, delivered to me last night, at eleven o'clock, your despatch of the 14th instant, acquainting me that Bonaparte had proposed to embark on board the ship you command; and that you had acceded thereto, with the intention of proceeding to Torbay, there to wait for further orders. I lost no time in forwarding your letter by Captain Sartorius to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in order that their lordships might, through him, be acquainted with every circumstance that had occurred on an occasion of so much importance; and you may expect orders from their lordships for your further guidance. You are to remain in Torbay until you receive such orders; and in the mean time, in addition to the directions already in your possession, you are most positively ordered to prevent every person whatever from coming on board the ship you command, except the officers and men who compose her crew; nor is any person whatever, whether in His Majesty's service or not, who does not belong to the ship, to be suffered to come on board, either for the purpose of visiting the officers, or on any pretence whatever, without express permission either from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, or from me. As I understand from Captain Sartorius, that General Gourgaud refused to deliver the letter with which he was charged for the Prince Regent, to any person except his royal highness, you are to take him out of the Slaney, into the ship you command, until you receive directions from the Admiralty on the subject, and order that ship back to Plymouth Sound, when Captain Sartorius returns from London."

It was now first stated, in some of the English newspapers, that St. Helena would be the place of exile of the ex-Emperor, the bare report of which evidently caused great pain to Napoleon and his suite. General Gourgaud about this time returned to the Bellerophon, not having been suffered to go on shore to deliver the letter from Bonaparte to the Prince Regent, with which he had been intrusted. The ship, which bore the modern Alexander, soon became a natural object of attraction to the whole neighbourhood, and was constantly surrounded by crowds of boats. Napoleon frequently showed himself to the people from shore with a view of gratifying their curiosity. On the 25th of July, the number of boats which approached the vessel was greatly increased, and the alarm of the captives became greater as the report was strengthened as to the intention of conveying Bonaparte to St. Helena.

In conversation with Captain Maitland, Napoleon who seemed to be aware that the English fishermen united the occupation of smugglers to their usual trade, stated that many of them had been bribed by him, and had assisted in the escape of French prisoners of war. They had even proposed to deliver Louis XVIII. into his power, but as they would not answer for the

safety of his life, Napoleon refused the offer. Upon the arrival of despatches from London, the *Bellerophon* got under weigh for Plymouth Sound on the 26th of July. This movement tended still further to disconcert the ex-Emperor and his followers. In passing the Breakwater, Bonaparte could not withhold his admiration of that work, which he considered highly honourable to the public spirit of the nation, and, alluding to his own improvements at Cherbourg, expressed his apprehensions that they would now be suffered to fall into decay.

Captain Maitland was at this time directed by Lord Keith to observe the utmost vigilance to prevent the escape of his prisoners, and with this view, no boat was permitted to approach the *Bellerophon*; the *Liffey* and *Eurotas* were ordered to take up an anchorage on each side the ship; and other precautions were adopted.

On the 27th of July, Captain Maitland proceeded to Lord Keith, taking with him Bonaparte's original letter to the Prince Regent, which, as General Gourgaud had not been permitted to deliver it personally, Napoleon now desired to be transmitted through the hands of the admiral. As Lord Keith had now received instructions from his government as to the manner in which Napoleon was to be treated, he lost no time in paying his respects to the fallen chief.

On the 31st of July, the anxiously-expected order of the English government arrived. In this document, wherein the ex-Emperor was styled "General Bonaparte," it was notified that he was indeed to be exiled to St. Helena, the place of all others most dreaded by him and his devoted adherents. It was moreover specified that he might be allowed to take with him three officers of his suite, and twelve servants. To his own selection was conceded the choice of these followers, with the exclusion, however, of Savary and Lallemand, who were on no account to be permitted any further to share his fortunes. This prohibition gave considerable alarm to those individuals, who became excessively anxious as to their future disposal, and declared that to deliver them up to the vengeance of the Bourbons, would be a violation of faith and honour.

Napoleon himself complained bitterly on the subject of his destination, and said, "the idea of it is perfect horror to me. To be placed for life on an island within the tropics, at an immense distance from any land, cut off from all communication with the world, and every thing that I hold dear in it!—*c'est pis que la cage de fer de Tamerlan* (it is worse than Tamerlane's iron cage). I would prefer being delivered up to the Bourbons. Among other insults," said he, "but that is a mere bagatelle, a very secondary consideration—they style me general! They can have no right to call me general; they may as well call me archbishop, for I was head of the church, as well as the army. If they do not acknowledge me as Emperor, they ought as First

Consul; they have sent ambassadors to me as such; and your king, in his letters, styled me brother. Had they confined me in the Tower of London, or one of the fortresses in England, (though not what I had hoped from the generosity of the English people,) I should not have so much cause of complaint; but to banish me to an island within the tropics! They might as well have signed my death-warrant at once, for it is impossible a man of my habit of body can live long in such a climate.*

Having so expressed himself, he wrote a second letter to the Prince Regent, which was forwarded through Lord Keith. It was the opinion of Generals Montholon and Gourgaud, that Bonaparte would sooner kill himself than go to St. Helena. This idea arose from his having been heard emphatically to exclaim, "I will *not* go to St. Helena!" The generals, indeed, declared that were he to give his own consent to be so exiled, they would themselves prevent him. In consequence of this threat, Captain Maitland was instructed by Lord Keith to tell those gentlemen, that as the English law awarded death to murderers, the crime they meditated would inevitably conduct them to the gallows.

Early on the morning of the 4th of August, the *Bellerophon* was ordered to be ready, at a moment's notice, for sea. The reason of this was traced to a circumstance which is conspicuous among the many remarkable incidents by which Bonaparte's arrival near the English coast was characterized. A rumour reached Lord Keith that a habeas corpus had been procured with a view of delivering Napoleon from the custody he was then under. This, however, turned out to be a subpoena for Bonaparte as a witness at a trial in the Court of King's Bench; and, indeed, a person attempted to get on board the *Bellerophon* to serve the document; but he was completely foiled in his intention; though had he succeeded, the subpoena would, in the situation wherein the ex-Emperor then stood, have been utterly without avail.

On the 5th Captain Maitland, having been summoned to the flagship of Lord Keith, acquainted General Bertrand that he would convey to the admiral any thing which Bonaparte (who had expressed an urgent wish to see his lordship) might desire to say to him. Bertrand requested the captain to delay his departure until a certain document, then in preparation, should be completed; and at length brought from Napoleon's cabin a paper, of which the following is a translation:

BONAPARTE'S PROTEST.

I hereby solemnly protest, before God and man, against the injustice offered me, and the violation of my most sacred rights, in forcibly disposing of my person and my liberty. I came freely on

* Captain Maitland's Narrative.

board of the *Bellerophon*; I am not a prisoner; I am the guest of England. I was indeed instigated to come on board by the captain, who told me that he had been directed by his government to receive me and my suite, and conduct me to England, if agreeable to my wishes. I presented myself in good faith, with the view of claiming the protection of the English laws. As soon as I had reached the deck of the *Bellerophon*, I considered myself in the home and on the hearth of the British people.

If it was the intention of government, in giving orders to the captain of the *Bellerophon* to receive me and my suite, merely to entrap me, it has forfeited its honour and sullied its flag.

If this act be consummated, it will be useless for the English to talk to Europe of their integrity, their laws, and their liberty. British good faith will have been lost in the hospitality of the *Bellerophon*.

I appeal to history;—it will say that an enemy, who made war for twenty years upon the English people, came voluntarily, in his misfortunes, to seek an asylum under their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and his confidence? But what return did England make for so magnanimous an act? They pretended to hold out a friendly hand to this enemy; and when he delivered himself up in good faith, they sacrificed him.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

On board the *Bellerophon*,
4th of August, 1815.

Captain Maitland, however, denies that any snare was laid for Bonaparte, either by himself or by the English government. He says, that the precautions for preventing the escape of Napoleon from Rochefort were so well ordered, that it was impossible to evade them; and that the fugitive was compelled to surrender himself to the English ship.

On the 7th of August, Bonaparte, with the suite he had selected, was transferred from the *Bellerophon* to the *Northumberland*. Lord Keith's barge was prepared for his conveyance to the latter vessel, and his lordship was present on the occasion. A captain's guard was turned out, and, as Napoleon left the *Bellerophon*, the marines presented arms, and the drum was beat as usual in saluting a general officer. When he arrived on board the *Northumberland* the squadron got under weigh, and Napoleon sailed for the place of his final exile and grave.*

* As so many disputes have been maintained on the subject of Napoleon's surrender to Captain Maitland, we shall here give an account of it from one of the fallen Emperor's most attached partisans. M. Fleury de Chaboulon is incorrect in some points, but he vindicates the honour both of the captain and the English admiral from the attacks of Las Cases and others.

"His presence at Rochefort excited such enthusiasm among the people, the sailors, and soldiers, that the shore uninterruptedly resounded with shouts of 'Long live the Emperor!' and these shouts, repeated from mouth to mouth, could not but teach those who had flattered themselves with having mastered the will of Napoleon, how easy it would be for him to shake off his chains, and laugh

FRENCH ACCOUNT OF NAPOLEON'S EMBARKATION. 229

at their vain precautions. Faithful to his determination, however, he firmly resisted the impulse of circumstances, and the continual solicitations made him to put himself at the head of the patriots and the army. 'It is too late,' he constantly repeated; 'the evil is now without remedy; it is no longer in my power to save the country. A civil war now would answer no end—would be of no utility. To myself alone it might prove advantageous, by affording me the means of procuring personally more favourable conditions: but these I must purchase by the inevitable destruction of the most generous and magnanimous spirit which France possesses; and such a result inspires me with horror.' Up to the 29th of June, the day when the Emperor quitted Malmaison, no English vessel had been seen off the coast of Rochefort, and there is every reason to believe that Napoleon, if circumstances had allowed him to embark immediately after his abdication, would have reached the United States without obstruction. But when he arrived at the sea-coast, he found every outlet occupied by the English, and appeared to retain little hope of escaping.

"The 8th of July he went on board the French frigate *La Saale*, which had been prepared to receive him. His suite was embarked on board the *Medusa*, and the next day, the 9th, the two vessels anchored at the isle of Aix. Napoleon, always the same, ordered the garrison under arms, examined the fortifications most minutely, and distributed praise or blame, as if he had still been sovereign master of the state. On the 10th, the wind, hitherto contrary, became fair; but an English fleet of eleven vessels was cruising within sight of the port, and it was impossible to get to sea. On the 11th, the Emperor, weary of this state of anxiety, sent Count de Las Cases, now become his secretary, to sound the disposition of the English admiral, to inquire whether he was authorized to allow him liberty to repair to England or to the United States. The admiral answered, that he had no orders; nevertheless he was ready to receive Napoleon, and convey him to England; *but that it was not in his power to answer whether he would obtain permission to remain there, or to repair to America.* Napoleon, not satisfied with this answer, caused two half-decked vessels to be purchased, with intention, under favour of night, to reach a Danish smack, with which he had contrived to hold intelligence.

"This step having failed, some young midshipmen, full of courage and devotion, proposed to him to go on board the two barks, and swore they would forfeit their lives if they did not convey him to New York. Napoleon was not deterred by so long a voyage in such slight vessels; but he knew that they could not avoid stopping on the coasts of Spain and Portugal to take in water and provision, and he would not expose himself and people to the danger of falling into the hands of the Portuguese or Spaniards.

"Being informed that an American vessel was at the mouth of the Gironde, he sent off General Lallemand on the spur to ascertain the existence of the vessel, and the sentiments of the captain. The general returned with all speed to inform him that the captain would be happy and proud to extricate him from the persecution of his enemies; but Napoleon, yielding, as it is said, to the advice of some persons about him, gave up the idea of attempting this passage, and determined to throw himself on the generosity of the English. On the 14th he caused the admiral to be informed that the next day he would repair on board his vessel. On the 15th, in the morning, he went off in the brig *l'Epervier*, and was received on board the *Bellerophon* with the honours due to his rank and to his misfortune. General Becker, who had orders not to quit him, attended him. The moment they came alongside, the Emperor said to him, 'Withdraw, general; I would not have it be believed that a Frenchman is come to deliver me into the hands of my enemies.' On the 16th the *Bellerophon* set sail for England."

CHAPTER XII.

1815.

Departure for St. Helena.—Voyage.—Arrival.

THE Northumberland was in the greatest confusion from the short notice at which she had sailed; and for the two first days the crew was employed in restoring order and getting ready for the voyage. The following particulars will afford an idea of that part of the ship occupied by the Emperor and his suite.—The space abaft the mizen-mast contained two public and two private cabins: the first was a dining-room about ten feet broad, and extending the whole width of the ship, lighted by a port-hole at each end and a skylight above. The drawing-room took up all the remaining space, except two cabins on the right and left, each having an entrance from the dining or mess-room, and another from the drawing-room. The Emperor occupied that on the left, in which his camp-bedstead had been put up; that on the right was appropriated to the admiral. It was peremptorily enjoined that the drawing-room should be in common and not given up to the Emperor. The form of the dining-table resembled that of the mess-room. Napoleon sat with his back to the drawing-room or after-cabin, and looking towards the head of the ship; on his left sat Madame Bertrand, and on his right the admiral, who with Madame Montholon filled up one side of the table. At the end next that lady was Captain Ross, who commanded the ship, and opposite him M. Montholon, and the admiral's secretary. The side of the table facing the Emperor was occupied by the grand-marshal, the colonel of the 53d regiment, Las Cases, and Gourgaud. The admiral invited one or two of the officers to dinner every day. The band of the 53d newly-formed played during dinner-time.

The vessel made as much sail as the wind would permit, in order to get out of the channel; and stood along the coast of England, to procure different supplies of sea-stock. On the 10th of the month they cleared the channel, and lost sight of land. The course of the ship was shaped to cross the Bay of

Biscay, and double Cape Finisterre. The wind was fair, though light, and the heat excessive. Nothing could be more monotonous than the time they now passed. Napoleon breakfasted in his own cabin at irregular hours. He sent for one of his attendants every morning to know what was going on; the distance run, the state of the wind, and other particulars connected with their progress. He read a great deal, dressed towards four o'clock, and then came into the public cabin: here he played at chess with one of the party: at five o'clock the admiral having come out of his cabin a few minutes before, announced that dinner was on the table. It is well known that Napoleon was scarcely ever more than fifteen minutes at dinner: here the two courses alone took up nearly an hour and a half. This was a serious annoyance to him, though he never noticed it: his features, gestures, and manner always evinced perfect equanimity. Neither the new system of cookery, the difference or quality of the dishes ever met with his censure or observation: he never expressed any wish or objection on the subject. He was waited on by two valets, who stood behind his chair. At first the admiral was in the habit of offering to help the Emperor; but the acknowledgment of the latter was expressed so coldly, that the practice was given up. The admiral continued very attentive; but thenceforth only pointed out to the servants what was preferable: they alone minded these matters, to which Napoleon appeared wholly indifferent. He was generally silent, remaining in the midst of conversation as if unacquainted with the language, though it was French. If he spoke, it was to ask some technical or scientific question; or to address a few words to those whom the admiral occasionally asked to dinner.

The Emperor already tired by the length of the dinner, could not have endured the English custom of sitting drinking afterwards; he rose, therefore, from the first day, immediately after coffee had been handed round, and went on deck, followed by the grand-marshal and Las Cases. This disconcerted Admiral Cockburn, who expressed his surprise to his officers; but Madame Bertrand, whose maternal language was English, replied, with spirit, 'Do not forget, sir, that your guest is a man who has governed a large portion of the world; and that kings once contended for the honour of being admitted to his table.' — 'Very true,' rejoined the admiral; and from that time did his utmost to comply with Napoleon's habits. He shortened the time of sitting at table, ordering coffee for Napoleon and those who accompanied him, even before the rest of the company had finished their dinner. The moment Napoleon had taken his coffee, he left the cabin; upon which every body rose till he had quitted the room, and then continued to take their wine for another hour. The Emperor remained walking on deck till dark, which became his regular practice. On returning to the after-cabin, he sat down to play *vingt-un* with ^{sc} *quite*;

and generally retired in about half an hour. On the morning of the 15th, all his suite asked permission to be admitted to his presence, and entered his cabin at the same time. He was not aware of the cause of this visit: it was his birthday, which seemed to have altogether escaped his recollection. They had been accustomed to see him on that day on a larger stage and in far different circumstances. What a contrast; and what a train of reflections it must have called up! Usually, the Emperor lost at play: this day he won a considerable sum: while those present were congratulating him on his singular good fortune, an English officer observed, that it was the anniversary of his birthday.

On the 16th they doubled Cape Finisterre; and up to the 21st, passing the straits of Gibraltar, continued their course along the coast of Africa towards Madeira. Napoleon commonly remained in his cabin the whole morning: from the extreme heat, he wore a very slight dress. He could not sleep well, and frequently rose in the night. Reading was his chief occupation. He often sent for Count Las Cases to translate from such books as were on board, whatever related to St. Helena or the countries by which they were sailing. In the walks on deck after dinner Las Cases was frequently left alone with the Emperor, as Bertrand had to attend his wife, who suffered greatly from sea-sickness. Napoleon used to start a subject of conversation, or revive that of some preceding day; and when he had taken eight or nine turns, the whole length of the deck, he would seat himself on the second gun from the gangway on the larboard side. The midshipmen soon observed this habitual predilection, so that the cannon was thenceforth called the *Emperor's gun*. It was here that Napoleon often conversed for hours together, and communicated to his faithful follower many interesting particulars concerning himself and others.

On the 22d they came within sight of Madeira, and at night arrived off the port. They stopped to take in provisions for a day or two. Napoleon was indisposed. A sudden gale arose, and the air was filled with small particles of sand and the suffocating exhalations from the deserts of Africa. In the evening of the 24th they made way again, and sailed on smoothly and rapidly; the time seeming long as it passed, and brief in the retrospect from the want of variety. The Emperor added to his amusements by a game at piquet. He was but an indifferent chess-player, and there was no very good one on board. He asked, jestingly, 'How he frequently beat those who beat better players than himself?' *Vingt-un* was given up, as they played too high at it; and Napoleon had a great aversion to gaming. On the 27th they passed the Canaries without seeing the famous peak of Teneriffe, and on the 29th they crossed the tropic. One night a negro threw himself overboard

to avoid a flogging, which occasioned a great noise and bustle. A midshipman, an interesting youth between ten and twelve, meeting Las Cases descending into the cabin, and thinking he was going to inform Napoleon of the cause, caught hold of his coat, and in a tone of great concern exclaimed, 'Ah, sir, do not alarm the Emperor! Tell him the noise is owing to an accident!' In general the midshipmen on board behaved with marked respect and attention to Bonaparte: they watched his motions with an anxious eye, and either by signs or words directed the sailors to avoid incommoding him. He sometimes noticed this conduct, and remarked that youthful hearts were always prone to enthusiasm.

On the 1st of September they found themselves in the latitude of the Cape de Verd Islands: the admiral expected to see them on the right, but they were on his left. Every thing now promised a prosperous passage: they were already far advanced on their course. But the time hung heavy, and nothing but occupation could lighten it. Las Cases had undertaken to teach his son English; and the Emperor also expressed a wish to learn. He however soon grew tired and laid it aside; nor was it resumed till long afterwards. His manners and habits were always the same: never did a wish or a murmur escape his lips; he invariably appeared contented, patient, and good-humoured. The admiral, who had assumed a certain distance at first, gradually laid aside his reserve, and took a greater interest in his captive. He pointed out the danger incurred by coming on deck after dinner, owing to the damp of the evening: the Emperor would then sometimes take his arm and prolong the conversation, which never failed to gratify him exceedingly. Napoleon sometimes talked on naval affairs, on the French resources in the south, and on the improvements he had contemplated in the ports and harbours of the Mediterranean—to all which the admiral listened with deep attention, and as if fearful of interruption, and is said to have carefully noted down every particular.

Meanwhile, Napoleon observed that Las Cases was busily employed; and suspecting the cause, obtained a sight of his journal, with which he was not displeased. He, however, took notice that some of the military details and anecdotes which were set down gave but a meagre and unsatisfactory idea of the subject of war. This first led to the proposal of his writing his own *Memoirs*, which was discussed at various times afterwards. At length, the Emperor came to a determination; and on Saturday, the 9th of September, he called his secretary into his cabin and dictated to him for the first time some particulars of the siege of Toulon. On approaching the line, they fell in with what are called the trade-winds, that blow constantly from the east. The course of the ship is regulated by these winds. The heat had been very moderate after leaving Madeira. On the 16th

there was a considerable fall of rain, to the great joy of the sailors, who were in want of water. The rain began to fall heavily just as the Emperor had got upon deck to take his afternoon walk. But this did not disappoint him of his usual exercise; he merely called for his famous gray great-coat, which the crew regarded with much interest. The English were fond of talking with the French officers, and they mutually surprised each other by the opposition of their views and sentiments. One of the principal officers of the ship one day said, "I suppose you would be very much alarmed if we were to land you on the coast of France?"—"Why so?"—"Because the king would make you pay dearly for having left your country to follow another sovereign, and for wearing a cockade which he has prohibited."—"And is this language," was the answer, "becoming an Englishman? You must be strangely degenerated. You are, it is true, far removed from the period of your revolution, to which you so justly apply the epithet *glorious*. But we who are nearer to ours, by which we have gained so much, may tell you that every word you utter is heresy."

The English were also very fond of asking questions concerning the Emperor and the libels that had been published against him. This led to an examination and exposure of several of them. No man had ever been more assailed by calumny than Napoleon, which is not to be wondered at: but he would never permit any one to reply to the attacks that were made upon him. "Whatever pains," he said, "might have been bestowed on such answers, they would only have given additional weight to the accusations they were intended to refute. Facts were the most convincing answers. A fine monument, another good law, or a new victory were sufficient to defeat a thousand such falsehoods. Declamation passes away, but deeds remain."

Napoleon now began regularly to dictate his Memoirs. For the first few days he viewed the occupation with indifference; but the regularity and promptitude with which his amanuensis presented his daily task, together with the progress that was made, soon excited an interest; and at length the pleasure he derived from this employment of his mind, rendered it in a manner necessary to him. He was sure to send for Las Cases about eleven o'clock every morning, and he seemed to await the hour with impatience. He read to him what had been dictated on the preceding day; and he then dictated further with great rapidity and earnestness. In this way the time passed till four o'clock arrived, when his valet was summoned. He then proceeded to the state cabin and spent the time till dinner in playing at piquet or chess. After dinner, the Emperor never failed to allude to his morning's dictation, as if pleased with the occupation it afforded him.

On the 23d of September they passed the line. This was

a day of great merriment and disorder among the crew; it was the ceremony which the English sailors call the *Christening*. No one is spared; and the officers are generally more roughly handled than any one else. The admiral who had previously amused himself by giving an alarming description of this ceremony, now very courteously exempted his guests from the inconvenience and ridicule attending it. Napoleon was scrupulously respected through the whole of this Saturnalian festivity. On being informed of the decorum which had been observed with regard to him, he ordered a hundred Napoleons to be presented to the grotesque Neptune and his crew, which the admiral opposed, perhaps from motives of prudence as well as politeness. One afternoon, about this period, the sailors had caught an enormous shark; and Napoleon going too near it out of curiosity, narrowly escaped a serious accident.

The west-wind which had blown for some time still continued, and drove them from their course. Napoleon every morning continued his dictation, in which he daily took more interest. He had at first nothing to guide him but a wretched work, entitled 'Wars of the French in Italy.' The Emperor glanced through it, and his memory soon supplied all deficiencies. When he commenced his stated task, he complained that the circumstances to which he wished to recur were no longer familiar to him. After considering a few moments, however, he would rise and walk about, and then began to dictate, when he became quite another man, and every thing seemed to come as if by inspiration—places, dates, phrases—nothing stopped him.

Owing to the haste with which they had been hurried from England, the painting of the ship had been only lately finished; and this circumstance confined Napoleon, whose sense of smell was very acute, to his room for two days. They were now, in the beginning of October, driven into the Gulf of Guinea, where they met a French vessel bound for the Isle of Bourbon. They spoke with the captain, who expressed his surprise and sorrow when he learnt that Napoleon was on board. The wind continued unfavourable and the ship made little progress. The sailors grumbled at the admiral, who had gone out of the usual course. At length they approached the termination of their voyage. The weather cleared up and the wind became favourable; but this change did not take place till twenty-four hours before their arrival. On the 14th, the admiral had informed them that he expected to come within sight of St. Helena that day. They had scarcely risen from table when their ears were saluted with the cry of *Land!* This was within a quarter of an hour of the time that had been fixed on. The Emperor went on the fore-castle to see the island; but it was still hardly distinguishable. At daybreak the next morning, they had a tolerably clear view of it: it looked considerable at first, but seemed to diminish as they approached.

At length, about seventy days after their departure from England, and a hundred and ten after their quitting Paris, they cast anchor about noon. They found in the harbour several vessels of the squadron which had separated from them, and which they thought they had left behind. Napoleon, contrary to custom, dressed early and went upon deck: he went forward to the gangway to view the island. He beheld a kind of village surrounded by numerous barren hills towering to the clouds. Every platform, every aperture, the brow of every hill was planted with cannon. The Emperor viewed the prospect through his glass. His countenance underwent no change. He soon left the deck; and sending for Las Cases, proceeded to his day's work. The admiral, who had gone ashore very early, returned about six much fatigued. He had been walking over various parts of the island, and at length thought he had found a habitation that would suit his captives. The place stood in need of repairs, which might occupy two months. His orders were not to let the French quit the vessel till a house should be prepared to receive them. He, however, undertook on his own responsibility, to set them on shore the next day.

On the 16th, after dinner, Napoleon, accompanied by the grand-marshal, got into a boat to go ashore. As he passed, the officers assembled on the quarter-deck, and the greater part of the crew on the gangways. The Emperor, before he stepped into the boat, sent for the captain of the vessel, and took leave of him, desiring him at the same time to convey his thanks to the officers and crew. These words appeared to produce the liveliest sensation in all by whom they were understood, or to whom they were interpreted. The remainder of his suite landed about eight. They found the Emperor in the apartments which had been assigned to him: a few minutes after, he went upstairs to his chamber. He was lodged in a sort of inn in the James-Town, which consists only of one short street, or row of houses, built in a narrow valley between two rocky hills.*

* Hazlitt.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIII.

1815.

RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA.

THE Emperor, the grand-marshal, and the admiral, riding out to visit Longwood, which had been chosen for the Emperor's residence, on their return saw a small villa, with a pavilion attached to it, about two miles from the town, the residence of Mr. Balcombe, a merchant of the island. This spot pleased Napoleon, and the admiral was of opinion that it would be better for him to remain here than to return to the town, where the sentinels at his door, with the crowds collected round it, in a manner confined him to his chamber. The pavilion was a sort of summer-house on a pointed eminence, about thirty or forty paces from the house, where the family were accustomed to resort in fine weather to amuse themselves: this was the retreat hired for the temporary abode of the Emperor; and he took possession of it immediately. There is a carriage-road from the town; and the valley is in this part less rugged in its aspect. Las Cases was soon sent for. As he ascended the winding path leading to the pavilion, he saw Napoleon standing at the threshold of the door. His body was slightly bent, and his hands behind his back: he wore his usual neat and simple uniform, and his celebrated little hat. Las Cases paused to look at him with that feeling of respect which greatness and misfortune inspire! The Emperor was alone: the servants were preparing his bed. He took a fancy to walk a little: but there was no level ground on any side of the pavilion, which was surrounded by huge pieces of rock. Taking the arm of his companion, however, he began to converse in a cheerful strain. Night was advancing, profound silence, undisturbed solitude reigned around:—here then was the man who had governed the world, stripped of every thing but his unfading renown, and with all his grandeur concentrated in himself alone. When Napoleon was about

to retire to rest, the servants found that one of the windows was open close to the bed: they barricadoed it as well as they could, so as to exclude the air, of the effects of which the Emperor was very susceptible. Las Cases ascended to an upper room. From this retreat they could hear the sound of the Emperor's voice and distinguish his words. The valets-de-chambre lay stretched in their cloaks across the threshold of the door. Such is the description of the first night Napoleon passed at the Briars.

An English officer was lodged with them in the house as their guard; and two inferior officers were stationed near the house, to prevent any attempt at escape. Napoleon next proceeded to his dictation, which occupied him for several hours; and then took a walk in the garden, where he was met by the two Miss Balcombes, lively and innocent girls about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who presented him with flowers, and overwhelmed him with the most whimsical questions. Napoleon was amused by their familiarity, to which he had been little accustomed. "We have been to a masked ball," said he, when the young ladies had taken their leave.

The next day a chicken was brought for breakfast, which the Emperor undertook to carve himself, and was surprised at his succeeding so well, it being a long time since he had done so much. The coffee he considered so bad, that on tasting it he thought himself poisoned, and sent it away. He happened to be using a snuff-box set with ancient medals, having Greek inscriptions. He gave it to Las Cases to translate one of the names, but presently laughed and said, 'I see you are no better a scholar than myself.' It was then handed to young Las Cases, a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, who easily read the names of Mithridates, Demetrius Poliorcetes, and some others. This led Napoleon to remark on the excellent education he had given to the youth of France. He said, if he had thought only of himself and of securing his own authority, he should have hid learning under a bushel, instead of doing every thing in his power to diffuse and improve knowledge. The plan of his University, he added, had been spoiled by others.

In the evening, Napoleon paid a visit to Mr. Balcombe. The young ladies, and an English gentleman who was there, fell into some droll anachronisms respecting persons they had read of in history and in the newspapers of the day. On the 21st the admiral came to visit Bonaparte. Among other privations, Napoleon could not procure a bath, so necessary to his health. In the evening, the whole of his suite met, and were assembled round him, when he made some bitter reflections on their situation. The English ministers had treated him as a prisoner of war: he was not one; or if he were, the right over him ceased with the war itself. His detention and the mode of it he considered equally an act of violence and duplicity. He transmitted a paper stating these arguments (and desiring to hear news of his wife

and son) to the English ministry, by the captain of the vessel which was about to set sail on its return to Europe.

The mornings were passed in business: in the evening Napoleon sometimes strolled to the neighbouring villa, where the young ladies made him play at whist. The "Campaign of Italy" was nearly finished; and Las Cases proposed that the other followers of Napoleon who were lodged in the town should come up every morning to assist in transcribing the "Campaign of Egypt," the "History of the Consulate," &c. This suggestion pleased the Ex-emperor, so that from that time one or two of his suite came regularly every day to write to his dictation. They then staid to dinner, and thus afforded Bonaparte a little more amusement than he had received hitherto. A tent, the gift of the Colonel of the 53d regiment, was spread out so as to form a prolongation of the pavilion. Their cook took up his abode at Briars. The table-linen was taken from the trunks; the plate was set forth; and the first dinner after these new arrangements was a sort of *fête*. One day at dinner, Napoleon casting his eye on one of the dishes of his campaign-service, on which the imperial arms were engraved, "How they have spoiled that!" he exclaimed; and he could not refrain from observing, that the king was in great haste to take possession of the imperial plate, which certainly did not belong to him. One day he drew out a cabinet, in which were a number of medallions, given him by the Pope and other potentates; some letters of Louis XVIII., which he had left behind him on his writing-table in the suddenness of his flight from the Tuileries on the 20th of March; and a number of other letters found in the portfolio of M. Blacas, intended to calumniate Napoleon.

He now never dressed till about four o'clock: he then walked in the garden, which was particularly agreeable to him on account of its solitude; the English soldiers having been removed at Mr. Balcombe's request. A little arbour in it was covered with canvas, and a chair and table placed in it; and here Napoleon afterwards dictated a great part of his Memoirs. In the evening, when he did not go out, he generally contrived to prolong the conversation till eleven or twelve o'clock. He avoided retiring to bed too early; as when he did so, he awoke in the night, and was obliged to rise and read, to divert his mind from sorrowful reflections.

It was now November. Napoleon one morning had a misunderstanding with Bertrand about a letter of complaint to the governor, which had not been delivered. "If you thought it improperly expressed, why did you not say so? This did not require more than twenty-four hours to deliberate upon; but it is now a fortnight." His good-humour, however, soon returned; and in the evening, to show it had left no disagreeable impression on his mind, he repeated more than once, "It was after we had made it up with the grand-marshal—it was before the mis-

understanding with the grand-marshal." In conversing on the subject, Napoleon expressed doubts of the accounts of the prodigious armies of Xerxes and Darius, and of the brilliant victories obtained by the Greeks over them. He believed, on the contrary, in the numerous armies of Tamerlane and Gengiskan, and the hordes of barbarians who overran Europe in the middle ages; and said the situation of Russia was admirably calculated to bring about another such catastrophe. He observed, that a conqueror to succeed must be ferocious.

Napoleon had been dictating in the garden to Generals Montholon and Gourgaud; and on walking out, found himself fatigued and indisposed. He was annoyed at seeing some females advancing to throw themselves awkwardly in his way, and turned aside to avoid them. Three horses had been placed at his disposal; and it was suggested that riding might be beneficial to him; but he replied that he never could reconcile himself to the idea of riding with an English officer constantly at his side; adding, that every thing in life must be reduced to calculation, and that if the vexation arising from seeing his gaoler were greater than the advantage he might derive from riding, it was of course advisable to renounce the amusement altogether. The horses were accordingly sent back. Napoleon closed the day with a walk. After some broken conversations, he looked at his watch, and was glad to find it was near midnight. He said that sometimes he could not reflect without dismay on the many years he might still have to live, and on the inutility of a protracted old age; and that if he were sure France was tranquil and happy, and did not need his aid, he should have lived long enough.

Thus time passed with little variety or interruption. The weather at this period of the year became delightful, and Napoleon insensibly recovered from his indisposition. One day, his usual task being done, he strolled out towards the town, till he came within sight of the road and shipping. On his return, he met Mrs. Balcombe and a Mrs. Stuart, a comely woman about twenty, who was on her way back from Bombay to England. The Emperor conversed with her on the manners and customs of India, and on the inconveniences of a long voyage at sea, particularly to ladies. He alluded to Scotland, Mrs. Stuart's native country; expatiated on the genius of Ossian, and congratulated his fair interlocutor on the preservation of her clear northern complexion from the effect of an oriental climate. While the parties were thus engaged, some heavily-burdened slaves passed near to them. Mrs. Balcombe motioned them to fall back; but Napoleon interposed, exclaiming, "Respect the burden, madam!" As he said this, the Scotch lady, who had been very eagerly scanning the features of Napoleon, whispered to her friend, "Heavens! what a

character, and what an expression of countenance ! How different to the idea I had formed of him !”

Napoleon shortly after repeated the same walk, and went into the house of Major Hudson, where he saw some beautiful children at play at the gate. This visit occasioned considerable alarm to the constituted authorities. The governor gave a ball, to which the French were invited ; and Las Cases about the same time rode over to Longwood with Madame Bertrand in a carriage drawn by six oxen, to see what advance had been made in the preparations for their reception there. His report on his return was not very favourable. They expected to have remained only a few days at Briars ; and they had now been six weeks there, during which time Napoleon had been nearly as much confined as if on board the vessel. His health began to be impaired by it. Las Cases gives it as his opinion that the Emperor did not possess that constitution of iron that is usually ascribed to him ; and that it was the strength of his mind, not of his body, that carried him through the labours of the field and of the cabinet. In speaking on this subject, Napoleon himself observed that nature had endowed him with two peculiarities : one was the power of sleeping whenever he needed repose, at any hour or in any place ; another advantage, as he considered it, was his being incapable of committing any injurious excess either in eating or drinking. “If,” said he, “I go the least beyond my mark, my stomach instantly revolts.” He was subject to nausea from very slight causes, and to colds from any change of air.

Among other things, Napoleon amused himself by reading the *New Eloise*, which he criticised at first very favourably, but afterwards more severely : and with giving an account to those about him of his different generals.*

Napoleon is described by the visitors who saw him at Briars to have been cheerful and good-humoured, making few complaints, and putting up with the necessary inconveniences of his situation without murmuring. But the complaints of his suite were loud and vehement : they were “reduced to drain the cup of misery to the dregs ;” “their wretched meals were brought to them as though to criminals in a dungeon ;” “they were absolutely in want of the necessaries of life,” and “exposed on the top of a frightful rock to the severity of man and the rigour of nature.”

St. Helena is a “true Siberia,” with the *slight* difference that it is warm instead of cold, and a limited spot instead of an extensive continent. From the constant repetition of these and similar grievances, it would appear that the vexatious bickerings between Napoleon and the government of the island, which during the remainder of his life appeared to be almost its chief

* Hazlitt.

occupation, were excited much more by the complaints of his attendants than by his own feelings. They were constantly squabbling both with their guards, or as they persist in calling them, gaolers, and with each other; and Las Cases admits, that Napoleon was much annoyed by their disputes, and took a great deal of useless trouble to make them agree among themselves.

They removed to Longwood on the 10th of December, 1815. Napoleon invited Mr. Balcombe to breakfast with him that morning, and conversed with him in a very lively and cheerful manner. About two, Admiral Cockburn was announced; he advanced with an air of embarrassment. In consequence of the restraints imposed upon him at Briars, and the manner in which those of his suite residing in the town had been treated, Bonaparte had discontinued receiving the visits of the admiral; yet on the present occasion he behaved towards him as though nothing had happened. At length, they left Briars and set out for Longwood. Napoleon rode the horse, a small, sprightly, and tolerably handsome animal, which had been brought for him from the Cape. He wore his uniform of the chasseurs of the guard: and his graceful manner and handsome countenance were particularly remarked. The admiral was attentive to him. At the entrance of Longwood they found a guard under arms, who rendered the prescribed honours to their illustrious captive. Napoleon's horse, unused to this kind of parade, was startled at the sound of the drum; and refused to proceed without the help of the spur. The admiral took great pains to point out the minutest details at Longwood. He had himself superintended all the arrangements, among which was a bath. Bonaparte was satisfied with every thing, and the admiral seemed highly pleased. He had anticipated petulance and disdain; but Napoleon manifested perfect good-humour.

They were now settled in their new abode. Longwood, originally a farm belonging to the East-India Company, and afterwards given as a country residence to the deputy-governor, is situated on one of the highest parts of the island. "The difference between the temperature of this place and the valley below is very great. It stands on a level height of some extent, and near the eastern coast. Continual and frequently violent winds blow regularly from the same quarter. The sun, though rarely seen, nevertheless exercises its influence on the atmosphere, which is apt to produce disorders in the liver. Heavy and sudden falls of rain inundate the ground; and there is no settled course of the seasons. The sun passes over their heads twice a year. Notwithstanding the abundant rains, the grass is either nipped by the wind or dried up by the heat. The water which is conveyed up to Longwood by pipes, is so unwholesome as to be unfit for use till it has been boiled. The trees which at a distance impart a smiling aspect to the country, are merely gum-trees, a wretched kind of shrub, affording no shade. On one hand, the

horizon is bounded by the ocean: but the rest of the scene presents only a mass of huge barren rocks, deep gulfs, and desolate valleys; and in the distance appears the green and misty chain of mountains, above which towers Diana's Peak. In short, Longwood can be agreeable only to the traveller after the fatigues of a long voyage, to whom the sight of any country is a relief." This is Las Cases's account of Napoleon's new residence, and must be received with much caution, for this faithful follower of Bonaparte appears to have been difficult to satisfy.

Workmen had been employed for two months in preparing Longwood for their reception. The entrance to the house was through a room which had been just built, and which was intended to answer the double purpose of an antechamber and a dining-room. This apartment led to another, which was made the drawing-room: beyond this was a third room running in a cross direction and very dark. This was intended to be the depository of the Emperor's maps and books, but it was afterwards converted into the dining-room. The Emperor's chamber opened into this apartment on the right-hand side. This chamber was divided into two equal parts, forming the Emperor's cabinet and sleeping-room: a little external gallery served for a bathing-room. Opposite the Emperor's chamber, at the other extremity of the building, were the apartments of Madame Montholon, her husband, and her son, afterwards used as the Emperor's library. Detached from this part of the house, was a little square room on the ground-floor, contiguous to the kitchen, which was assigned to Las Cases. The windows and beds had no curtains. The furniture was mean and scanty. Bertrand and his family resided at a distance of two miles at a place, called *Hut's Gate*. General Gourgaud slept under a tent, as well as Mr. O'Meara, and the officer commanding the guard. They were surrounded by a garden. In front, and separated from the house by a tolerably deep ravine, was encamped the 53d regiment, different parties of which were stationed on the neighbouring heights.

The domestic establishment of the Emperor consisted of eleven persons.* To one was confided the management of the household, to another the domestic details; one was to take care of the furniture and property, and another to have the management of the stables. These arrangements, however, produced

* Marchand, native of Paris, valet-de-chambre.

St. Denis, called Aly, native of Versailles, the same.

Noverraz, Swiss, the same.

Santini, Corsican, the same.

Archambault, sen., and Archambault, jun., born at Fontainebleau, grooms.

Gentilini, native of Elba, footman.

Cypriani, Corsican, died at St. Helena, maitre d'hôtel.

Pierron, native of Paris, butler.

Lepage, cook. Rousseau, native of Fontainebleau, steward.

discontent among Napoleon's attendants. One thought himself injured by being placed in too low an office, another conceived that his new employment entitled him to greater consideration from the others. Las Cases admits that they were no longer the members of one family, each using his best efforts to promote the advantage of all. They were far from practising that which necessity dictated: a wreck of luxury, a remnant of ambition, became an object of contest. He says also, "The admiral has more than once, in the midst of our disputes with him, hastily exclaimed, that the Emperor was decidedly the most good-natured, just, and reasonable of the whole set."

On his first arrival, he went to visit the barracks occupied by some Chinese living on the island, and a place called Longwood farm. He complained to Las Cases that they had been of late idle: but by degrees their hours and the employment of them became fixed and regular. "The Campaign of Italy" being now finished, Napoleon corrected it and dictated on other subjects. This was their morning's work. They dined late, Madame Montholon being seated on Napoleon's right, Las Cases on his left, and Gourgaud, Montholon, and Las Cases's son sitting opposite. The smell of the paint not being yet gone off, they remained not more than ten minutes at table, and the dessert was prepared in the adjoining apartment, where coffee was served up, and conversation commenced. Scenes were read from Molière, Racine, and Voltaire: and regret was always expressed at their not having a copy of Corneille. They then played at *reversis*, which had been Bonaparte's favourite game in his youth. The recollection was agreeable to him, and he thought he could amuse himself at it for any length of time, but was soon undeceived. His aim was always to make the *reversis*, that is, to win every trick. Character develops itself in the smallest incidents. He read a libel on himself and contrasted the compliments which had passed between himself and the Queen of Prussia with the brutal behaviour ascribed to him in the English newspapers. On the other hand, two common sailors had at different times, while he was at Longwood and at Briars, in spite of orders and at all risks made their way through the sentinels to gain a sight of Napoleon. On seeing the interest they took in him, he exclaimed, "This is fanaticism! Yes, imagination rules the world!" By degrees, the prejudices of the English who came in contact with him wore off.

The instructions of the English ministers with regard to the treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena, had been prepared with the view completely to secure his person. An English officer was to be constantly at his table. This order, however, was not carried into effect. An officer was also to accompany Napoleon in all his rides; this order was dispensed with within certain prescribed limits, because Napoleon had refused to ride out at all on such conditions. Almost every day brought with

it some new cause of uneasiness and complaint. Sentinels were posted beneath Napoleon's windows and before his doors. This order was, however, doubtless given to prevent him from being annoyed by impertinent curiosity. The French were certainly precluded from all free communication with the inhabitants of the island; but this precaution was of unquestionable necessity for the security of Bonaparte's person. Las Cases complains that the passwords were perpetually changed; so that they lived in constant perplexity and apprehension of being subjected to some unforeseen insult. "Bonaparte," he continues, "addressed a complaint to the admiral, which obtained for him no redress. In the midst of these complaints, the admiral wished to introduce some ladies (who had arrived by the *Doris*) to Napoleon; but he declined, not approving this alternation of affronts and civilities." He however consented at the request of the colonel, to receive the officers of the 53d regiment. After this officer took his leave, Napoleon prolonged his walk in the garden. He stopped awhile to look at a flower in one of the beds, and asked his companion if it was not a lily? It was indeed a magnificent one. The thought that he had in his mind was obvious. He spoke of the number of times he had been wounded; and said it had been thought he had never met with this sort of accidents from his having kept them secret as much as possible.

It was near the end of December. One day, after a walk and a *tumble* in the mud, Bonaparte returned and found a packet of English newspapers, which the grand-marshal translated to him. This occupied him till late, and he forgot his dinner in discussing their contents. After dinner had been served, Las Cases wished to continue the translation, but Napoleon would not suffer him to proceed from consideration for the weak state of his eyes. "We must wait till to-morrow!" said he. The admiral came in person to visit him; and the interview was an agreeable one. After some animated discussion, it was arranged that Napoleon should henceforth ride freely about the island; that the officer should follow him only at a distance; and that visitors should be admitted to him, not with the permission of the admiral as the inspector of Longwood, but with that of the grand-marshal, who was to do the honours of the establishment. These concessions were however recalled. On the 30th of this month, Piontowsky, a Pole, who had been left behind, but whose entreaties prevailed upon the English government, joined Bonaparte. On New-year's day, all their little party was collected together, and Napoleon, entering into the feelings of the occasion, begged that they might breakfast and pass it together. Every day furnished some new trait of this kind.

Having given some idea of Napoleon's general mode of life, which admitted of slight variation, it is necessary to hasten forward. The English officer having insisted on accompanying

Napoleon in his rides, in consequence of some new orders, he discontinued the exercise for some time, during which he was glad of any book to amuse himself with. "Time," he said, "is the only thing of which we have too much here." Among others, the collection called the *Antigallican* was thrown in his way, at which he laughed heartily. Las Cases observes, that the calumnies in this work were so coarse and ridiculous, that with the exception of the lowest class among the English, its poison carried its own antidote with it. They heard by the papers of the insurrection in Spain and the death of Porlier, the execution of Ney, and the escape of Lavallette. All these occurrences interested Napoleon exceedingly, and he made a variety of observations on them: he had acquired by this time, with Las Cases's assistance, a little knowledge of the English language.

After some mixed conversation one evening, the Emperor inquired, "What is the day of the month?" It was the 11th of March. "It is a year ago," said he, "to-day; it was a brilliant day! I was at Lyons. I reviewed some troops; I invited the mayor to dine with me, who has since boasted that it was the worst dinner he ever made in his life." The Emperor became animated: he paced the chamber rapidly. "I had again become a great power," he continued; and a sigh escaped him, which he immediately checked with these words, in an accent and with a warmth difficult to describe: "I had founded the finest empire upon earth, and I was so necessary to it, that notwithstanding all my last reverses, here, upon my rock, I seem still to remain master of France. Look at what is now going on there; read the papers; you will find it so in every line. Only let me once more set my foot there: they will see what France and what I can do! What a fatality that the allies did not acquiesce in my return from the isle of Elba; that every one did not perceive that my reign was desirable and requisite to the balance and peace of Europe! But both kings and people feared me; they were in error, and may rue it dearly. I returned a new man; they could not believe it: they could not conceive that a man might have strength of mind enough to alter his character, or to submit to circumstances. I had, however, given proofs of this, and some pledges to the same effect. Who can be ignorant that I am not a man for half measures? I would have been as sincerely the monarch of the constitution and of peace, as I had been of absolute sway and great enterprises. What could the allied sovereigns apprehend? Did they still dread my ambition, my conquests, my universal monarchy? But my power and my resources were no longer the same; and besides, I had only defeated and subdued them in my own defence: this is a truth which time will more fully make manifest every day. *Europe never ceased to make war upon France, her principles, and me; and we were compelled to destroy, to prevent our own destruction.*

"The coalition always existed openly or secretly, avowed or denied; it was permanent: it only remained with the allies to make peace: for ourselves, we were worn out; the French dreaded making new conquests. But even the French mistrusted me: they had the madness to debate when there was nothing left but to fight; and to form themselves into factions when they should have united by all possible means. And was it not better to run the risk of having me again for master, than to subject themselves to that of submitting to a foreign tyranny? Would it not have been easier to shake off a single tyrant than to break through the chains of all the nations united? And whence did they derive this mistrust of me? Because they had already seen me concentrate every effort in myself, and direct them with a vigorous hand. But do they not learn at the present day to their cost, how necessary that was? Well! the danger was in any case the same: the contest terrible, and the crisis imminent. In this state of things, was not absolute power almost indispensable? The welfare of the country obliged me even to declare it openly on my return from Leipsic. I should have done so again on my return from Elba. I was wanting in consistency, or rather in confidence in the French people, because many of them no longer placed any in me, and this was doing me a great wrong. If narrow and vulgar minds only saw in all my efforts the care of my own power, ought not those of greater comprehension to have known that in the circumstances in which we were placed, my power and the country were but one? Did it require such great and incurable mischiefs to enable them to understand me? History will do me more justice: it will point me out as the man of self-denials and disinterestedness. To what temptations was I not exposed in the army of Italy? England offered me the crown of France at the time of the treaty of Amiens: I refused peace at Chatillon: I disdained all personal stipulations at Waterloo—and why? Because all this had no reference to my country, and I had no ambition distinct from her, that of her glory, her ascendancy, her majesty. And that is the reason why, in spite of so many calamities, I remain so popular in France."

board of the St. Helena, and said it would be an act of kindness to remove him of his at once. Sir H. Lowe said that a house of wood, fitted up with every possible accommodation was there for his use from England for his use. Napoleon replied it was not a house but a mockery, and a room that he wanted; the house was a mockery, and a room that he wanted. A few minutes after Napoleon took up some papers of the correspondence of 1814, which lay on the table, and asked Sir H. Lowe if he had written them. Sir H. Lowe after seeing that the papers related to the ultimatum, showed the account of the interview, but was silent as to what Napoleon had said. The papers were given, and Sir H. Lowe said that he would have given of them to Napoleon, but that he was not allowed to do so.

CHAPTER XIV.

1816.

RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA.

ON the 14th of April, 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe, the new governor, arrived at St. Helena. This epoch is important, as marking the beginning of a continued series of squabbles, hard names, accusations, and counter-accusations, by which the last five years of Napoleon's life were constantly occupied, to the great annoyance of himself and all connected with him, and probably to the shortening of his own existence. It would be tedious to detail the progress of this petty war, but as a subject which has formed so great a portion of the life of Napoleon, it must not be omitted. To avoid any thing which may appear like a tendency against Napoleon, the details, unless when otherwise mentioned, will be derived from Las Cases, his devoted admirer.

On the first visit of the new governor, which was the 16th of April, Napoleon refused to admit him. On the second visit he was admitted to an audience. What passed there is not stated by Las Cases, but Napoleon seems to have taken up a prejudice at first sight, as he remarked to his suite that the governor was "hideous, and had a most ugly countenance," though he allowed he ought not to judge too hastily. The spirit of the party was shown by a remark made, that the two first days had been days of battle.

The governor saw Napoleon again on the 30th, and the interview was stormy. Napoleon argued with the governor on the conduct of the allies towards him, said they had no right to dispose of him, who was their equal and sometimes their master. He then declaimed on the eternal disgrace the English had inflicted on themselves by sending him to St. Helena; they wished to kill him by a lingering death; their conduct was worse than that of the Calabrians in shooting Murat. He talked of the cowardliness of suicide, complained of the small extent and

horrid climate of St. Helena, and said it would be an act of kindness to deprive him of life at once. Sir H. Lowe said that a house of wood, fitted up with every possible accommodation was then on its way from England for his use. Napoleon repelled it at once, and exclaimed that it was not a house but an executioner and a coffin that he wanted; the house was a mockery, death would be a favour. A few minutes after, Napoleon took up some bulletins of the campaigns of 1814, which lay on the table, and asked Sir H. Lowe, if he had written them. Las Cases, after saying that the governor replied in the affirmative, finishes his account of the interview; but according to O'Meara, Napoleon said they were full of folly and falsehood. The governor with a much milder reply than most men would have given, retired, and Napoleon harangued upon the sinister expression of his countenance, abused him in the coarsest manner, and made his servant throw a cup of coffee out of the window, because it had stood a moment on a table near the governor.

It was expected and required that all persons who visited at Longwood or at Hut's Gate, should make a report to the governor, or to Sir Thomas Reade, of the conversations they had held with the French. Several additional sentinels were posted around Longwood House and grounds.

During some extremely wet and foggy weather (with high winds) Napoleon did not go out for several days. Messengers and letters continually succeeded one another from Plantation House. The governor appeared anxious to see Napoleon, and was evidently distrustful, although the residents at Longwood were assured of his actual presence by the sound of his voice. He had some communications with Count Bertrand on the necessity there existed, that some one of his officers should see Napoleon daily. He also went to Longwood frequently himself, and finally, after some difficulty, succeeded in obtaining an interview with Napoleon in his bedchamber, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. Some days before, he sent for Mr. O'Meara, asked a variety of questions concerning the captive; walked round the house several times and before the windows, measuring and laying down the plan of a new ditch, which he said he would have dug in order to prevent the cattle from trespassing.

On the morning of the 5th of May Napoleon sent for his surgeon to come to him. He was introduced into his bedchamber, a description of which is thus given: "It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering-paper, and destitute of surbase. Two small windows, without pulleys, looked towards the camp of the 53d regiment, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood. There were window-curtains of white long-cloth, a small fireplace, a shabby grate and fire-irons to match,

with a paltry mantelpiece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantelpiece hung the portrait of Maria Louisa, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of his mother. A little more to the right hung also the portrait of the Empress Josephine; and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederic the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the Consular watch, engraved with the cipher B, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Maria Louisa, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp-bedstead, with green silk curtains, on which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a chest of drawers, and a book-case with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs painted green were standing here and there about the room. Before the back-door there was a screen covered with nankeen; and between that and the fireplace, an old-fashioned sofa covered with white long-cloth, on which Napoleon reclined, dressed in his white morning-gown, white loose trousers and stockings all in one, a chequered red handkerchief upon his head, and his shirt-collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay in confusion upon the carpet a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the opposite side of the sofa was suspended Isabey's portrait of the Empress Maria Louisa, holding her son in her arms. In front of the fireplace stood Las Cases with his arms folded over his breast and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty Emperor of France, nothing remained but a superb washhand-stand containing a silver basin and water-jug of the same metal, in the left-hand corner. The object of Napoleon in sending for O'Meara on this occasion was to question him whether in their future intercourse he was to consider him in the light of a spy and a tool of the governor or as his physician? The doctor gave a decided and satisfactory answer on this point.

"During the short interview that this governor had with me in my bedchamber, one of the first things he proposed was to send you away," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "and that I should take his own surgeon in your place. This he repeated, and so earnest was he to gain his object, that though I gave him a flat refusal, when he was going out he turned about and again proposed it."

On the 11th, a proclamation was issued by the governor, "forbidding any persons on the island from sending letters to or receiving them from General Bonaparte or his suite, on pain of being immediately arrested and dealt with accordingly." Nothing escaped the vigilance of Sir Hudson Lowe. "The governor,"

said Napoleon, "has just sent an invitation to Bertrand for General Bonaparte to come to Plantation-house to meet Lady Moira. I told Bertrand to return no answer to it. If he really wanted me to see her, he would have put Plantation-house within the limits; but to send such an invitation, knowing I must go in charge of a guard if I wished to avail myself of it, was an insult.—It appears," added he, "that this governor was with Blucher, and is the writer of some despatches to his government descriptive of part of the operations in 1814. I pointed them out to him the last time I saw him; and asked him, 'Are these your productions, sir?' He replied, *Yes*. I told him they were full of misrepresentations and nonsense. He shrugged up his shoulders, and said, 'I merely stated what I saw.' If those letters were the only accounts he transmitted, he betrayed his country." A few days after, in consequence of another visit from the governor, he expressed himself thus: "Here has been this ill-favoured wretch to torment me again. Tell him that I never want to see him, and that I hope he may not come again to annoy me with his hateful presence, unless it be with orders to despatch me. He will then find my breast ready for the blow; but till then, let me be rid of his odious countenance: I cannot reconcile myself to it." Bonaparte's aversion to Sir Hudson Lowe, based upon prejudice from beginning to end, was so great, we perceive in this anecdote, as to make him forget what was due to himself. He could not succeed, however, in his endeavours to disturb the equanimity of the governor.

From this time the whole of his intercourse with the governor and his agents was in fact nothing but a series of altercations. "Your government," said he in a moment of irritation, "is mistaken, if it imagines that by endeavouring to distress me, such as sending me here, depriving me of all communication with my nearest and dearest relatives, so that I am ignorant if one of my family exist, isolating me from the world, imposing unnecessary and petty restrictions which are daily getting worse, sending out the lowest of mankind as keepers, it will weary out my patience, and drive me to destroy myself. Even if I ever had entertained a thought of the kind, the idea of the gratification it would afford them would prevent me from completing it. And then that *palace*," he added, laughing, "which they say they are sending out for me, is so much money thrown into the sea. I would much prefer they had sent me four or five hundred volumes of books than all their furniture and houses. Besides, it will take some years to build it; and before that time, I shall be no more."

Napoleon, however, from the elasticity of his spirits, soon recovered his gaiety, and inquired as usual after the news. He was told that some ladies he had received a few days before were highly delighted with his manners; especially as from what

they had read and heard, they had been prepossessed with a very different opinion. "Ah!" said he, laughing, "I suppose they imagined I was some ferocious horned animal." Soon after came the *Declaration of the Allies* and the *Acts of Parliament*, authorizing the detention of Napoleon Bonaparte as a prisoner of war and disturber of the peace of Europe. Against the bill when brought into the House of Lords, there were two protests, those of Lord Holland and of the Duke of Sussex. These official documents did not tend to sooth the temper or raise the spirits of the French to endure their captivity.

In addition to the misery of his own captivity, Napoleon had to contend with the unmanageable humours of his own followers. As often happens with men in such circumstances, they sometimes disagreed among themselves; and part of their petulance and ill-temper fell upon their chief. He took these little incidents deeply to heart. On one occasion, he said in bitterness, "I know that I am fallen; but to feel this among you! I am aware that man is frequently unreasonable and susceptible of offence. Thus, when I am mistrustful of myself, I ask, Should I have been treated so at the Tuileries? This is my sure test."

To the *Declaration of the Allies* he desired Montholon to give the following masterly reply:

OFFICIAL DOCUMENT.

"General,—I have received the treaty of the 2d of August, 1815, concluded between the King of Great Britain, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, annexed to your letter of the 23d of July.

"The Emperor Napoleon protests against the intention of that treaty, as he is not the prisoner of England. After having placed his Abdication in the hands of the representatives of the nation, for the benefit of the Constitution adopted by the French people, and in favour of his son, he proceeded voluntarily to England, with the view of residing there in retirement, as a private person, under the protection of the British laws. The violation of all laws cannot constitute a right *de facto*. The person of the Emperor Napoleon is in the power of England; but neither, *de facto* nor *de jure*, has he been, nor is he, at present, in the power of Austria, Russia, and Prussia; even according to the laws and customs of England, which has never reckoned, in its exchange of prisoners, Russians, Austrians, Prussians, Spaniards, or Portuguese, although united to those states by treaties of alliance, and making war in conjunction with them. The Convention of the 2d of August, made fifteen days after the Emperor Napoleon had arrived in England, cannot lawfully have any effect; it merely presents the spectacle of the Coalition of the four principal powers of Europe, for the oppression of a single man; a Coalition which the opinion of every people disavows, as do all the principles of sound morality. The Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the

King of Prussia not having, either *de facto* or *de jure*, any power over the person of the Emperor Napoleon, were incapable of enacting any thing with regard to him. If the Emperor Napoleon had been in the power of the Emperor of Austria, that prince would have recollected the relations formed by religion and nature between a father and a son—relations which are never violated with impunity. He would have remembered that four times Napoleon re-established him on his throne: at Leoben in 1797, and at Luneville in 1801, when his armies were under the walls of Vienna; at Presburgh in 1806, and at Vienna in 1809, when his armies were in possession of the capital and of three-fourths of Austria. That prince would have remembered the protestations which he made to him, at the bivouac of Moravia in 1806, and at the interview at Dresden in 1812.

“If the person of the Emperor Napoleon had been in the power of the Emperor of Russia, he would not have forgotten the ties of friendship, contracted at Tilsit, at Erfurt, and during twelve years of daily intercourse; he would not have forgotten the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon the day subsequent to the battle of Austerlitz, when having it in his power to take him prisoner with the remains of his army, he contented himself with his *parole*, and suffered him to effect his retreat; he would not have forgotten the dangers to which the Emperor Napoleon personally exposed himself in order to extinguish the fire of Moscow and preserve that capital for him; unquestionably that prince would not have violated the duties of friendship and gratitude towards a friend in misfortune. If the person of the Emperor Napoleon had been even in the power of the King of Prussia, that sovereign would have remembered that it depended upon the Emperor's will, after the battle of Friedland, to place another prince on the throne of Berlin; he would have remembered, in the presence of a disarmed enemy, the protestations of devoted attachment which he expressed to him in 1812, at the interviews at Dresden. It is accordingly evident from the 2d and 5th articles of the said treaty, that being incapable of any influence whatever over the fate and the person of the Emperor Napoleon, who is not in their power, these princes refer themselves in that respect to the future conduct of the King of Great Britain, who undertakes to fulfil all obligations.

“These princes have reproached the Emperor Napoleon with preferring the protection of the English laws to their own. The false ideas which the Emperor Napoleon entertained of the liberality of the English laws and of the influence of a great, generous, and free people on its government, induced him to prefer the protection of those laws to that of his father-in-law, or of his old friend. The Emperor Napoleon would always have been able to obtain the security of what related personally to himself by treaty, whether by placing himself again at the head of the army of the Loire, or by putting himself at the head of the army of the Gironde, commanded by General Clausel; but looking for the future only to retirement and to the protection of the laws of a free nation, either English or American, all stipulations appeared unnecessary to him. He thought, that the English people would have felt more bound by his frank conduct, which was noble and confiding, than it could have been by the most solemn treaties. He

has been deceived ; but this delusion will for ever excite the indignation of real Britons, and with the present as well as future generations, it will be a proof of the perfidy of the English administration. Austrian and Russian commissioners have arrived at Saint Helena ; if the aim of their mission be to fulfil a part of the duties, which the Emperors of Austria and Russia have contracted by the treaty of the 2d of August, and to take care, that the English agents, in a small colony, in the middle of the ocean, do not fail in the attentions due to a prince, connected with them by the ties of relationship, the characteristics of these two sovereigns will be recognised in that measure. But you, Sir, have asserted that these commissioners possessed neither the right nor the power of giving any opinion on whatever may be transacted on this rock.

“ The English ministry have caused the Emperor Napoleon to be transported to Saint Helena, two thousand leagues from Europe. This rock, situated under the tropic, five hundred leagues removed from every continent, is exposed to the devouring heat of that latitude ; it is, during three quarters of the year, covered with clouds and mists ; it is both the driest and most damp country in the world. This climate is peculiarly injurious to the Emperor's health. It is hatred which dictated the selection of this residence, as well as the instructions, given by the English ministry to the officers in command in this country ; they have been ordered to style the Emperor Napoleon *General*, being desirous of compelling him to acknowledge that he never reigned in France. This decided him not to take an incognito title, as he had determined, on quitting France. First Magistrate for life, under the title of First Consul, he concluded the preliminaries of London and the treaty of Amiens with the King of Great Britain. He received as ambassadors, Lord Cornwallis, Mr. Merry, and Lord Whitworth, who resided in that quality at his court. He accredited at the court of England Count Otto and General Andreossi, who resided there as ambassadors. When, after the exchange of credentials between the ministers for foreign affairs of the two monarchies, Lord Lauderdale came to Paris, provided with full powers from the King of England, he treated with the plenipotentiaries provided with full powers by the Emperor Napoleon, and resided several months at the court of the Tuileries. When afterwards at Chatillon, Lord Castlereagh signed the ultimatum, which the allied powers presented to the plenipotentiaries of the Emperor Napoleon, he thereby recognised the fourth dynasty. That ultimatum was more advantageous than the treaty of Paris ; but France was required to renounce Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine, which was contrary to the propositions of Frankfort and to the proclamations of the allied powers ; and was also contrary to the oath by which, at his coronation, the Emperor had sworn to preserve the integrity of the empire. The Emperor then thought these natural limits were necessary to the security of France as well as to the equilibrium of Europe ; he thought that the French nation, in the circumstances under which she was placed, ought rather to risk every chance of war than to resign them. France would have obtained that integrity, and with it preserved her honour, had not treason contributed to the success of the allies. The treaty of the 2d of August

and the bill of the British Parliament, style the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, and give him only the title of General. The title of *General Bonaparte* is no doubt eminently glorious; the Emperor bore it at Lodi, at Castiglione, at Rivoli, at Arcola, at Leoben, at the Pyramids, at Aboukir; but for seventeen years he has borne that of First Consul and of Emperor; that would be to admit that he had neither been first magistrate of the republic, nor sovereign of the fourth dynasty. Those who think that nations are flocks, which, by divine right, belong to some families, are neither of this age, nor agree with the spirit of the English legislature, which has several times changed the order of its dynasties, because the great alterations in public opinion, in which the reigning princes did not participate, had made them enemies to the happiness of the great majority of that nation. For kings are but hereditary magistrates, who exist for the happiness of nations, and not nations for the satisfaction of kings. It is the same spirit of hatred, which directed that the Emperor Napoleon should not write nor receive any letter without its being opened and read by the English ministers and the officers of Saint Helena. He has, by that regulation, been interdicted the possibility of receiving intelligence from his mother, his wife, his son, his brothers; and when, wishing to free himself from the inconvenience of having his letters read by inferior officers, he desired to send sealed letters to the Prince Regent, he was told, that open letters only could be taken charge of and conveyed, and that such were the instructions of the ministry. That measure requires no comment; it will suggest strange ideas of the spirit of the administration by which it was dictated; it would be disavowed even at Algiers! Letters have been received for general officers in the Emperor's suite; they were opened and delivered to you; you did not deliver them, because they had not been transmitted through the medium of the English ministry; it was found necessary to make them travel four thousand leagues over again, and these officers had the misfortune to know, that there existed on this rock news from their wives, their mothers, and their children, which they could not become acquainted with in less than six months!—The heart revolts at this. Permission could not be obtained to subscribe to the *Morning Chronicle*, to the *Morning Post*, or to some French journals: some broken numbers of the *Times* have been occasionally sent to Longwood. In consequence of the demand made on board the *Northumberland*, some books have been sent; but all those which relate to the transactions of late years, have been carefully kept out of the way. It was since intended to open a correspondence with a London bookseller for the purpose of being directly supplied with books which might be wanted, and with those relative to the events of the day: this was prevented. An English author having published in London an account of his travels in France, took the trouble to send it as a present to the Emperor, but you did not think yourself authorized to deliver it to him, because it had not reached you through the channel of your government. It is also said, that other books, sent by their authors, have not been delivered, because the address of some was—*To the Emperor Napoleon*, and of others—*To Napoleon the Great*. The English ministry are not au-

thorized to direct any of these annoyances. The law, however unjust, considers the Emperor Napoleon as a prisoner of war; but prisoners of war have never been prohibited from subscribing to the journals, or receiving books that are printed: such a prohibition only exists in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

"The island of St. Helena is ten leagues in circumference; it is every where inaccessible; the coast is guarded by brigs, posts within sight of each other are placed on the shore, and all communication with the sea is rendered impracticable. There is but one small town, James-Town, where the vessels anchor, and from which they sail. In order to prevent the escape of an individual, it is sufficient to guard the coast by land and sea. By interdicting the interior of the island, one object only can be in view, that of preventing a ride of eight or ten miles, which it would be possible to take on horseback, and the privation of which, according to the opinion of medical men, is calculated to abridge the Emperor's life.

"The Emperor has been placed at Longwood, which is exposed to every wind; a barren piece of ground, uninhabited, without water, and incapable of any cultivation. The space around contains about twelve hundred uncultivated fathoms. At the distance of eleven or twelve hundred fathoms, a camp was established on a rising ground; another has been since placed nearly at the same distance in an opposite direction, so that in the intense heat of the tropic, whichever way the eye is directed, nothing is seen but encampments. Admiral Malcolm, perceiving the utility of a tent to the Emperor in that situation, has had one pitched by his seamen at the distance of twenty paces from the house; it is the only spot in which shade is to be found. The Emperor has, however, every reason to be satisfied with the spirit which animates the officers and soldiers of the gallant 53d, as he had been with the crew of the Northumberland. The house at Longwood was constructed to serve as a barn to the company's farm; some apartments were afterwards made in it by the deputy-governor of the island; he used it for a country-house; but it was in no respect adapted for a residence. During the year it has been inhabited, it has been always in want of repair, and the Emperor has been constantly exposed to the inconvenience and unwholesomeness of a house undergoing repairs. His bedchamber is too small to contain a bedstead of ordinary size; but any additional building at Longwood would prolong the inconvenience arising from the presence of the workmen. There are, however, in this wretched island some beautiful situations, with fine trees, gardens, and tolerably good houses, among others, Plantation House; but you are prevented by the positive instructions of the ministry from granting this house, which would have saved a great deal of expense laid out in building, at Longwood, huts covered with pitched paper, which are already unserviceable. You have prohibited every kind of intercourse between us and the inhabitants of the island; you have, in fact, converted Longwood House into a secret prison; you have even thrown difficulties in the way of our communication with the officers of the garrison. The most anxious care would seem to be taken to deprive us of the few resources afforded by this miserable spot, and we are no better off here than we should be on Ascension

Rock. During the four months you have been at St. Helena, you have, sir, rendered the Emperor's condition worse. It was observed to you by Count Bertrand, that you violated the law of England, that you trampled upon the privileges of general officers, prisoners of war. You answered, that you knew nothing but the letter of your instructions, and that they were still worse than your conduct appeared to us.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.,

(Signed)

COUNT DE MONTHOLON.

"P.S.—I had, sir, signed this letter, when I received yours of the 17th, to which you annex the estimate of an annual sum of 20,000*l.* sterling, which you consider indispensable to meet the expenses of the establishment at Longwood, after having made all the reductions which you have thought practicable. The consideration of this estimate can in no respect concern us; the Emperor's table is scarcely supplied with what is necessary; all the provisions are of a bad quality and four times dearer than at Paris. You require a fund of twelve thousand pounds sterling from the Emperor, as your government only allows you eight thousand pounds for all these expenses. I have had the honour of telling you, that the Emperor had no funds; that no letter had been received or written for a year, and that he was altogether unacquainted with what has taken place in Europe. Transplanted by violence to this rock, at the distance of two thousand leagues, without being able to receive or to write any letter, he now finds himself at the mercy of the English agents. The Emperor has uniformly desired and still wishes to provide for all his own expenses of every kind, and he will do so as speedily as you shall render it possible, by removing the prohibition laid upon the merchants of the island, of carrying on his correspondence, and releasing it from all kind of inquisition on your part, or on that of any of your agents. The moment the Emperor's wants shall be known in Europe, the persons entrusted with the care of his affairs will transmit the necessary funds.

"The letter of Lord Bathurst, which you have communicated to me, gives rise to strange ideas! Can your ministers then be so ignorant as not to know, that the spectacle of a great man struggling with adversity is the most sublime of spectacles? Can they be ignorant that Napoleon at Saint Helena, in the midst of persecutions of every kind, to which he opposes nothing but serenity, is greater, more sacred, more to be revered, than on the first throne of the world, where he was so long the arbiter of kings? Those who fail in respect to Napoleon, in his present position, merely degrade their own character and the nation which they represent!"

CHAPTER XV.

1816.

RESIDENCE AT ST. HELENA.

THE mode of life adopted by Napoleon at Longwood was very regular. He usually rose early, and employed an hour or two either in dictating to one of his generals, or in a ride on horseback. He generally took his breakfast about ten o'clock sometimes in his own room, and sometimes with his suite. He devoted the early part of the day to reading or to dictation, until about two or three o'clock, when he was in the habit of receiving visitors. After this he again took an airing, either on horseback or in his carriage, attended by the whole of his suite. On his return, he either resumed his book, or continued his dictation until dinner-time, which was eight o'clock. He preferred plain food, of which he ate plentifully and with appetite; his drink was claret, of which he took but little, very rarely more than a pint. After dinner chess, cards, a play or a romance read aloud, or general conversation, served to pass away the time until ten or eleven o'clock, at which hour he usually went to bed.

One of Napoleon's first excursions was to the house of a farmer, in his neighbourhood, where he took the family by surprise. The wife and children of the farmer, frightened at the very idea of Napoleon, made a rapid escape, and Mr. Warden, the surgeon of the Northumberland, who relates the anecdote, insinuates that the bold farmer himself would have followed the example, if he had not been stopped in the doorway. Mr. Warden thus describes the interview: Master Legg, the tenant of the mansion, a plain, honest countryman, met the Emperor at the door, when the extraordinary visitor dismounted from his horse, and accompanied by the Count Las Cases, entered the house, familiarly took his seat, and as usual began his interrogatories.

"Have you a wife?"—"Yes, and please you, Sir Emperor."

"Have you any children?"—"Six."

"How much land have you got?"—"A hundred acres."

"All capable of being cultivated?"—"No, not one half."

"What profit does it bring you?"—"Not a great deal, but it is much improved since you, Mr. Emperor, came amongst us."

"Ay, how do you make that out?"—"Why, you must know, Sir Emperor, we do not grow corn in this here island, and our green vegetables require a ready market. We have generally had to wait for the arrival of a fleet, and then, rat 'em, they would sometimes all spoil; but now, Sir General, we have a prime sale for every article."

"Where is your wife?"—"Dang it, and please you, I believe she is scared; for I see my children have all run out."

"Send for them and let me be introduced. Pray have you any good water?"—"Yes, sir, and wine too, such as is to be had from the Cape."

The good woman's alarm had by this time subsided, and she was persuaded by her husband to make her appearance. She entered with every mark of respect, and some astonishment. Napoleon, Las Cases, the farmer, and his wife, forming a *partie quarrée*, sat down to four glasses of Cape wine, and when they were emptied, the visit concluded. The farmer and his family had been placed so much at their ease by the courteous demeanour of their unexpected guest, that the subsequent visits laid them under no restraint; and even the little children used frequently to express their wishes by inquiring of their mother, "When will Bonaparte come and see us again?"

On several other occasions he appeared to acquiesce in his new position, and seemed willing to be as contented as a fallen monarch could make himself. He once detained the Lieut.-Governor Skelton and his lady to dine with him, and very agreeably entertained them; and sometimes he paid visits to the persons who resided in his neighbourhood. One day passing a field where some labourers were ploughing, he alighted from his horse, seized the plough, and, to the astonishment of the ploughmen, traced a furrow of considerable length. The attraction of a ball at the governor's house, to which the party were invited, drew even the gentlemen of his suite from the ordinary pertinacity with which they repelled every approach to attention on the part of those persons whom they so politely termed their *gaolers*.

But this tranquil state of things lasted, as we have stated, but a short time; the quarrels of Napoleon's attendants, the eternal question of title and etiquette, and, as it has been with great probability suggested, the desire to keep up an interest in Europe by any means whatever, soon produced hostility. The complaints of the French party were loud and vehement. According to Las Cases they were oppressed

and insulted in every way that ingenuity could devise; and in order to prove to the world the amount of injury inflicted upon them, he sums up in a page or two of his journal, all the insults of Admiral Cockburn, who was governor of the island until April, 1816, when Sir Hudson Lowe arrived. First he adduces the unpardonable familiarity which the admiral assumed towards them, without, as he says, any encouragement from them, and secondly, the more unpardonable familiarity towards the Emperor, whom he styled "general," instead of giving him the imperial title. We may very readily excuse the second grievance in a worshipper of Napoleon, but the first complaint is sufficiently amusing: the British admiral had no idea how far he was presuming when he spoke with familiarity to the Count Las Cases. The smallness of the apartments at Briars (selected, be it observed, by Napoleon himself) is the next insult mentioned. The sentinels placed in the neighbourhood of the residence, and the supervision maintained over the suite generally, takes up a large share in the list. Las Cases next dwells on the caprice of the admiral in granting Napoleon permission to ride about the island without being accompanied by a guard, and afterwards withdrawing it; but he does not state the fact, that the permission was granted on the condition that Napoleon should take no steps to open communications with the inhabitants, and that he violated this condition on the very first opportunity. Another accusation is, that the admiral always chose to visit at the most unseasonable hours, when he knew Napoleon would not see him, and that he even directed those strangers who visited the island to choose the most improper time for paying their respects. This accusation can only be characterized as too absurd for belief, and even if it were true, Las Cases could not possibly know it. He inconsistently concludes with observing, that all these grievances were rather in form than in fact; that the admiral was capable of delicate and generous feelings, but that he was capricious, irascible, and overbearing; that as a *gaoler* he was mild, humane, and generous, but as a host generally unpolite, and often something worse. He states, subsequently, that the conduct of the admiral had never been of a nature to wound their feelings.

A great deal of pains has been taken by Napoleon's adherents and others, to blacken the character of Sir Hudson Lowe, and to make it appear that his sole object was to harass Napoleon and to make his life miserable. Now, although it may be questioned whether Sir H. Lowe was the proper person to be placed in the delicate situation of guard over the fallen Emperor, there is no doubt that quarrels and complaints began long before that officer reached the island; and the character of those complaints will show that at best the prisoners were persons very difficult to satisfy. Their detention at Briars was one of the first causes of complaint. It was stated

that the Emperor was very ill there, that he was confined in a cage with no attendance, that his suite was kept from him, and that he was deprived of exercise. A few pages further in the journal of Las Cases we find the Emperor in good health, and as soon as it was announced that Longwood was ready to receive him, then it was urged that the *gaolers* wished to compel him to go against his will, that they desired to push their authority to the utmost, that the smell of the paint at Longwood was very disagreeable, &c. Napoleon himself was quite ready to go, and seemed much vexed when Count Bertrand and General Gourgaud arrived from Longwood with the intelligence that the place was as yet uninhabitable. His displeasure, however, was much more seriously excited by the appearance of Count Montholon with the information that all was ready at Longwood within a few minutes after receiving the contrary accounts from Bertrand and Gourgaud. He probably perceived that he was trifled with by his attendants, who endeavoured to make him believe that which suited their own convenience. We may also remark that the systematic opposition which was carried to such great length against Sir H. Lowe had begun during the stay of Admiral Cockburn. His visits were refused; he was accused of caprice, arrogance, impertinence, and petty insolence, and he was nicknamed *the shark* by Napoleon himself; his own calmness alone probably prevented more violent ebullitions.

The wooden house arrived at last, and the governor waited on Napoleon to consult with him how and where it should be erected. Las Cases, who heard the dispute in an adjoining room, says that it was long and clamorous. He gives the details in Napoleon's own words, and we have here the advantage of comparing his statement with the account transmitted by Sir Hudson Lowe to the British government, dated 17th May, 1816. The two accounts vary but little. Napoleon admits that he was thrown quite out of temper, that he received the governor with his stormy countenance, looked furiously at him, and made no reply to his information of the arrival of the house, but by a significant look. He told him that he wanted nothing, nor would receive any thing at his hands; that he supposed he was to be put to death by poison or the sword; the poison would be difficult to administer, but he had the means of doing it with the sword. The sanctuary of his abode should not be violated, and the troops should not enter his house but by trampling on his corpse. He then alluded to an invitation sent to him by Sir H. Lowe to meet Lady Loudon at his house, and said there could not be an act of more refined cruelty than inviting him to his table by the title of General, to make him an object of ridicule or amusement to his guests. What right had he to call him General Bonaparte? He would not be deprived of his dignity by him, nor by any one in the world. He certainly should have condescended to visit Lady Loudon, had she been within his

limits, as he did not stand upon strict etiquette with a woman, but he should have deemed that he was conferring an honour upon her. He would not consider himself a prisoner of war, but was placed in his present position by the most horrible breach of confidence. After a few more words, he dismissed the governor, without once more alluding to the house which was the object of the visit. The fate of this unfortunate house may be mentioned here. It was erected after a great many disputes, but was unfortunately surrounded by a sunk fence, and ornamental railing. This was immediately connected in Napoleon's mind with the idea of a fortification; it was impossible to remove the impression, that the ditch and palisade were intended to secure his person. As soon as the objection was made known, Sir Hudson Lowe ordered the ground to be levelled and the rails taken away. But before this was quite completed, Napoleon's health was too much destroyed to permit his removal, and the house was never occupied.

Napoleon seems to have felt that he had been too violent in his conduct: he admitted when at table with his suite a few days after, that he had behaved very ill, and that in any other situation he should blush for what he had done. "I could have wished, for his sake," he said, "to see him evince a little anger, or pull the door violently after him when he went away." These few words let us into a good deal of Napoleon's character: he liked to intimidate, but his vehement language was received with a calmness and resolute forbearance, to which he was quite unaccustomed; and he consequently grew more angry, as his anger was less regarded.

The specimens here given of the disputes with Sir H. Lowe may probably suffice: a great many more are furnished by Las Cases, O'Meara, and other partisans of Napoleon, and even they always make him the aggressor. Napoleon himself in his cooler moments seemed to admit this; after the most violent quarrel with the governor, that of the 13th of August, which utterly put an end to any thing like decent civility between the parties, he allowed that he had used the governor very ill, that he repeatedly and purposely offended him, and that Sir H. Lowe had not in a single instance shown a want of respect, except perhaps that he retired too abruptly.

Great complaints were made of the scanty way in which the table of the exiles was supplied; and it was again and again alleged by them that they had scarcely any thing to eat. The wine, too, was said to be execrable; so bad, that in fact it could not be drunk; and, of such stuff as it was, only one bottle a-day was allowed to each person—an allowance which Las Cases calls ridiculously small. In this state of almost starvation, Napoleon resolved to dispose of his plate in monthly proportions; and as he knew that some East India captains had offered as much as a hundred guineas for a single plate, in order

to preserve a memorial of him, he determined that what was sold should be broken up, the arms erased, and no trace left which could show that they had ever been his. The only portions left uninjured were the little eagles with which some of the dish-covers were mounted. These last fragments were objects of veneration for the attendants of Napoleon; they were looked upon as relics, with a feeling at once melancholy and religious. When the moment came for breaking up the plate, Las Cases bears testimony to the painful emotions and real grief produced among the servants. They could not, without the utmost reluctance, bring themselves to apply the hammer to those objects of their veneration. This act confounded their ideas: it was to them a sacrilege, a desolation. Some of them, he concludes, even shed tears upon the occasion.

In conversation with Las Cases upon one occasion, Napoleon, on being told that his follower in his journal characterized the battle of Waterloo as another BATTLE OF SPURS, expressed himself with great impatience, and exclaimed, "What have you written? Erase it quickly, sir. A battle of spurs, indeed! What a calumny! Ah, my poor army," continued he; "brave soldiers! you never fought better!" And after some moments' pause, he added, with much feeling, "We have had traitors amongst us! May Heaven forgive them! But as for France, when will she recover from that perfidy?"

An answer which Napoleon one day gave to a question put to him by Mr. O'Meara, should be recorded. It being remarked that considerable surprise had been excited that during the height of his glory he had never given a dukedom in France to any person, he replied, "I considered that it would have produced great discontent among the people. If, for example, I had made one of my marshals Duke of Burgundy, instead of giving him a title derived from one of my victories, it would have caused great alarm in Burgundy, as they would conceive that some feudal rights and territory were attached to the title; and the nation hated the old nobility so much, that the creation of any rank resembling them would have given universal umbrage, which I, powerful as I was, dared not venture upon. I instituted the new nobility to crush the old, and to satisfy the people that, as the greater part of those I created had sprung from themselves, every private soldier had a right to look up to the title of duke. I believe that I acted wrong in doing even this, as it impaired the system of equality, which pleased the people so much; but if I had created dukes with a French title, it would have been considered as a revival of the old feudal privileges with which the nation had been cursed so long."

In recording one of his visits to Napoleon, Mr. Warden details a very characteristic scene:

"On entering the room I observed the back of a sofa turned towards me; and, on advancing, I saw Napoleon lying at full

length on it, with his left arm hanging over the upper part. The glare of light was excluded by a Venetian blind, and before him there was a table covered with books. I could distinguish among them some volumes on the French revolution. The heat of the day had occasioned him to dismantle himself of coat and waistcoat. The moment his eye met mine, he started up, and welcomed me in the English language. I bowed in return. Stretching out his hand, he said, 'I have got a fever.' I immediately applied my hand to the wrist, and observing, both from the regularity of the pulsation and the jocular expression of his countenance, that he was amusing himself, I expressed my wish that his health might always remain the same. He then gave me a gentle tap on the cheek, with the back of his hand; and desired me to go into the middle of the room, as he had something to say to me. I now congratulated him on the preservation of his health, and complimented him on the progress he appeared to have made in the English language. 'I certainly enjoy,' he said, 'a very good state of health, which I attribute to a rigorous observance of regimen. My appetite is such that I feel as if I could eat at any time of the day: but I am regular in my meals, and always leave off eating with an appetite: besides, I never, as you know, drink strong wines. With respect to the English language,' he continued, 'I have been very diligent: I now read your newspapers with ease; and must own, that they afford me no inconsiderable amusement. They are, occasionally, inconsistent, and sometimes abusive. In one paper I am called a *Lear*, in another a *Tyrant*, in a third a *Monster*, and, in one of them, which I really did not expect, I am described as a *Coward*; but it turned out, after all, that the writer did not accuse me of avoiding danger in the field of battle, or flying from an enemy, or fearing to look at the menaces of fate and fortune; he did not charge me with wanting presence of mind in the hurry of battle, and in the suspense of conflicting armies. No such thing. I wanted courage, it seems, because I did not coolly take a dose of poison, or throw myself into the sea, or blow out my brains. The writer most certainly misunderstands me: I have, at least, too much courage for that. Your papers are influenced by party principles: what one praises the other will abuse; and so *vice versâ*. Those who live in the metropolis where they are published, can judge of passing events and transactions for themselves; but persons living at a distance from the capital, and particularly foreigners, must be at a loss to determine upon the real state of things, and the characters of public men, from the perusal of your journals.'

"'Nevertheless,' he observed, 'you appear to handle my character rather roughly; and more so since I have been in your power.' He asked me, to my great surprise, if I remembered the history of Captain Wright? I answered, 'Perfectly well; and it is a prevailing opinion in England that you ordered him

to be murdered in the Temple.' With the utmost rapidity of speech, he replied, 'For what object? Of all men, he was the person whom I should have most desired to live. Whence could I have procured so valuable an evidence as he would have proved on the trial of the conspirators in and about Paris? The heads of it he himself had landed on the French coast.' My curiosity was at this moment evident. 'Listen,' continued Napoleon, 'and you shall hear. The English brig of war, commanded by Captain Wright, was employed by your government in landing traitors and spies on the west coast of France. Seventy of the number had actually reached Paris; and so mysterious were their proceedings, so veiled in impenetrable concealment, that although General Raoul, of the police, gave me this information, the name or place of their resort could not be discovered. I received daily assurances that my life would be attempted; and though I did not give entire credit to them, I took every precaution for my preservation. The brig was afterwards taken near l'Orient, with Captain Wright, its commander, who was carried before the prefect of the department of Morbeau, at Vannes. General Julian, then prefect, had accompanied me in the expedition to Egypt, and recognised Captain Wright on the first view of him. Intelligence of this circumstance was instantly transmitted to Paris; and instructions were expeditiously returned to interrogate the crew separately, and transfer their testimonies to the minister of police. The purport of their examination was at first very unsatisfactory; but, at length, on the examination of one of the crew, some light was thrown on the subject. He stated that the brig had landed several Frenchmen, and among them he particularly remembered one, a very merry fellow, who was called *Pichegru*. Thus a clue was found that led to the discovery of a plot, which, had it succeeded, would have thrown the French nation a second time into a state of revolution. Captain Wright was accordingly conveyed to Paris, and confined in the Temple, there to remain till it was found convenient to bring the formidable accessories of this treasonable design to trial. The law of France would have subjected Wright to the punishment of death: but he was of minor consideration. My grand object was to secure the principals, and I considered the English captain's evidence of the utmost consequence towards completing my object.' He again and again most solemnly asserted that Captain Wright died in the Temple by his own hand, as described in the *Moniteur*, and at a much earlier period than has been generally believed. At the same time, he stated, that his assertion was founded on documents which he had since examined. The cause of this inquiry arose from the visit, I think he said, of Lord Ebrington to Elba; and he added, 'That nobleman appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the account which was given him of this mysterious business.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

1817.

RESIDENCE IN ST. HELENA.

THE island of St. Helena is regularly visited by East India ships on the return voyage, which touch there to take in water, and to leave gunpowder for the use of the garrison. On such occasions, there were always persons anxious to pay a visit to the renowned captive. The regulation of those visits was calculated to protect Napoleon from being annoyed by the idle curiosity of strangers, to which he professed a great aversion. Such persons as wished to wait upon him, were in the first place obliged to apply to the governor, by whom their names were forwarded to Count Bertrand. This gentleman, as grand-marshal of the household, communicated the wishes of those persons to Napoleon, and in case of a favourable reply, fixed the hour for an interview.

Those visitors whom Napoleon admitted, were chiefly persons of rank and distinction, travellers from distant countries, or men who had distinguished themselves in the scientific world, and who could communicate interesting information in exchange for the gratification they received. Some of those persons who were admitted to interviews with him, have published narratives of their conversation, and all agree in extolling the extreme grace, propriety, and appearance of benevolence manifested by Bonaparte while holding these levees. His questions were always put with great tact, and on some subject with which the person interrogated was well acquainted, so as to induce him to bring forth any new or curious information of which he might be possessed.

In the month of July, 1817, he had an interview of some length with Lord Amherst, and the gentlemen composing the embassy to China, who were then on their return from that country. He addressed a considerable part of his conversation, or rather declamation, to Mr. Ellis, who accompanied Lord Amherst to China as commissioner. He spoke of Russia, whose

power he considered formidable to the liberties of Europe, and against whose encroachments he had himself always supported the Turks, although he hated them as barbarians. "Alexander," he said, "may have whatever army he pleases. Unlike the French and English, the subjects of the Russian empire improve their condition by becoming soldiers. If I called on a Frenchman to quit his country, I required him to abandon his happiness. The Russian, on the contrary, is a slave while a peasant, and becomes free and respectable when a soldier. A Frenchman, leaving his country, always changes for the worse, while Germany, France, and Italy, are all superior to the native country of the Russians." He then took a rapid review of the military character of the principal nations of Europe, and decided that the English and French were the only troops whose discipline and moral qualities deserved notice. He said the Austrians and Prussians were very inferior, and that real strength and efficiency were confined to the French and English. The English troops, however, he remarked, were too limited in number ever to render England a great military nation, notwithstanding their bravery. Her real strength was in her naval superiority, and the maintenance of a monopoly of commerce. "While your naval pre-eminence remains," said he, "you may blockade all Europe. I well know the effect of blockade. With two small wooden machines, you distress a line of coast, and place a country in the situation of a body rubbed over with oil, and thus deprived of the natural perspiration." He several times repeated the remark that England was too small ever to be a military nation, and added that military affairs were not in the genius of the English people. "None but the very dregs of the nation enlist in your army; the profession is not liked."

This frequent repetition of set phrases has often been remarked by those who have heard Napoleon speak. Mr. Ellis considered him in the short interview he had with him, to possess much eloquence; he abounded in that sort of oracular confidence, so well adapted to produce an impression upon persons already prepared to look up to him. He was little studious of arrangement, but poured out his ideas with a rapidity of language, almost equal to the rapidity of their succession in the mind. His manner is described by Mr. Ellis to have been pleasing, and to possess a mixture of simplicity and conscious superiority, such as he had never witnessed. He considered the expression of his countenance to be more intellectual than commanding, and observed that his person, so far from being overgrown with corpulency, seemed fully equal to the endurance of the greatest exertion. "I should say, that he was as fit as ever to go through a campaign, and that, considering his age, he was not unusually corpulent." It had been observed by Las Cases, who took great pains to teach Napoleon enough of an English newspaper, that he would never

English in any other way than by giving all our letters the sound they have in the French alphabet, which of course rendered it unintelligible. The effect of this resolution was remarked by Mr. Ellis. "Bonaparte miscals English names and words more than any foreigner I ever before heard, who had pretensions to a knowledge of the language." He concludes, "Notwithstanding his reading, and the attention he has probably paid to the subject, he seems little acquainted with the nature of our domestic policy. His plans, like his practice, are all despotic, and are formed without adverting to constitutional restrictions."

A few weeks after this interview, Napoleon received another interesting visit from Captain Basil Hall, who commanded the *Lyra*, which accompanied the embassy of Lord Amherst to China. Napoleon at once recognised the name of Hall: he remembered having seen his father, Sir James Hall, who had visited the military academy of Brienne when Napoleon was studying there. The circumstance of his recollecting a private individual after the lapse of so many years, and the intervention of so many momentous events, was explained by him. "It is not surprising. Your father was the first Englishman I ever saw; and I have recollected him all my life on that account." He was afterwards very minute in his inquiries respecting the Edinburgh Royal Society, of which body Sir James had been long president.

The conversation then turned upon the Loo-Choo Islands, which Captain Hall had re-discovered, whilst cruising about in the China Seas, after having accompanied Lord Amherst. Bonaparte's inquiries were very close upon this subject, and his surprise at the singular narrative told by the captain was strongly expressed.

The following is Captain Hall's interesting account of this conversation:

"Having settled where the island lay, he cross-questioned me about the inhabitants with a closeness—I may call it a severity of investigation—which far exceeds every thing I have met with in any other instance. His questions were not by any means put at random, but each one had some definite reference to that which preceded it, or was about to follow. I felt in a short time so completely exposed to his view, that it would have been impossible to have concealed or qualified the smallest particular. Such, indeed, was the rapidity of his apprehension of the subjects which interested him, and the astonishing ease with which he arranged and generalized the few points of information I gave him, that he sometimes outstripped my narrative, saw the conclusion I was coming to before I spoke it, and fairly robbed me of my story.

"Several circumstances, however, respecting the Loo-Choo people, surprised even him a good deal; and I had the satisfac-

tion of seeing him more than once completely perplexed, and unable to account for the phenomena which I related. Nothing struck him so much as their having no arms. '*Point d'armes!*' he exclaimed, '*c'est à dire points de canons—ils ont des fusils?*'—'Not even muskets,' I replied. '*Eh bien donc—des lances, ou, au moins, des arcs et des flèches?*' I told him they had neither one nor other. '*Ni poignards?*' cried he, with increasing vehemence. 'No, none.'—'*Mais!*' said Bonaparte, clenching his fist, and raising his voice to a loud pitch—'*Mais! sans armes, comment se bat-on?*' I could only reply, that as far as we had been able to discover, they had never had any wars, but remained in a state of internal and external peace. 'No wars!' cried he, with a scornful and incredulous expression, as if the existence of any people under the sun without wars was a monstrous anomaly.

"In like manner, but without being so much moved, he seemed to discredit the account I gave him of their having no money, and of their setting no value upon our silver or gold coins. After hearing these facts stated, he mused for some time, muttering to himself, in a low tone, 'Not know the use of money—are careless about gold and silver.' Then looking up, he asked, sharply, 'How, then, did you contrive to pay these strangest of all people for the bullocks and other good things which they seem to have sent on board in such quantities?' When I informed him that we could not prevail upon the people of Loo-Choo to receive payment of any kind, he expressed great surprise at their liberality, and made me repeat to him twice, the list of things with which we were supplied by these hospitable islanders."

The conversation proceeded with equal spirit, and it is singular to remark the acuteness of Napoleon, in seizing upon the most remarkable and interesting facts, notwithstanding the hurry of a casual conversation. The low state of the priesthood in Loo-Choo was a subject which he dwelt on without coming to any satisfactory explanation. Captain Hall illustrated the ignorance of the people of Loo-Choo with respect to all the world, save Japan and China, by saying they knew nothing of Europe at all—knew nothing of France and England—and never had even heard of his Majesty; at which last proof of their absolute seclusion from the world, Napoleon laughed heartily. During the whole interview, Napoleon waited with the utmost patience until his questions were replied to, inquired with earnestness into every subject of interest, and made naturally a most favourable impression on his visiter.

"Bonaparte," says this acute traveller, "struck me as differing considerably from the pictures and busts I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square, larger, indeed, in every way, than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time, universally reported to be

excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of colour in his cheeks; in fact, his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest trace of a wrinkle was discernible on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent; though at this period it was generally believed in England, that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct: he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions, and a reference to Count Bertrand was necessary only once during the whole conversation. The brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eye could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview. If, therefore, he were at this time out of health and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed; for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his countenance, indicated a frame in perfect health and a mind at ease."

The date of this meeting was 13th of August, 1817.

The manner assumed by Napoleon in the occasional interviews he had with such visitors, was so very opposite to that which he constantly maintained towards the authorities in whose custody he was placed, that we can scarcely doubt he was acting a part at least in one of those situations. It was suggested by Mr. Ellis that either he wished by means of his continual complaints to keep alive his interest in England, where he flattered himself there was a party favourable to him, or that his troubled mind found an occupation in the annoyance which he caused to the governor. Every attempt at conciliation on the part of Sir Hudson furnished fresh causes for irritation. He sent fowling-pieces to Longwood, and the thanks returned were a reply from Napoleon that it was an insult to send fowling-pieces where there was no game. An invitation to a ball was resented vehemently, and descanted upon by the French party as a great offence. He at one time sent a variety of clothes and other articles received from England, which he imagined might be useful at Longwood. Great offence was taken at this; they were treated, they said, like paupers; the articles ought to have been left at the governor's house, and a list to be sent respectfully to the household, stating that such things were at their command if they wanted them.

An opinion has already been expressed that much of this

annoyance was due to the offended pride of Napoleon's attendants, who were at first certainly far more captious than himself. He admitted as much himself on one occasion in a conversation with O'Meara. He said, "Las Cases certainly was greatly irritated against Sir Hudson, and contributed materially towards forming the impressions existing upon my mind." He attributed this to the feeling mind of Las Cases, which he said was peculiarly sensible of the ill-treatment Napoleon and himself had been subjected to. Sir Hudson also felt this, and remarked, like Sir George Cockburn, on more than one occasion, that he always found Napoleon himself more reasonable than the persons about him.

The claim put forth by Napoleon, to be still addressed by his title of Emperor, was another great source of the annoyances, both to himself and all around him. This was adhered to with great tenacity, and insisted upon on occasions which would hardly have been imagined calculated to give rise to such a claim. Many instances of this have been adduced, and Napoleon owned to O'Meara, that one half of his vexations at St. Helena arose from it. He seemed to impute an almost sacred character to the title: majesty was not to be profaned, it was not to be used but to himself, even in jest. A curious instance of his feeling on this point is given by Las Cases. "In his moments of goodhumoured familiarity, the Emperor was accustomed to salute me with all sorts of titles, such as 'Good morning, Monseigneur, how is your Excellency?' &c. One evening, when I was about to enter the drawing-room, the usher opened the door for me, and at the same moment the door of the Emperor's apartment also opened, and he came out. We both met together, and in a fit of abstraction he stopped me, and seizing me by the ear, said, playfully, 'Well, where is your Majesty going?' But the words had no sooner been uttered than he immediately let go my ear, and, assuming a grave expression of countenance, began to talk to me on some serious topic. I had, it is true, learned to close my ears when it was necessary; but the Emperor was evidently sorry for having suffered the expression, 'your Majesty,' to escape him. He seemed to think that though other titles might be used in jest, yet the case was very different with the one he had just employed; both on account of its own peculiar nature, and the circumstances in which we were placed. Be this as it may, the reader may form what conjecture he pleases; I merely relate the fact."

When offence is determined to be taken, any thing is sufficient to blow the flame, and the occasional misapprehensions caused by an imperfect knowledge of the language spoken by one of the parties was an occasional cause of irritation. Several instances of the sort appear in the journals published by persons who were in attendance on Napoleon; among others, one is related in O'Meara's journal, by which Napoleon was greatly

offended. A Pole in Napoleon's service, named Piontkowski, had accompanied young Las Cases to James-Town; while they were walking about, the servant who held their horses got drunk, and was evidently unable to take care of them, and even of himself. Sir Thomas Reade, seeing him in this state, thought it an act of civility to order his own servant to take charge of the horses, and to attend upon Las Cases with them. Upon this, young Las Cases was greatly enraged, expressed himself with great violence, and reported at Longwood that he had been compelled to leave the town by the orders of Sir Thomas Reade.

When Napoleon had once formed an opinion, no argument could shake it; he never listened to what was said by his opponent, and, in fact, studiously avoided every means by which he might be convicted of error. Once at odds with the governor, he afterwards held no terms of decency towards him. He was branded with every opprobrious name: liar, town hangman, were common epithets. He was characterized as bearing the mark of Cain on his forehead: he was like the man who heated the bar of iron red-hot, by which Edward was murdered in Berkeley castle. His retiring after presenting Lord Amherst to Napoleon was the mark of a low mind; the ornamental rails of iron which were to be placed round the dwelling of Napoleon, were a new species of confinement invented by the ferocious gaoler, in spite of the evidence of O'Meara that such palisades frequently surrounded gentlemen's houses in England.

Another occasion of annoyance was the resolution of Napoleon not upon any terms to acknowledge himself a prisoner, and his refusal to submit to such regulations as would render his captivity less burdensome. More than once the attendance of an officer was offered to be discontinued if he would allow himself to be seen once every day, and promise to take no means of escaping. "If he were to give me the whole of the island," said Napoleon, "on condition that I would pledge my word not to attempt an escape, I would not accept of it; because it would be equivalent to acknowledging myself a prisoner, although at the same time I would not make the attempt. I am here by force, and not by right. If I had been taken at Waterloo, perhaps I might have had no hesitation in accepting it, although even in that case it would be contrary to the law of nations, as now there is no war. If they were to offer me permission to reside in England on similar conditions, I would refuse it." The very idea of exhibiting himself to an officer every day, though but for a moment, was repelled with indignation. He even kept loaded pistols to shoot any person who should attempt it. It is stated in a note in O'Meara's journal, that "the Emperor was so firmly impressed with the idea that an attempt would be made forcibly to intrude on his privacy, that from a short time after the departure of Sir George Cockburn, he always kept four or five pair of loaded pistols, and some swords in his apart-

ment, with which he was determined to despatch the first who entered against his will." It seems this practice was continued to his death. In a violent tirade against "the wretch," addressed to Antommarchi soon after his arrival, he said, "He sent me his satellites twice a-day. Reade and Wynyard, his confidential officers, beset these miserable cabins, and wanted to penetrate into my apartments; but I caused the door to be barricaded, loaded my guns and my pistols, and have kept them so ever since, and swore that I would blow out the brains of the first that violated my asylum. I sent to inform the governor that my patience was exhausted, and my mind fully made up to despatch the first of his people who should pass the threshold of my door."

These violent scenes and impossible claims demonstrate the difficulty of any attempts at a conciliatory conduct on the part of the governor, when all the feelings of the governed were moving in a decidedly opposite tendency: and perhaps the words of Las Cases, in a long letter addressed to Sir Hudson Lowe on his departure from St. Helena, will best explain the respective feelings of the parties. He expresses himself in the following terms: "I am free to confess, that since I have been under your immediate control, I have found myself surrounded by very unexpected attentions. I have witnessed daily some agreeable alterations which I should not have expected. I was forcibly struck with this. Might it not proceed, said I, from the facility of my disposition? Could I have been mistaken at Longwood? Can I be mistaken here? Surely not. You did not appear to me the same man. I no longer saw you, as I have already said, through the blood-stained veil. At last I have resolved the problem: here I find myself on a level with you: every thing has harmonized between us: whereas you have never been in harmony for a single moment with that gigantic scale of Longwood, the magnitude of which you either will not perceive, or obstinately endeavour to diminish, rather than raise yourself to its proportions." Here we are candidly informed, that if Sir H. Lowe had contented himself with being the slave of the prisoner who was placed under his control, instead of watching over him, to prevent his escape, all would have been well. Las Cases leaves no doubt of the inordinate expectations formed by them. He states what his own conduct would have been had he been governor of St. Helena. "I should have felt the importance and extent of the duty imposed upon me, and I should have fulfilled it. I should have answered for the safety of my captive, but having secured that point, I should not have left him with a wish ungratified: it would not have been enough to possess his esteem, I should have obliged him to love me. I should not have approached his chains but on my knees."

With such expectations and so little likelihood of their being gratified, it cannot be a subject of surprise that the last days of

Napoleon, instead of closing at least with quiet and dignity, were passed in petty squabbles about trifles, in constant murmurings at what was evidently unavoidable, and in perpetual aspirations after the splendour that was gone, and could never by possibility return.

Napoleon continued to pass the mornings in dictating his memoirs, and the evenings in reading or conversation. He grew fonder of Racine; but his favourite was Corneille. He repeated that had he lived in his time, he would have made him a prince. He had a distaste to Voltaire; and found considerable fault with his dramas, perhaps justly, as conveying opinions rather than sentiments. He criticised his *Mahomet*, and said he had made him merely an impostor and a tyrant, without representing him as a great man. This was owing to Voltaire's religious and political antipathies; for those who are free from common prejudices, get others of their own in their stead, to which they are equally bigoted, and which they bring forward on all occasions. When the evening passed off in conversation without having recourse to books, he considered it a point gained. Some one having asked the Emperor which was the greatest battle that he had fought, he replied, it was difficult to answer that question without inquiring what was implied by the greatest battle. "Mine," continued he, "cannot be judged of separately: they formed a portion of extensive plans. They must therefore be estimated by their consequences. The battle of Marengo, which was so long undecided, procured for us the command of all Italy. Ulm annihilated a whole army: Jena laid the whole Prussian monarchy at our feet; Friedland opened the Russian empire to us; and Eckmühl decided the fate of a war. The battle of the Moskwa was that in which the greatest talent was displayed, and by which we obtained the fewest advantages. Waterloo, where every thing failed, would, had victory crowned our efforts, have saved France and given peace to Europe." Madame Montholon having inquired what troops he considered the best, "Those which are victorious, madam," replied the Emperor. "But," added he, "soldiers are capricious and inconstant, like you ladies. The best troops were the Carthaginians under Hannibal; the Romans under the Scipios; the Macedonians under Alexander; and the Prussians under Frederick." He thought, however, that the French soldiers were of all others those which could most easily be rendered the best, and preserved so. "With my complete guard of forty or fifty thousand men, I would have undertaken to march through Europe. It is perhaps possible to produce troops as good as those that composed my army of Italy and Austerlitz; but certainly none can ever surpass them." Napoleon, who had conversed for a considerable time on a subject so peculiarly interesting to him, suddenly recollecting himself, asked what it was o'clock. Being told it was eleven,

"Well," said he, rising, "we at least have the merit of having got through the evening without the help either of tragedy or comedy."

The anniversary of the battle of Waterloo produced a visible impression on the Emperor. "Incomprehensible day!" said he, dejectedly, "concurrence of unheard-of fatalities! Grouchy, Ney, d'Erlon—was there treachery or was it merely misfortune? Alas! poor France!" Here he covered his eyes with his hands. "And yet," said he, "all that human skill could do was accomplished! All was not lost until the moment when all had succeeded." A short time afterwards, resuming the subject, he exclaimed, "In that extraordinary campaign, thrice, in less than a week, I saw the certain triumph of France slip through my fingers. Had it not been for a traitor, I should have annihilated the enemy at the outset of the campaign. I should have destroyed him at Ligny, if my left wing had only done its duty. I should have destroyed him again at Waterloo, if my right had seconded me.—Singular defeat, by which, notwithstanding the most fatal catastrophe, the glory of the conquered has not suffered!"

It has been generally supposed, that Napoleon was a believer in the doctrine of predestination. The following conversation with Las Cases clearly decides that point. "Pray," said he, "am I not thought to be given to a belief in predestination?"—"Yes, sire; at least by many people."—"Well, well! let them say what they please, one may sometimes be tempted to act a part, and it may occasionally be useful. But what are men? How much easier is it to occupy their attention and to strike their imaginations by absurdities than by rational ideas! But can a man of sound sense listen for one moment to such a doctrine? Either predestination admits the existence of free-will, or it rejects it. If it admits it, what kind of predetermined result can that be which a simple resolution, a step, a word, may alter or modify *ad infinitum*? If predestination, on the contrary, rejects the existence of free-will, it is quite another question; in that case, a child need only be thrown into its cradle as soon as it is born; there is no necessity for bestowing the least care upon it; for if it be irrevocably decreed that it is to live, it will grow though no food should be given to it. You observe that such a doctrine cannot be maintained: predestination is but a word without meaning. The Turks themselves, the professors of predestination, are not convinced of the doctrine; for in that case medicine would not exist in Turkey; and a man residing in a third floor would not take the trouble of going down stairs, but would immediately throw himself out of the window. You see to what a string of absurdities that will lead."

Las Cases remarks, that whenever the Emperor took up any subject, if he became in the least animated, his language was fit to be printed. On one occasion, when an English news

paper spoke of the immense treasures which Napoleon must possess, and which he no doubt concealed, he observed, "They are great, it is true, but they are all exposed to light;" and he then enumerated with much eloquence the great public works he had executed, and the numerous improvements he had effected in France. Upon another occasion, Napoleon reading in an English newspaper Lord Castlereagh's statement that he had declared at St. Helena, he never would have made peace with England but with the view to deceive her, take her by surprise, and destroy her; and that if the French army was attached to Napoleon, it was because he gave the daughters of the richest French families in marriage to his soldiers, he exclaimed indignantly, "These calumnies uttered against a man who is not allowed to make his voice heard in answer to them, will be disbelieved by all well-educated and well-disposed persons. When I was seated on the throne of France, then no doubt my enemies had a right to say whatever they pleased; my actions were public, and were a sufficient refutation; but to utter new and unfounded calumnies against me at the present moment, is an act of the greatest meanness and cowardice, which will fail to produce the end proposed. Numberless libels have been and are still published every day; but they do no harm. Sixty millions of men of the most polished nations in the world raise their voices to confute them; and fifty thousand Englishmen, who are now travelling on the continent, will on their return home publish the truth to the people of Great Britain, who will be ashamed at having been so grossly deceived. As for the bill, by virtue of which they have exiled me to this rock, it is an act of proscription similar to those of Sylla," said he, "and still more atrocious. The Romans unrelentingly pursued Hannibal to the frontier of Bithynia; and Flaminius obtained from King Prusias the death of that soldier; yet at Rome Flaminius was accused of having acted thus in order to gratify his personal hatred. It was in vain that he alleged in his defence that Hannibal, still in the vigour of life, might again prove a dangerous enemy, and that his death was necessary: a thousand voices were raised and unanswered, that unjust and ungenerous actions can never promote the welfare of a great nation; and that upon such pretences as that now stated, murder, poisoning, and every species of crime might be justified. The succeeding generations reproached their ancestors with this base act; they would have given any thing to have such a stain effaced; and since the restoration of letters, every subsequent age has added its imprecations to those uttered by Hannibal when he drank the fatal cup: he cursed Rome, who, whilst her fleets and legions covered Europe, Asia, and Africa, wreaked her vengeance upon one man, alone and unprotected, because she feared or pretended to fear him. The Romans, however, never violated the rights of hos-

pitality. Sylla found an asylum in the house of Marius. Flaminius did not, before he proscribed Hannibal, receive him on board his ship, and declare that he had orders to treat him favourably: the Roman fleet did not convey him to the port of Ostia; and Hannibal, instead of placing himself under the protection of the Romans, preferred trusting his person to a King of Asia. At the moment when he was banished, he was not under the protection of the Roman flag; he was under the banners of a king who was an enemy to Rome. If in future ages a King of England should be one day brought before the awful tribunal of the nation, his defenders will urge in his behalf the sacred character of a king, the respect due to the throne, to all crowned heads, to the *anointed of the Lord*! But his accusers will have a right to answer thus: One of the ancestors of this king whom you defend, banished a man who was his guest, in time of peace; afraid to put him to death in the face of a nation governed by positive laws and by regular and public forms, he exposed his victim on an unwholesome rock, situated in the midst of the ocean, where this guest perished after a protracted agony, a prey to the climate, to want, to insults of every kind! Nevertheless that guest was also a great sovereign, raised to the throne on the shields of thirty-six millions of citizens; he was master of almost every capital in Europe; the most powerful kings composed his court; he was generous towards all; he was during twenty years the arbiter of nations; his family was allied to every reigning family, even to that of England; he was twice the *anointed of the Lord*, twice consecrated by the august ceremonies of religion!"

The following traits are characteristic of the man. In the common intercourse of life and his familiar conversation, Napoleon mutilated the names most familiar to him, even French names: yet this would not have occurred on any public occasion. He has been heard many times during his walks to repeat the celebrated speech of Augustus in Corneille's tragedy; and he has never missed saying, "Take a seat, Sylla," instead of Cinna. He would frequently create names according to his fancy; and when he had once adopted them, they remained fixed in his mind, although they were pronounced properly a hundred times a-day in his hearing; but he would have been struck if others had used them as he had altered them.* It was the same thing with respect to orthography: in general, he did not attend to it: yet if the copies which were made contained any faults of spelling, he would have complained of it. One day

* This account of him in his latter years forcibly throws us back to the description of his early childhood, with his stockings down about his heels, and fighting with all those who noticed it, or repeated the verses—

"Napoleone a mezza calzetta
Fa l' amore di Giacominetta?"

Napoleon said to Las Cases, "Your orthography is not correct, is it?" This question gave occasion to a sarcastic smile from a person who stood near, who thought it was meant to convey a reproach. The Emperor, who saw this, continued, "At least, I suppose it is not; for a man occupied with important public business, a minister for instance, cannot, and need not, attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hand can trace them: he has only time to place his points; he must put words in letters, and phrases in words, and let the scribes make it out afterwards." He indeed left a great deal for the copyists to do: he was their torment: his handwriting actually resembled hieroglyphics: he often could not decipher it himself. Las Cases's son was one day reading to him a chapter of the Campaign of Italy: on a sudden he stopped short, unable to make out the writing. "The little blockhead," said Napoleon, "cannot read his own handwriting."—"It is not mine, sire."—"And whose, then?"—"Your majesty's."—"How so, you little rogue; do you mean to insult me?" The Emperor took the manuscript, tried a long while to read it, and at last threw it down, saying, "He is right: I cannot tell myself what is written." He has often sent the copyists to Las Cases that he should endeavour to read what he had himself been unable to decipher.

Not long after their arrival at St. Helena, Madame Bertrand gave birth to a son, and when Napoleon went to visit her, she said, "I have the honour of presenting to your majesty the first French subject who has entered Longwood without the permission of Lord Bathurst."

In reference to the British embassy to China, Napoleon remarked to O'Meara that he thought the English ministers had acted wrongly in not ordering him to comply with the customs of the place he was sent to, as otherwise they ought not to have sent him at all. "I observed," says Mr. O'Meara, "that the English would consider it as debasing to the nation, if Lord Amherst had consented to prostrate himself in the manner required; that if such a point were conceded, the Chinese would probably not be contented, and would require similar ceremonies to be performed to those insisted upon by the Japanese, and so disgracefully complied with by the Dutch." Napoleon replied, "It is quite a different thing. One is a mere ceremony, performed by all the great men of the nation to their chief: the other is a national degradation required of strangers, and of strangers only. It is my opinion, that whatever is the custom of a nation, and is practised by the first characters of that nation towards their chief, cannot degrade strangers who perform the same. Different nations have different customs. In England, you kiss the king's hand at court. Such a thing in France would be looked upon as ridiculous, and the person who did it would be held up to public scorn: but still the French ambassador who performed it in England would

not be considered as having degraded himself. In England, some hundred years back, the king was served kneeling: the same ceremony now takes place in Spain. In Italy, you kiss the pope's toe: yet it is not considered as a degradation. A man who goes into a country must comply with the ceremonies in use there; and it would have been no degradation whatever for Lord Anherst to submit to such ceremonies before the Emperor of China as are performed by the first mandarins of that empire. You say that he was willing to render such homage as was paid to his own king. You have no right to send a man to China to tell them that they are to perform certain ceremonies, because such are practised in England. If I had sent an ambassador to China, I would have ordered him to make himself acquainted with the ceremonies performed by the first mandarins before the emperor, and, if required, to do the same himself, and no more. You ought to have treated those barbarians like children, and to have humoured them, as if you had sent an ambassador to the moon. I recollect having had a conversation on the subject at Tilsit with the Emperor Alexander, when we were very good friends. He asked my opinion and advice: I gave it him nearly as I have done to you. He was perfectly convinced; and wrote a reprimand to his ambassador for not having complied with the ceremonies required from him."

"I always had a high opinion of your seamen," said Napoleon one day, in a conversation arising out of our expedition to Algiers. "When I was returning from Holland along with the Empress Maria Louisa, we stopped to rest at Givet. During the night a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which swelled the Meuse so much that the bridge of boats over it was carried away. I was very anxious to depart, and ordered all the boatmen in the place to be assembled, that I might be enabled to cross the river. They said that the waters were so high that it would be impossible to pass before two or three days. I questioned some of them, and soon discovered that they were fresh-water seamen. I then recollected that there were English prisoners in the barracks, and ordered that some of the oldest and best seamen among them should be brought before me to the banks of the river. The waters were very high, and the current rapid and dangerous. I asked them if they could join a number of boats together so that I might pass over. They answered that it was possible, but hazardous. I desired them to set about it instantly. In the course of a few hours they succeeded in effecting what the others had pronounced to be impossible; and I crossed before the evening was over. I ordered those who had worked at it to receive a sum of money each, a suit of clothes, and their liberty. Marchand was with me at the time."

In the beginning of 1817 the English newspapers were full of

the distresses experienced in this country. Bonaparte often adverted in forcible terms to this subject, and on one occasion remarked, "All your miseries I maintain to be owing to the imbecility and ignorance of your ministry. What would those Englishmen who lived a hundred years ago say, if they could rise from their graves, be informed of your amazing successes, cast their eyes upon England, witness her distress, and be told that in the treaty of peace not a single article for the benefit of England had been stipulated; that on the contrary you had given up conquests and commercial rights necessary to your existence? When Austria gained ten millions of inhabitants, Russia eight, Prussia ten, when Holland, Bavaria, Sardinia, and every other power obtained an increase of territory, why not England, who was the main organ of all the success? Instead of establishing a number of independent maritime states, such as Hamburg, Stralsund, Dantzic, Genoa, to serve as *entrepôts* for your manufactures, with conditions, either secret or otherwise, favourable to your commerce, you have basely given up Genoa to the King of Sardinia, and united Belgium to Holland. You have rendered yourselves hateful to the Italians and Belgians, and have done irreparable injury to your own trade. For although it is a great point for you that Belgium should be separated from France, it is a serious disadvantage that she should be united to Holland. Holland has no manufactures, and consequently would become a warehouse for yours, whence a prodigious influx might be kept up on the continent. Now, however, that Belgium has been annexed to Holland, this last will naturally prefer taking the manufactures of its own subjects to those of a stranger, and the whole of Belgium may be called a manufacturing town. Independently of this, in case of any future war with France, Holland must join the latter through fear of losing the provinces of Belgium. It would have been much better to give it to Austria; or why not have made it an independent country, and placed an English prince on the throne? Now let us see the position you actually stand in. You are nearly as much shut out from the continent as when I reigned and promulgated the continental system. I ask you what peace dictated by me, had I been victorious, could have been more prejudicial in its effects for England than the one made by your ministry, when England was triumphant? The hatred which they bore to me has precipitated them into an abyss. I thought it bad policy to leave the English troops in France, and make Lord Wellington commander-in-chief. The ill effects of it are now manifest. Prussia prohibits entrance to your merchandise. What can you do? You can neither pretend to intimidate, nor proceed to extremities, as Prussia would fall upon Lord Wellington and his forty thousand men. While you retain your troops upon the continent, you will never be independent. Had you, after the grand blow was struck, when I

was disposed of, withdrawn your troops from the continent, you would not have drawn down the hatred and jealousy of the continental powers, especially at seeing Lord Wellington commander-in-chief, and they never would have dared to shut their ports against you. You could then have sent your ships, blockaded their ports, and have declared, "If you do not permit my merchandise to enter, no other shall either go in or come out!" They would soon have listened to reason. Now, your hands are tied; your meddling in continental affairs, and trying to make yourselves a great military power, instead of attending to the sea and commerce, will yet be your ruin as a nation. You were greatly offended with me for having called you a *nation of shopkeepers*. Had I meant by this that you were a nation of cowards, you would have had reason to be displeased, even though it were ridiculous and contrary to historical facts; but no such thing was ever intended. I meant that you were a nation of merchants, and that all your riches and your grand resources arose from commerce, which is true. What else constitutes the riches of England? It is not extent of territory nor a numerous population. It is not mines of gold, silver, or diamonds. Moreover, no man of sense ought to be ashamed of being called a shopkeeper. When a nation has been favoured so much as yours has been, and misery exists in that nation, it is attributable to the imbecility of its ministers. The transition from war to peace cannot explain it. It is of too long a continuance. England has played for all or nothing. She has gained all, performed wonders, yet has nothing; and her people are starving and worse off than they were in the war; while France, which has lost every thing, is doing well, and the wants of her people are abundantly supplied."

We shall here give Napoleon's own opinion of the battle of Waterloo.

"The plan of the battle," said he, "will not, in the eyes of the historian reflect any credit on Lord Wellington as a general. In the first place he ought not to have given battle with the armies divided. They ought to have been united and encamped before the 15th. In the next, the choice of ground was bad; because if he had been beaten he could not have retreated, as there was only one road leading through the forest in his rear. He also committed a fault which might have proved the destruction of all his army, without its ever having commenced the campaign, or being drawn out in battle; he allowed himself to be surprised. On the 15th I was at Charleroi, and had beaten the Prussians without his knowing any thing about it. I had gained forty-eight hours of manœuvres upon him, which was a great object; and if some of my generals had shown that vigour and genius which they had displayed on other occasions, I should have taken his army in cantonments without ever fighting a battle. But they were discouraged, and fancied

that they saw an army of a hundred thousand men every where opposed to them. I had not time enough myself to attend to the *minutiæ* of the army. I counted upon surprising and cutting him up in detail. I knew of Bulow's arrival at eleven o'clock; but I did not regard it. I had still eighty chances out of a hundred in my favour. Notwithstanding the great superiority of force against me, I was convinced that I should obtain the victory. I had about seventy thousand men, of whom fifteen thousand were cavalry. I had also two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon; but my troops were so good, that I esteemed them sufficient to beat a hundred and twenty thousand. Of all those troops, however, I only reckoned the English as being able to cope with my own. The others I thought little of. I believe that of English there were from thirty-five to forty thousand. These I esteemed to be as brave and as good as my own troops; the English army was well known latterly on the continent; and besides, your nation possesses courage and energy. As to the Prussians, Belgians, and others, half the number of my troops were sufficient to beat them. I only left thirty-four thousand men to take care of the Prussians. The chief causes of the loss of that battle were, first of all, Grouchy's great tardiness and neglect in executing his orders; next, the *grenadiers à cheval* and the cavalry under General Guyot, which I had in reserve, and which were never to leave me, engaged without orders and without my knowledge; so that after the last charge, when the troops were beaten, and the English cavalry advanced, I had not a single corps of cavalry in reserve to resist them; instead of one which I esteemed to be equal to double their own number. In consequence of this, the English attacked, succeeded, and all was lost. There was no means of rallying. The youngest general would not have committed the fault of leaving an army entirely without reserve which however occurred here, whether in consequence of treason or not, I cannot say. These were the two principal causes of the loss of the battle of Waterloo."

"If Lord Wellington had intrenched himself," continued he, "I would not have attacked him. As a general, his plan did not show talent. He certainly displayed great courage and obstinacy: but a little must be taken away even from that, when you consider that he had no means of retreat, and that had he made the attempt, not a man of his army would have escaped. First, to the firmness and bravery of his troops, for the English fought with the greatest courage and obstinacy, he is principally indebted for the victory, and not to his own conduct as a general; and next, to the arrival of Blücher, to whom the victory is more to be attributed than to Wellington, and more credit due as a general; because he, although beaten the day before, assembled his troops, and brought them into action in the evening. I believe, however," continued Napoleon, "that Wellington is a

man of great firmness. The glory of such a victory is a great thing; but in the eye of the historian, his military reputation will gain nothing by it."

It is quite unnecessary to refute this account. Our readers have already perused an impartial narrative of this memorable victory, which decided the fate of Napoleon and of Europe. The mean desire to depreciate the military genius of Wellington, evinced in the foregoing passage, we would willingly forget—it is unworthy of Napoleon's own unquestionable renown.

About this time Las Cases was compelled to leave St. Helena. He had written a letter to Lucien Bonaparte, and intrusted it to a Mulatto servant to be forwarded to Europe. He was detected; and as he was thus endeavouring to carry on (contrary to the regulations of the island) a clandestine correspondence with Europe, Las Cases and his son were sent off, first to the Cape and then to England, where he was not suffered to land.

CHAPTER XVI.

1818—1821.

Last days of Napoleon—His death—His will.

WE are now approaching the last melancholy epoch of Napoleon's life, when he first felt the ravages of that malady which finally put a period to his existence. The disease had probably existed for some years, and occasional manifestations of its presence had been exhibited ; but his usual health always returned after every attack, and its fatal nature was not suspected, although Napoleon himself had several times said that he should die of a schirrus in the pylorus, the disease which killed his father, and which the physicians of Montpellier declared would be hereditary in his family. About the middle of the year 1818, it was observed that his health grew gradually worse, and it was thought proper by Mr. O'Meara to report to the governor the state in which he was. Even on these occasions Napoleon seized the opportunity for renewing his claim to the title of Emperor. He insisted that the physician should not send any bulletin whatever, unless he named him in it by his Imperial designation. Mr. O'Meara explained that the instructions of his government and the orders of Sir H. Lowe, prohibited him from using the obnoxious term ; but it was in vain ; after some difficulty, it was agreed upon that the word "patient" should be used instead of the title of General, which caused so much offence, and this substitution got rid of the difficulty.

Mr. O'Meara afterwards proposed to call in the assistance of Dr. Baxter, the principal medical officer of the island, but this offer Napoleon refused at once, alleging that, although "it was true he looked like an honest man, he was too much attached to that hangman : " he also persisted in rejecting the aid of medicine, and determined to take no exercise out of doors as long as he should be subjected to the challenge of sentinels. To a representation that his determination might convert a curable to a fatal malady, he replied, "I shall at least have the consolation

that my death will be an eternal dishonour to the English nation who sent me to this climate to die under the hands of * * * * *

This desperate course seems to have been caused partly by the reckless feelings of despondency caused by his situation, and the deep resentment he felt against England, and partly by his belief in the inutility of medicine, and his ideas of fatalism. He more than once returned for answer, when urged to take care of his health, that the dishonour to England was a consolation for death; and only a very short time before his dissolution, he exclaimed, "No: England calls for my corpse: I will not keep her waiting, and shall die very well without drugs." His more usual reply to his medical adviser, was a rejection of the advice, and an argument on the ignorance of physicians. "We are," he would say, "a machine made to live: we are organized for that purpose, and such is our nature. Do not counteract the living principle—let it alone; leave it at liberty to defend itself—it will do better than your drugs. Our body is a watch that is intended to go a given time. The watch-maker cannot open it, and must in handling it, grope his way blindfold and at random. For once that he assists and relieves it, by dint of tormenting it with his crooked instruments, he injures it ten times, and at last destroys it."

An important incident in Napoleon's monotonous life was the removal of Dr. O'Meara, who had attended him as his physician from the time of his arrival on the island. The removal of this gentleman was occasioned by the suspicion of a similar conduct to that which brought about the dismissal of Las Cases, twenty months previously, namely, the carrying on secret correspondence with persons out of the island. Napoleon complained bitterly of the loss of his medical attendant, though he had most assuredly very seldom attended to his advices, and repelled as an insult the offered assistance of Dr. Baxter, insinuating that the governor wished to have his life in his power. Some time after, Dr. Stokoe, a surgeon on board a ship at the station, was called in, but dismissed soon after from some cause which seems not to be explained. After this, Napoleon expressed his determination to admit of no more visits from any English physician whatever, and Cardinal Fesch was requested by the British ministry to select some physician of reputation in Italy, who should be sent to St. Helena to attend on Napoleon. The choice fell on Dr. Antommarchi, who was accordingly sent to St. Helena in company with two catholic priests and two domestics, in compliance with the wish of Napoleon to that effect. The party reached the island in September, 1819.

On his first visit, the Emperor overwhelmed Antommarchi with questions concerning his mother and family, the Princess Julia, and Las Cases, whom he had seen in passing through Frankfort;

expatiated with satisfaction on the retreat which he had at one time meditated in Corsica; entered into some discussions with the doctor on his profession; and then directed his attention to the details of his disorder. While he examined the symptoms, the Emperor continued his remarks. They were sometimes serious, sometimes lively. Kindness, indignation, gaiety, were expressed by turns in his words and in his countenance. "Well, doctor!" he exclaimed, "what is your opinion? Am I to trouble much longer the digestion of kings?"—"You will survive them, sire."—"Ay, I believe you: they will not be able to subject to the ban of Europe the fame of our victories: it will traverse ages: it will proclaim the conquerors and the conquered, those who were generous, and those who were not so: posterity will judge; I do not dread its decision."—"This after-life belongs to you of right. Your name will never be repeated with admiration, without recalling those inglorious warriors so basely leagued against a single man. But you are not near your end: you have yet a long career to run."—"No, doctor! I cannot hold out long under this frightful climate."—"Your excellent constitution is proof against its pernicious effects."—"It once did not yield to the strength of mind with which nature has endowed me; but the transition from a life of action to a complete seclusion has ruined all. I have grown fat, my energy is gone, the bow is unstrung." Antommarchi did not try to combat an opinion but too well-founded, but diverted the conversation to another subject. "I resign myself," said he, "to your direction. Let medicine give the order, I submit to its decisions. I entrust my health to your care. I owe you the detail of the habits I have acquired, of the affections to which I am subject.

"The hours at which I obey the injunctions of nature are in general extremely irregular. I sleep, I eat according to circumstances or the situation in which I am placed: my sleep is ordinarily sound and tranquil. If pain or any accident interrupt it, I leap on the floor, call for a light, walk, set to work, and fix my attention on some object: sometimes I remain in the dark, change my apartment, lie down in another bed, or stretch myself on the sofa. I rise at two, three, four in the morning: I call for some one to keep me company, amuse myself with recollections or business, and wait for the return of day. I go out as soon as dawn appears, take a stroll, and when the sun shows itself, I re-enter and go to bed again, where I remain a longer or shorter time, according as the day promises to turn out. If it is bad, and I feel irritation and uneasiness, I have recourse to the method I have just mentioned. I change my posture, pass from my bed to the sofa, from the sofa to the bed, seek and find a degree of freshness. I do not describe to you my morning costume; it has nothing to do with the sufferings I endure, and besides I do not wish to deprive you of the pleasure of your surprise when you see it. These ingenious contrivances

carry me on to nine or ten o'clock; sometimes later. I then order the breakfast to be brought, which I take from time to time in my bath, but most frequently in the garden. Either Bertrand or Montholon keep me company, often both of them. Physicians have the right of regulating the table: it is proper that I should give you an account of mine. Well, then, a basin of soup, two plates of meat, one of vegetables, a salad when I can take it, compose the whole service: half a bottle of claret, which I dilute with a good deal of water, serves me for drink: I drink a little of it pure towards the end of the repast. Sometimes, when I feel fatigued, I substitute champagne for claret: it is a certain means of giving a fillip to the stomach."

The doctor having expressed his surprise of Napoleon's temperance, he replied, "In my marches with the army of Italy, I never failed to put into the bow of my saddle a bottle of wine, some bread, and a cold fowl. This provision sufficed for the wants of the day; I may even say that I often shared it with others. I thus gained time. I eat fast, masticate little, my meals do not consume my hours. This is not what you will approve the most; but in my present situation, what signifies it? I am attacked with a liver complaint,* a malady which is general in this horrible climate.

The journal of Antommarchi has made us acquainted with the last twenty months of Napoleon's life: it is not so interesting on many accounts as those of Las Cases and O'Meara, and is so filled with rancour against every thing English, that it cannot be read without suspicion where the actions of any Englishman are related; but it is interesting inasmuch as it supplies that information respecting the close of Napoleon's eventful life, which we must otherwise have wanted. He seems to have entered heart and soul into the spirit of opposition against the governor: if Napoleon calls him hangman and liar, Antommarchi designates him as a tiger and a savage. Napoleon's prejudice began, as we have observed, at the first interview with the governor. Antommarchi's before he saw him. A few hours' delay of the vessel entering the port was a snare laid by Sir Hudson Lowe, who wished to gain time to meditate evil. Every Englishman was a villain: the captain of the ship who brought them was a pirate and a corsair.

Antommarchi, having gained his confidence, now became companion as well as physician to the Emperor, and sometimes read with him. He eagerly turned over the newspapers when they arrived, and commented freely on their contents. "It is amusing," he would say, "to see the sage measures resorted to by the allies to make people forget my tyranny!" On one occasion, he felt more languid than ordinary, and lighting on the *Andromache* of Racine, he took up the book, began to read, but

* This afterwards proved to be an error.

soon let it drop from his hands. He had come to the famous passage where the mother describes her being allowed to see her son once a day.

"Je passais jusqu'aux lieux où l'on garde mes fils,
Puisqu'une fois le jour, vous souffrez que je voie :
Le seul bien qui me reste et d'Hector et de Troie :
J'allais, seigneur, pleurer un moment avec lui ;
Je ne l'ai point encore embrassé d'aujourd'hui."

He was moved, covered his face with his hands, and saying that he was too much affected, desired to be left alone. He grew calmer, fell asleep ; and when he awoke, desired Antommarchi to be called again. He was getting ready to shave, and the doctor was curious to witness the operation. He was in his shirt, his head uncovered, with two valets at his side, one holding the glass and a towel, the other the rest of the apparatus. The Emperor spread the soap over one side of his face, put down the brush, wiped his hands and mouth, took a razor dipped in hot water, and shaved the right side with singular dexterity. "Is it done, Noverraz?"—"Yes, sire."—"Well, then, face about. Come, villain, quick, stand still." The light fell on the left side ; which after applying the lather, he shaved in the same manner and with the same dexterity. He drew his hand over his chin. "Raise the glass. Am I quite right?"—"Quite so."—"Not a hair has escaped me : what say you?"—"No, sire," replied the valet-de-chambre. "No ! I think I perceive one. Lift up the glass : place it in a better light. How, rogue ! Flattery ? You deceive me at St. Helena ? On this rock ? You, too, are an accomplice." With this he gave them both a box on the ear, laughed, and joked in the most pleasant manner possible.

As a sample of Antommarchi's manner to the governor, as well as of his epigrammatical and to us often unintelligible dialogue, we extract a page from his journal, where he describes a scene with Sir Hudson, who had come to Longwood to endeavour to see Bonaparte, who had for several days constantly concealed himself from the officer whose duty it was to ascertain his presence daily. The attendants on Napoleon endeavoured to dissuade the governor from attempting to get an interview ; but, says Antommarchi, "It was of little concern to him whether the prisoner lived or died : his duty was to secure his person, and that duty he would fulfil. I saw the tiger prowling round the house : I was suffocating with rage, and was going out, when he stopped me. 'What is *General Bonaparte* doing?'—'I know not.'—'Where is he?'—'I cannot say.'—'He is not there?' (pointing to the cabin)—'He is not.'—'What ! he has disappeared?'—'Quite.'—'How ? When?'—'I do not recollect precisely.'—'Endeavour to collect your ideas : since what hour?'—'What hour ! The last battle he commanded was

that of Aboukir. He fought for civilization; you were protecting barbarism: he defeated your allies, and threw them into the sea; his victory was complete. I have not heard of him since.' 'Doctor!'—'Excellency!'—'All here . . . '—'No!'—'Who?'—'I.'—'You?'—'I.'—'Soldiers!'—'Soldiers! hasten—fill up the measure of your indignities by depriving the Emperor of the short remains of his existence.'—'The Emperor! what Emperor?'—'He who made England tremble! He who showed France the way to Dover; and placed in the hands of the continent the weapon which will sooner or later give the deathblow to your aristocracy.' On hearing this balderdash, the governor retired, leaving the doctor making comparison between him and the Cimbric about to kill Marius, and likening his soul to the mud of the Thames.

An extraordinary and almost incredible instance of the determination of the exiles to make as many enemies as they possibly could, was exhibited to Antommarchi on his arrival at Longwood. He states that, before he was permitted to enter on his functions as surgeon, he was required to take an oath, that he would not communicate with nor say any thing to the English, and that he would more especially avoid giving them the least information respecting the progress of Napoleon's disorder. He was not allowed to see his illustrious patient until the oath was taken. After exacting such an oath from his physician, the attendants of Bonaparte had little right to complain, as they did, that the real state of his disorder was purposely concealed from the world by the English government. It would have been more extraordinary if any true account of it had been published. At all events it is more than probable that the constant attempts observed to throw mystery and secrecy around them, must have tended to create the suspicion of escape, and to increase the consequent rigour of the regulations maintained by the governor.

Soon after the arrival of the priests, Napoleon determined, we may suppose, partly in jest, to elevate one of them to the dignity of bishop, and he chose for a diocese the Jumna, a river of India, which unites with the Ganges. The whole circumstance is characteristic; it occurred while the attendants were unpacking the boxes brought from Europe by Antommarchi, who relates the anecdote. "The last box had been broken open; it contained the vases and church ornaments." "Stop," said Napoleon, "this is the property of St. Peter, have a care who touches it; send for the abbés—but talking of the abbés, do you know that the cardinal is a poor creature? He sends me missionaries and propagandists, as if I were a penitent, and as if a whole string of their eminences had not always attended at my chapel. I will do what he ought to have done; I possess the right of investiture, and I shall use it. Abbé!" (Buonavita was just entering the room) "I give you the episcopal mitre."—"Sire!"

—‘I restore it to you; you shall wear it in spite of the heretics; they will not again take it from you.’—‘But, sire!’—‘I cannot add to it so rich a benefice as that of Valencia, which Suchet had given you, but at any rate your see shall be secure from the chances of battles. I appoint you Bishop of—let me see—of the Jumna. The vast countries through which that river flows were on the point of entering into alliance with me—all was in readiness, all were going to march. We were about to give the finishing blow to England.’ The speech concluded with an order to Count Montholon to procure the necessary dress for the abbé, in order to strike with awe all the heretics. The upshot of the whole was, that the scarlet and violet coloured cloths necessary to furnish the new bishop with the only valuable portion of his temporalities, his dress, could not be procured in the island, and the abbé remained an abbé in spite of the investiture, and the whole farce was forgotten.

For the celebration of mass a moveable altar was constructed out of the pieces of the bedstead which had been sent out to Napoleon by the British government: the opportunity for a sarcasm was too good to be lost. He directed the boards necessary for the altar to be taken from the ill-shaped machine, and the remainder to be thrown into some corner of the garden; he then compared it to a rat-trap, and concluded with the remark, “British taste alone could be delivered of such a conception.”

We occasionally see the exile in better moods, when he listened to the voice of reason, and thought less of the annoyances inseparable from the state to which his ambition, or as he himself always averred, his destiny, had reduced him. He had for a long time debarred himself from all exercise, having, as he expressed it, determined not to expose himself to the insult of being accompanied on his side by a British officer, or the possibility of being challenged by a sentinel. One day when he complained of his inactive life, his medical attendant recommended the exercise of digging the ground; the idea was instantly seized upon by Napoleon, with his characteristic ardour. Noverraz, his valet-de-chambre, who had been formerly accustomed to rural occupations, was honoured with the title of head gardener, and under his directions Napoleon proceeded to work with great vigour. He sent for Antommarchi to witness his newly-acquired dexterity in the use of the spade. “Well, doctor,” said he to him, “are you satisfied with your patient, is he obedient enough? This is better than your pills, Dottoraccio; you shall not physic me any more.” At first he soon got fatigued, and complained much of the weakness of his body and delicacy of his hands; but “never mind,” said he, “I have always accustomed my body to bend to my will, and I shall bring it to do so now, and inure it to the exercise.” He soon grew fond of his new employment, and pressed all the inhabitants of Longwood into the service. Even the ladies had great diffi-

culty to avoid being set to work. He laughed at them, urged them, entreated them, and used all his arts of persuasion, particularly with Madame Bertrand. He assured her that the exercise of gardening was much better than all the doctor's prescriptions—that it was in fact one of his prescriptions. But in this instance, his eloquence failed in its effect, and he was obliged, though with much reluctance, to desist from his attempts to make lady gardeners.

But in recompense, he had willing labourers on the part of the gentlemen. Antommarchi says, "The Emperor urged us, excited us, and every thing around us soon assumed a different aspect. Here was an excavation, there a basin or a road. We made alleys, grottoes, cascades; the appearance of the ground had now some life and diversity. We planted willows, oaks, peach-trees, to give a little shade round the house. Having completed the ornamental part of our labours, we turned to the useful. We divided the ground, we manured it, and sowed it with abundance of beans, peas, and every vegetable that grows in the island." In the course of their labours they found that a tank would be of great use to hold water, which might be brought by pipes from a spring at a distance of three thousand feet. For this laborious attempt it was absolutely necessary to procure additional forces, and a party of Chinese, of whom there are many on the island, was engaged to help them. These people were much amused with Napoleon's working-dress, which was a jacket, and large trousers, with an enormous straw hat to shield him from the sun, and sandals. He pitied those poor fellows who suffered from the heat of the sun, and made each of them a present of a large hat like his own. After much exertion the basin was finished, the pipes laid, and the water began to flow into it. Napoleon stocked his pond with gold fish, which he placed in it with his own hands, and frequently visited it. He would remain by the pond for hours together, at a time when he was so weak that he could hardly support himself. It was the usual object and limit of his walks. He would amuse himself by following the motion of the fishes, throwing bread to them, studying their ways, taking an interest in their loves and their quarrels, and endeavouring with anxiety to find out points of resemblance between their motives and those of mankind. He often sent for his attendants to communicate his remarks to them, and directed their observations to any peculiarities he had observed. His favourites at last sickened, they struggled, floated on the water, and died one after another. He was deeply affected by this, and remarked to Antommarchi, "You see very well that there is a fatality attached to me. Every thing I love, every thing that belongs to me, is immediately struck: heaven and mankind unite to persecute me." From this time he visited them daily in spite of sickness or bad weather, nor did his anxiety diminish until it was discovered that a coppery

cement, with which the bottom of the basin was plastered, had poisoned the water. The fish which were not yet dead were then taken out and put into a tub.

Napoleon appears to have taken peculiar interest in observing the instincts of animals, and comparing their practices and propensities with those of men. A rainy day, during which the digging of the tank could not be proceeded with, gave occasion for some observations on the actions of a number of ants, which had made a way into his bedroom, climbed upon a table on which some sugar usually stood, and taken possession of the sugar-basin. He would not allow the industrious little insects to be disturbed in their plans; but he now and then moved the sugar, followed their manœuvres, and admired the activity and industry they displayed until they had found it again: this they had been sometimes even two or three days in effecting, though they always succeeded at last. He then surrounded the basin with water, but the ants still reached it: he finally employed vinegar, but the insects were unable to get through the new obstacle. Napoleon took occasion from this to descant on the vacillation of the French nation, and on the certainty of all the sovereigns of Europe being eclipsed by himself, a man of the people, had the French people possessed the unanimity of those insects: forgetting that he had himself ceased to be the man of the people, and had allied himself to those sovereigns long before the French had forsaken him.

But the slight activity of mind that now remained to him was soon to be exchanged for the languor and gloominess of sickness, with but few intervals between positive suffering and the most distressing lowness of spirits. Towards the end of the year 1820 he walked with difficulty, and required assistance even to reach a chair in his garden. He became nearly incapable of the slightest action; his legs swelled; the pains in his side and back were increased; he was troubled with nausea, profuse sweats, loss of appetite, and was subject to frequent faintings. "Here I am, doctor," said he one day, "at my last cast. No more energy or strength left: I bend under the load. . . . I am going. I feel that my hour is come."

Some days after, as he lay on his couch, he feelingly expressed to Antommarchi the vast change which had taken place within him. He recalled for a few moments the vivid recollection of past times, and compared his former energy with the weakness which he was then sinking under.

The news of the death of his sister Eliza also affected him deeply. After a struggle with his feelings, which had nearly overpowered him, he rose, supported himself on Antommarchi's arm, and regarding him steadfastly, said, "Well, doctor! you see Eliza has just shown me the way. Death, which seemed to have forgotten my family, has begun to strike it: my turn cannot be far off. What think you?"—"Your majesty is in no

danger: you are still reserved for some glorious enterprise."—"Ah! doctor, I have neither strength, nor activity, nor energy; I am no longer Napoleon. You strive in vain to give me hopes, to recall life ready to expire. Your care can do nothing in spite of fate: it is immovable; there is no appeal from its decisions. The next person of our family who will follow Eliza to the tomb is that great Napoleon, who hardly exists, who bends under the yoke, and who still, nevertheless, keeps Europe in alarm. Behold, my good friend, how I look on my situation! As for me, all is over: I repeat it to you, my days will soon close on this miserable rock." "We returned," says Antommarchi, "into his chamber. Napoleon lay down in bed." "Close my windows," he said; "leave me to myself; I will send for you by-and-by. What a delightful thing rest is! I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world! What an alteration! How I am fallen! I, whose activity was boundless, whose mind never slumbered, am now plunged into a lethargic stupor, so that it requires an effort even to raise my eyelids. I sometimes dictated to four or five secretaries, who wrote as fast as words could be uttered: but then I was Napoleon—now I am no longer any thing. My strength—my faculties forsake me. I do not live—I merely exist."

From this period the existence of Napoleon was evidently drawing to a close—his days were counted. Whole hours, and even days, were either passed in gloomy silence, or filled up by pain, distressing coughs, and all the melancholy signs of the approach of death. He made a last effort to ride a few miles round Longwood on the 22d of January, but it exhausted his strength; and from that time his only exercise was in the calash. Even that slight motion soon became too fatiguing.

He now kept his room, and no longer stirred out. His disorder and his weakness increased upon him. He still was able to eat something, but very little, and with a worse appetite than ever. The conversation on one occasion turned upon the fine arts. One of the speakers made little account of music, and did not conceal his opinion. "You are wrong," said the Emperor, "it is of all the liberal arts the one which has most influence on the passions; and that which the legislator is bound to encourage most. A well-composed piece of music touches, melts the soul, and produces more effect than a treatise of morality, which convinces the reason, leaves us cold and unmoved, and makes not the slightest alteration of our habits." The controversy continued between Napoleon and his physician respecting the taking of the pills, draughts, &c.; but in general, the patient submitted, though with a very ill grace, and to very little purpose. The night of the 6th of March was passed in a restless state: he got a little sleep towards the morning. He was less feeble than he had been for some days. He was standing up, his dress neglected: Antommarchi begged him to pay some attention to his toilet.

"When I was Napoleon," he replied, with a degree of emotion, "I did so readily and with pleasure; but at present, what concern have I in looking well or ill? Besides, all this costs me more trouble now than it formerly gave me to arrange the plan of a campaign. Nevertheless, let us set about it:" and he accordingly proceeded to shave himself, but at intervals, being obliged to stop several times. He finished at length, and lay down the rest of the morning.

Lady Holland had sent out some books, and a plaster-cast of the head marked with the different organs, according to the system of Gall and Spurzheim. He asked Antommarchi to examine it and give his opinion, and expressed his own as unfavourable to it. He classed the authors with Lavater, Cagliostro, and Mesmer, and said he would never see Gall, though Corvisart had much pressed him to do so. Towards the middle of the month his spirits became more depressed: a deathlike coldness seized the lower extremities. "Ah! doctor," he exclaimed, "how I suffer! Why did the cannon-balls spare me, only to die in this deplorable manner? I that was so active, so alert, can now scarcely raise my eyelids:"—and he closed his eyes.

His last airing was on the 17th of March. The disease increased, and Antommarchi, who was much alarmed, obtained, with difficulty, permission to see an English physician. He held a consultation, on the 26th of March, with Dr. Arnott, of the 20th regiment; but the result was of no use: Napoleon still refused to take medicine, and often repeated his favourite saying: "Every thing that must happen is written down: our hour is marked, and it is not in our power to take from time a portion which nature refuses us." He continued to grow worse, and at last consented to see Dr. Arnott, whose first visit was on the 1st of April. He was introduced into the chamber of the patient, which was darkened, and into which Napoleon did not suffer any light to be brought: examined his pulse and the other symptoms, and was requested to repeat his visit the next day. Napoleon was now within a month of his death, and although he occasionally spoke with the eloquence and vehemence he had so often exhibited, his mind was evidently giving way. The reported appearance of a comet was taken as a token of his death. He was excited, and exclaimed with emotion, "A comet! that was the sign precursive of the death of Cæsar."

On the 3d of April the symptoms of the disorder had become so alarming, that Antommarchi informed Bertrand and Montholon he thought Napoleon's danger imminent, and that he ought to take steps to put his affairs in order. He was now attacked by fever and by violent thirst, which often interrupted his sleep in the night. On the 14th, Napoleon found himself in better spirits, and talked with Dr. Arnott on the merits of

Marlborough, whose *Campaigns* he desired him to present to the 20th regiment, learning that they did not possess a copy in their library.

On the 15th, Napoleon's doors were closed to all but Montholon and Marchand, and it appeared that he had been making his will. From this time the disorder took various turns, still, however, making progress. On the 19th he was better, was free from pain, sat up, and ate a little. He was in good spirits, and wished them to read to him. As General Montholon with the others expressed his satisfaction at this improvement, he smiled gently, and said, "You deceive yourselves, my friends: I am, it is true, somewhat better; but I feel no less that my end draws near. When I am dead, you will have the soothing consolation of returning to Europe. One will meet his relations, another his friends; and as for me, I shall behold my brave companions in arms in the Elysian Fields. Yes," he went on, raising his voice, "Kleber, Desaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Masséna, Berthier, all will come to greet me: they will talk to me of what we have done together. I will recount to them the latest events of my life. On seeing me, they will become once more intoxicated with enthusiasm and glory. We will discourse of our wars with the Scipios, the Hannibals, the Cæsars, and the Frederics—there will be a satisfaction in that: unless," he added, laughingly, "they should be alarmed below to see so many warriors assembled together!"

He addressed Dr. Arnott, who came in while he was speaking, on the treatment he had received from England; said that she had violated every sacred right in making him prisoner, that he should have been much better treated in Russia, Austria, or even Prussia: that he was sent to the horrible rock of St. Helena on purpose to die: that he had been purposely placed on the most uninhabitable spot of that inhospitable island, and kept six years a close prisoner, and that Sir Hudson Lowe was his executioner. He concluded with these words: "You will end like the proud republic of Venice: and I, dying upon this dreary rock, away from those I hold dear, and deprived of every thing, bequeath the opprobrium and horror of my death to the reigning family of England." On the 21st, Napoleon gave directions to the priest who was in attendance, as to the manner in which he would be placed to lie in state after his death; and finding his religious attendant had never officiated in such a solemnity, he gave the most minute instructions for the mode of conducting it. He afterwards declared that he would die, as he was born, a Catholic, and desired that mass should be said by his body, and the customary ceremonies should be performed every day until his burial. The expression of his face was earnest, even convulsive: he saw Antommarchi watching the contractions which he underwent, when his eye caught some indication that displeased him.

‘You are above these weaknesses: but what do you wish? I am neither philosopher nor physician. I believe in God: I am of the religion of my fathers: every one cannot be an atheist who pleases.’ Then turning to the priest—‘I was born in the Catholic religion. I wish to fulfil the duties which it imposes, and to receive the succour which it administers. You will say mass every day in the adjoining chapel, and you will expose the Holy Sacrament for forty hours. After I am dead, you will fix your altar at my head, in the funeral chamber: you will continue to celebrate mass, and perform all the customary ceremonies; you will not cease till I am laid in the ground.’ The abbé withdrew; Napoleon reproved his fellow-countryman for his supposed incredulity. ‘Can you carry it to this point? Can you disbelieve in God? Every thing proclaims his existence; and, besides, the greatest minds have thought so.’—‘But, sire, I have never called it in question. I was attending to the progress of the fever, your majesty fancied you saw in my features an expression which they had not.’—‘You are a physician, doctor,’ he replied, laughingly; ‘these folks,’ he added, half to himself, ‘are conversant only with matter: they will believe in nothing beyond.’

In the afternoon of the 25th he was better; but being left alone, a sudden fancy possessed him to eat. He called for fruits, wine, tried a biscuit, then swallowed some Champagne, seized a bunch of grapes, and burst into a fit of laughter as soon as he saw Antommarchi return. The physician ordered away the dessert, and found fault with the *maitre d’hôtel*; but the mischief was done, the fever returned and became violent. The Emperor was now on his death-bed, but he testified concern for every one. He asked Antommarchi if five hundred guineas would satisfy the English physician, and if he himself would like to serve Maria Louisa in quality of a physician? ‘She is my wife, the first princess in Europe; and after me, you should serve no one else.’ Antommarchi expressed his acknowledgments. The fever continued unabated, with violent thirst and cold in the feet. On the 27th he determined to remove from the small chamber into the saloon. They were preparing to lift him. ‘No,’ he said, ‘not till I am dead: for the present, it will be sufficient if you support me.’

Between the 27th and 28th the Emperor passed a very bad night; the fever increased, the cold spread over all his limbs, his strength was quite gone. He spoke a few words of encouragement to Antommarchi; then in a tone of perfect calmness and composure, he delivered to him the following instructions: ‘After my death, which cannot be far off, I wish you to open my body: I wish also, nay, I require, that you will not suffer any English physician to touch me. If, however, you find it indispensable to have some one to assist you, Dr. Arnott is the only one I am willing you should employ. I am desirous, fur-

ther, that you should take out my heart, that you put it in spirits of wine, and that you carry it to Parma to my dear Maria Louisa: you will tell her how tenderly I have loved her, that I have never ceased to love her; and you will report to her all that you have witnessed, all that relates to my situation and my death. I recommend you above all carefully to examine my stomach, to make an exact, detailed report of it, which you will convey to my son. The vomitings which succeed each other without intermission lead me to suppose that the stomach is the one of my organs which is the most deranged; and I am inclined to believe that it is affected with the disease which conducted my father to the grave; I mean a cancer in the lower stomach. What think you?" His physician hesitating, he continued—"I have not doubted this since I found the sickness become frequent and obstinate. It is nevertheless well worthy of remark, that I have always had a stomach of iron, that I have felt no inconvenience from this organ till latterly, and that whereas my father was fond of high-seasoned dishes and spirituous liquors, I have never been able to make use of them. Be it as it may, I entreat, I charge you to neglect nothing in such an examination, in order that when you see my son you may communicate the result of your observations to him, and point out the most suitable remedies. When I am no more, you will repair to Rome; you will find out my mother and my family. You will give them an account of all you have observed relative to my situation, my disorder, and my death on this remote and miserable rock: you will tell them that the great Napoleon expired in a state the most deplorable, wanting every thing, abandoned to himself and his glory." It was ten in the forenoon: after this the fever abated, and he fell into a sort of doze. The Emperor passed a very bad night and could not sleep. He grew light-headed and talked incoherently; still the fever had abated in its violence. Towards morning the hiccough began to torment him, the fever increased, and he became quite delirious. He spoke of his complaint, and called upon Baxter (the governor's physician) to appear, to come and see the truth of his reports. Then all at once summoning O'Meara, he imagined a dialogue between them, throwing a weight of odium on the English policy. The fever having subsided, his hearing became distinct; he grew calm, and entered into some further conversation on what was to be done after his death. He felt thirst, and drank a large quantity of cold water. "If fate should determine that I shall recover, I would raise a monument on the spot where this water gushes out: I would crown the fountain in memory of the comfort which it has afforded me. If I die, and they should not proscribe my remains as they have proscribed my person, I should desire to be buried with my ancestors in the cathedral of Ajaccio, in Corsica. But if I am not allowed to repose where I was born, why then let them bury

me in the spot where this fine and refreshing water flows." This request was afterwards complied with.*

He remained nearly in the same state for some days. On the 1st of May he was delirious nearly all day, and suffered dreadful vomitings. He took two small biscuits and a few drops of red wine. On the 2d he was rather quieter, and the alarming symptoms diminished a little. At 2 p. m., however, he had a paroxysm of fever, and became again delirious. He talked to himself of France, of his dear son, of some of his old companions in arms. At times he was evidently in imagination on the field of battle. "Steingel!" he cried; "Dessaix! Massena! Ah! victory is declaring! run—rush forward—press the charge!—they are ours!"

"I was listening," says Dr. Antommarchi, "and following the progress of that painful agony in the deepest distress and affliction, when Napoleon, suddenly collecting his strength, jumped on the floor, and would absolutely go down into the garden to take a walk. I ran to receive him in my arms, but his legs bent under the weight of his body: he fell backwards, and I had the mortification of being unable to prevent his falling. We raised him up and entreated him to get into bed again; but he did not recognise any body, and began to storm and fall into a violent passion. He was unconscious, and anxiously desired to walk in the garden. In the course of the day, however, he became more collected, and again spoke of his disease, and the precise anatomical examination he wished to be made of his body after death. He had a fancy that this might be useful to his son."—"The physicians of Montpellier," he said to Antommarchi, "announced that the scirrhus in the pylorus would be hereditary in my family; their report is, I believe, in the hands of my brother Louis; ask for it and compare it with your own observations on my case, in order that my son may be saved from this cruel disease. You will see him, doctor, and you will point out to him what is best to do, and will save him from the cruel sufferings I now experience. This is the last service I ask of you." Later in the day he said, "Doctor, I am very ill—I feel that I am going to die."

The last time Napoleon spoke, except to utter a few short unconnected words, was on the 3d of May. It was in the afternoon, and he had requested his attendants, in case of his losing consciousness, not to allow any English physician to approach him except Dr. Arnott. "I am going to die," said he, "and you to return to Europe; I must give you some advice as

* The place determined on for his grave was a verdant spot about three miles from Longwood—a place pointed out by himself a short time before his death. It was a small secluded recess, where his Chinese servants used to draw the water which they carried to Longwood for his use. It was more green and shady than any other in the neighbourhood, and it was here that Napoleon was accustomed to repose, under the beautiful willows which overhung the spring.

to the line of conduct you are to pursue. You have shared my exile, you will be faithful to my memory, and will not do any thing that may injure it. I have sanctioned all principles, and infused them into my laws and acts; I have not omitted a single one. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances in which I was placed were arduous, and I was obliged to act with severity, and to postpone the execution of my plans. Our reverses occurred; I could not unbend the bow; and France has been deprived of the liberal institutions I intended to give her. She judges me with indulgence; she feels grateful for my intentions; she cherishes my name and my victories. Imitate her example, be faithful to the opinions we have defended, and to the glory we have acquired: any other course can only lead to shame and confusion."

From this moment it does not appear that Napoleon showed any signs of understanding what was going forward around him. His weakness increased every moment, and a harassing hic-cough continued until death took place. The day before that event a fearful tempest threatened to destroy every thing about Longwood. The plantations were torn up by the roots, and it was particularly remarked that a willow, under which Napoleon usually sat to enjoy the fresh air, had fallen. "It seemed," says Antommarchi, "as if none of the things the Emperor valued were to survive him." On the day of his death, Madame Bertrand, who had not left his bedside, sent for her children to take a last farewell of Napoleon. The scene which ensued is affecting: the children ran to the bed, kissed the hands of Napoleon, and covered them with tears. One of the children fainted, and all had to be carried from the spot. "We all," says Antommarchi, "mixed our lamentations with theirs: we all felt the same anguish, the same cruel foreboding of the approach of the fatal instant, which every minute accelerated: The favourite valet, Noverraz, who had been for some time very ill, when he heard of the state in which Napoleon was, caused himself to be carried down stairs, and entered the apartment in tears. He was with great difficulty prevailed upon to leave the room: he was in a delirious state, and he fancied his master was threatened with danger, and was calling upon him for assistance: he said he would not leave him but would fight and die for him. But Napoleon was now insensible to the tears of his servants, and to all other objects: he had scarcely spoken since the 3d of May; early in the morning he articulated a few broken sentences, among which the only words distinguishable were, '*tête d'armée*,' the last that ever left his lips, and which indicated the tenour of his fancies. The day passed in convulsive movements, and low moanings, with occasionally a loud shriek, and the dismal scene closed just before six in the evening. A slight froth covered his lips, and he was no more."

After he had been dead about six hours, Antommarchi had the body carefully washed and laid out on another bed. The executors then proceeded to examine two codicils which were directed to be opened immediately after the Emperor's decease. The one related to the gratuities which he intended out of his private purse for the different individuals of his household, and to the alms which he wished to be distributed among the poor of St. Helena; the other contained his last wish that "his ashes should repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he had loved so well." The executors notified this request to the governor, who stated that his orders were that the body was to remain on the island. On the next day, after taking a plaster cast of the face of Napoleon, Antommarchi proceeded to open the body in the presence of Sir Thomas Reade, some staff officers, and eight medical men.

The Emperor had intended his hair (which was of a chestnut colour) for presents to the different members of his family; and it was cut off and kept for this purpose. He had grown considerably thinner in person during the last few months. After his death, his face and body were pale, but without alteration or any thing of a cadaverous appearance. His physiognomy was fine, the eyes fast closed; and you would have said that the Emperor was not dead, but in a profound sleep. His mouth retained its expression of sweetness, though one side was contracted into a bitter smile. Several scars were seen on his body. On opening it, it was found that the liver was not affected, but that there was that cancer of the stomach which he had himself suspected, and of which his father and two of his sisters died. This painful examination having been completed, Antommarchi took out the heart and placed it in a silver vase filled with spirits of wine: he then directed the valet-de-chambre to dress the body as he had been accustomed in the Emperor's lifetime: with the grand *cordon* of the Legion of Honour across the breast, in the green uniform of a colonel of the chasseurs of the guard; decorated with the orders of the Legion of Honour and of the Iron Crown; long boots, with little spurs; finally, his three-cornered hat. Thus habited, Napoleon was removed at five hours and three-quarters (on the 6th) out of the hall, into which the crowd rushed immediately. The linen which had been employed in the dissection of the body, though stained with blood, was eagerly seized, torn in pieces, and distributed among the bystanders.

Napoleon lay in state in his little bed-room which had been converted into a funeral chamber. It was hung with black cloth brought from the town. It was this circumstance which first apprized the inhabitants of his death. The corpse, which had not been embalmed, and which was of an extraordinary whiteness, was placed on one of the camp-beds, surrounded with little white curtains, which served for a sarcophagus. The blue

cloak which Napoleon had worn at the battle of Marengo covered it. The feet and the hands were free; the sword on the left side, and a crucifix on the breast. At some distance was the silver vase containing the heart and stomach, which were not allowed to be removed. At the back of the head was an altar, where the priest in his stole and surplice recited the customary prayers. All the individuals of Napoleon's suite, officers, and domestics, dressed in mourning, remained standing on the left. Dr. Arnott had been charged to see that no attempt was made to convey away the body.

For some hours the crowd had besieged the doors; they were admitted, and beheld the inanimate remains of Napoleon without disorder, and in respectful silence. The officers of the 20th and 66th regiments were admitted first: then the others. The following day (the 7th) the throng was greater. Antommarchi was not allowed to take the heart of Napoleon to Europe with him; he deposited that and the stomach in two vases, filled with alcohol, and hermetically sealed, in the corners of the coffin in which the corpse was laid. This was a case of tin, lined with a mattress, furnished with a pillow, and covered with white satin. There not being room for the hat to remain on his head, it was placed at his feet, with some eagles, the pieces of French money coined during his reign, a plate engraved with his arms, &c. The coffin was closed, carefully soldered up, and then fixed in another case of mahogany, which was enclosed in a third, made of lead, which last was fastened in a fourth of mahogany, which was sealed up, and fastened with iron screws. The coffin was exposed in the same place as the body had been, and was covered with the cloak that Napoleon had worn at the battle of Marengo. The funeral was ordered for the morrow; and the troops were to attend in the morning by break of day.

This took place accordingly: the governor arrived first, the rear-admiral soon after; and shortly all the authorities, civil and military, were assembled at Longwood. The day was fine, the people crowded the roads, music resounded from the heights; never spectacle so sad and solemn had been witnessed in these remote regions. At half-past twelve, the grenadiers took hold of the coffin, lifted it with difficulty, and succeeded in removing it into the great walk in the garden, where the hearse awaited them. It was placed in the carriage, covered with a pall of purple velvet, and with the cloak which the hero wore at Marengo. The Emperor's household were in mourning. The cavalcade was arranged by order of the governor in the following manner: The Abbé Vignali in his sacerdotal robes, with young Henry Bertrand at his side, bearing a holy-water sprinkle; Doctors Arnott and Antommarchi, the persons intrusted with the superintendence of the hearse, drawn by four horses, led by grooms, and escorted by twelve grenadiers without arms, on each side: these last were to carry the coffin on their shoulders

as soon as the ruggedness of the road prevented the hearse from advancing: young Napoleon Bertrand and Marchand, both on foot, and by the side of the hearse; Counts Bertrand and Montholon on horseback close behind the hearse; a part of the household of the Emperor; Countess Bertrand with her daughter Hortense, in a calash drawn by two horses, led by hand by her domestics, who walked by the side of the precipice; the Emperor's horse led by his equerry Archambaud; the officers of marine on horseback and on foot; the officers of the staff on horseback; the members of the council of the island, in like manner; General Coffin and the Marquis Montchenu on horseback; the rear-admiral and the governor on horseback; the inhabitants of the island.

The train set out in this order from Longwood, passed by the barracks, and was met by the garrison, about two thousand five hundred in number, drawn up on the left of the road as far as *Hut's Gate*. Groups of musicians placed at different distances added still more, by the mournful airs which they played, to the striking solemnity of the occasion. When the train had passed, the troops followed and accompanied it to the burying-place. The dragoons marched first. Then came the 20th regiment of infantry, the marines, the 66th, the volunteers of St. Helena, and lastly, the company of royal artillery, with fifteen pieces of cannon. Lady Lowe and her daughter were on the road-side at *Hut's Gate*, in an open carriage drawn by two horses. They were attended by some domestics in mourning, and followed the procession at a distance. The fifteen pieces of artillery were ranged along the road, and the cannoneers were at their posts, ready to fire. Having advanced about a quarter of a mile beyond *Hut's Gate*, the hearse stopped, the troops halted, and drew up in line of battle by the road-side. The grenadiers then raised the coffin on their shoulders, and bore it thus to the place of interment, by the new route which had been made on purpose on the declivity of the mountain. All the attendants alighted, the ladies descended from their carriages, and the procession followed the corpse without observing any regular order.

Counts Bertrand and Montholon, Marchand and young Napoleon Bertrand, carried the four corners of the pall. The coffin was put down on the side of the tomb, which was hung with black. Near were seen the cords and pulleys which were to lower it into the earth. Every thing had a sombre aspect, all conspired to increase the melancholy and silent grief of the attendants. The coffin was then uncovered, the Abbé Vignali repeated the usual prayers, and the body was let down into the grave, with the feet to the east. The artillery then fired three salutes in succession of fifteen discharges each. The admiral's vessel had fired during the march twenty-five cannon-shot from time to time. A huge stone, which was to have been employed

in the building of the new house of the Emperor, was made use of to close his grave. This was also strengthened by a stone wall with a covering of cement. While this was doing, the crowd fell upon the willows, which the former presence of Napoleon had already rendered objects of veneration. Every one was ambitious to possess a branch or some leaves of these trees, which were henceforth to shadow the tomb of this great man; and to preserve them as a precious relic of so memorable a scene. The governor and admiral endeavoured to prevent this outrage, but in vain. The governor, however, surrounded it afterwards with a barricade, where he placed a guard to keep off all intruders. The tomb of the Emperor is about a league from Longwood. It is of a quadrangular shape, wider at top than at bottom: the depth is about twelve feet. The coffin is fixed on two strong pieces of wood, and is detached in its whole circumference. Sir Hudson Lowe had committed Bonaparte to the ground; his task was ended.

The following account of the last moments of Napoleon, by Marchand,* is now first given to the English public:

On the 27th of April, 1821, eight days before his death, the Emperor had passed several hours in forming an inventory of his snuff-boxes and other articles destined for his son; enclosing the whole in three mahogany cases, numbered 1, 2, 3. He deposited them with me to place them in the hands of his son when he should become of age.

This day was the most fatiguing which the Emperor had experienced during his illness, and one of the most painful to us his followers, as his approaching end was no longer doubtful. At various intervals sickness compelled him to suspend for a time the expression of his last wishes. All our efforts to induce him to desist from a labour which produced such serious consequences, were unsuccessful. "I am very much exhausted," said he, "but am convinced that I have little time left, and that I must complete my task. Give me a little of that Constantia which Las Cases sent me; a little excitement will do me no harm." I ventured to remark, that that wine was very different from that which Dr. Antommarchi had prescribed for him. "Bah!" said he, striking his forehead, "neither he nor you understand any thing about it: we want every thing in this country. Why should you wish to see me remain here? give me some of that wine; it will restore me. I do not desire to shorten my life, but I would do nothing to prolong it. Ah!" said he,

* M. Marchand succeeded Constant, as valet-de-chambre to the Emperor, at the moment of his quitting Fontainebleau to retire to the Isle of Elba. He was proposed to Napoleon by Constant.

placing his hand upon his right side, "I feel here as if a razor were cutting me."

Every thing that was said by the Emperor was full of dignity, of resignation, and of goodness; the bed upon which he sat was covered with articles carefully sealed up, and destined for his son and family. Among the number was a gold snuff-box, with a very beautiful cameo, which he bequeathed to Lady Holland, as a token of regard and grateful acknowledgment of the solicitude which this lady had manifested for the illustrious captive, in sending those little trifles always so well appreciated, and of which we are doubly sensible in the hour of misfortune. There was also a plain gold snuff-box, which he intended for Dr. Arnott, upon which he scratched with a pen-knife the letter N. A small sheet of pasteboard which he held in his left-hand, served him for a writing-desk. Count Montholon stood near his bed with an inkstand. Near him was a diamond necklace. Napoleon took it up, and giving it to me, said, "Keep this; I do not know what may be the state of my pecuniary affairs in Europe; that amiable creature Hortense gave it to me when I left Malmaison, thinking that it might be useful to me. Its value is, I believe, 200,000 francs; conceal it about your person. When you return to France, it will enable you to wait for what I desire to give you by my will and codicils. Make an honourable marriage; choose your wife from among the families of officers or soldiers of my old guard. There are many of those brave fellows who are not in good circumstances; better fortune awaited them but for the reverses which France has experienced. Posterity will give me credit for what I would have done to serve them if events had taken another course." Fatigued with the exertion of talking, he paused. These expressions will never be effaced from my memory, and though fifteen years have passed away, my tears flow upon recollection of them. After a short repose, he sealed up his various wills and codicils to the number of nine separate packets, all nearly of a similar form, but of different thickness, folded at one of the four corners, tied up with red ribbon, to which he annexed his signature and seal. About nine o'clock in the evening, wrapped up in his dressing-gown, and sitting in an easy chair with a little table before him, the Emperor caused the signatures and seals of his three executors to be affixed to his will and codicils, Count Bertrand, Count Montholon, and myself, also the Abbé Vignali, who was called for the same purpose. General Bertrand then made in his presence the following *procès verbal*, or inventory of the nine sealed packets:

Upon that numbered I. was written "This is my will, written entirely with my own hand. Signed, NAPOLEON."

Upon a packet numbered II., "This is a second codicil to my will, written entirely with my own hand. Signed, NAPOLEON."

Upon a packet without any number, "This is a third codicil

to my will, written entirely with my own hand. Signed and sealed with my arms. To be opened the same day and immediately after the opening of my will. Signed, NAPOLEON."

Upon another packet without any number, "This is my fourth codicil, forming a sequel to my will. To be opened the same day that my will is read."

Upon a packet numbered V., "This is my codicil or record of my last will and desire; the execution of which I recommend to my very dear wife, the Empress Maria Louisa. Signed, NAPOLEON."

Upon a packet numbered VI., "This is my codicil or record of my last will, the execution of which I recommend to my son, Eugène Napoleon, written entirely by my own hand. Signed, NAPOLEON."

Upon a packet without any number, "These are instructions for my three executors, Bertrand, Montholon, and Marchand. I have executed a will and seven codicils, which I have deposited with Marchand. Signed, NAPOLEON."

The Emperor having thus, as he wished, put his affairs in order, employed himself for a long time in considering what our condition and employments would be on our return to Europe. He conversed with his executors upon the course they would have to adopt upon their arrival in England and France, in order that his ashes might not remain in exile at St. Helena. I extract in this place, from the verbal instructions that he gave, those which related to the King of Rome: "You will induce him to resume the name of Napoleon as soon as he shall have attained the age of discretion, and that he can do it opportunely. If fortune should be propitious to him, and he should ascend the throne of France, it is the duty of my executors to call his attention to the debt of gratitude I owe to my old officers and soldiers, and to my faithful adherents. The recollection of me should form the glory of his life; you will do every thing to encourage this feeling in him; you will direct his ideas to facts and events; you ought to find in the possession of Albe, Fain, Menneval, and Bourrienne, many papers and documents of the highest interest to him. Unless fortune should restore France to my family, I desire that my nephews and nieces should form marriages amongst themselves, and settle either in the Roman States, in America, or in Switzerland, so that my blood should not mingle in the courts of kings. To the Empress Maria Louisa, you will, either by letter or in a personal interview, express the esteem and high sentiments I entertain for her; recommend to her my son, whose only resource and chance of success is on her side. Make a collection of paintings, of books, and of medals, such as can give to my son true ideas, and destroy those false ones which foreign policy has been able, no doubt, to inculcate, in order that he may learn the real state of things. When my campaigns of Italy and of

Egypt, as well as those manuscripts which I leave, shall be printed, I desire they may be dedicated to my son; I wish also that to these may be added the letters from sovereigns; they may be procured in the Archives: the national vanity will gain much by the publication of them, so that the permission to obtain them will not be refused."

This last desire of Napoleon was executed by the publication of a part only of those manuscripts which were dictated by him to the Generals Gourgaud and Montholon; the remainder are in the possession of General Bertrand, to whom I have been indebted for the permission to print the "Notes upon the Commentaries of Cæsar," which have been in my hands during the last eighteen months. The nature of my service obliged me to be near the person of the Emperor, for he constantly did me the honour to desire I would read to him, or write from his dictation. It was in this manner that the "Notes on the Commentaries of Cæsar" were written by me, and dictated by Napoleon, during his long and sleepless nights, "during which," he would say, "study and occupation bring some alleviation to my sufferings, and strew a few flowers on the path that conducts me to the grave."

It was my intention to have added to that work, my recollections of our stay on the Isle of Elba, of the Hundred Days, and of St. Helena, but not in the form of a diary, for I should have been guilty of a want of that respect and fidelity with which we were all actuated towards the person of the Emperor, if I had kept one without his permission.

The last moments of a great man offer so much interest, that it is incumbent on those who have been witnesses of them, to transmit the particulars to future ages. I shall here, therefore, give a few particulars relative to the Emperor, during the last hours of his illustrious life: they are in part taken from my notes, and some are supplied by my memory, where they are and ever must be, indelibly fixed.

The hours which preceded the death of Napoleon, were employed in serious conversation, or in reading aloud, more than in the care of his health. The two last readings which were made to the Emperor by his desire were, the Campaigns of Hannibal, read to him by Count Bertrand; and the other, which I had the honour to read, were the Campaigns of Dumouriez. The last dictation that he undertook was to Count Montholon, in the night of the 29th of April: it was a project of a military organization for France, and entitled, "PREMIÈRE RÊVERIE." From four to five o'clock in the morning, he continued to dictate to me the same subject, after the Count had retired, desiring me to call it "SECONDE RÊVERIE," and to annex it to the other part.

I am not aware that these papers have hitherto been published. Would it not be matter of regret if these last thoughts of the Emperor, uttered on the brink of the grave, were lost?

When he had finished, he told me that he felt capable of riding fifteen leagues. Alas ! this state was not to last long.

Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening of the 2d of May, being much occupied with testamentary matters, and expressing often a tender anxiety for his son, the Emperor dictated to me the following paper :

"I leave to my son the house I occupied at Ajaccio, with its accessories ; two other houses in the neighbourhood of Salines, with their gardens ; also, all my property in the territory of Ajaccio, which, united, will furnish him with an annual income of fifty thousand francs.

"I leave" He now found himself so much fatigued that he could dictate no more : he postponed the remainder until the morrow ; his memory seemed to fail, and the existence of this great man was also rapidly advancing towards a close.

I knew the property that belonged to the Emperor in Corsica, and was perfectly aware while he dictated this last legacy, that he possessed nothing of the kind he specified, and could not, therefore, leave it to his son. I perceived several times during this day great incoherency in his manner, both in speaking and dictating. This aberration of mind continued at intervals until the 5th of May, when his great genius quitted this earth for an endless tranquillity.

During the night of the 4th he was much agitated. Amidst a long and continued delirium the words " France, army," were frequently though indistinctly uttered by him ; and these were the last sounds we heard from his lips. The Emperor spoke no more !

At four o'clock in the morning a comparative calm succeeded the troubles of the night : it was the serenity of courage, the peace of resignation. The eye of the Emperor became fixed ; his mouth remained open : a few drops of saccharine water given to him by Dr. Antommarchi seemed to animate his pulse ; a sigh escaped from his noble bosom ; but we had still hope.

At six o'clock, all the French who were attached to the service of Napoleon, were permitted to enter his room. They endeavoured to stifle the grief that oppressed them : they approached the bed on which he lay : the silence of the chamber of death chilled our very souls. We looked steadfastly on the dying Emperor, occasionally watching with anxious eye the countenance of the doctor, as though we would read in his features some expression of hope. But it was in vain : relentless death approached !

At half-past six o'clock in the evening a gun from the fort announced " the retreat ;" the sun sank below the horizon ; it was also the moment that this great man, who had commanded the world, was enveloped in immortal glory. The anxiety of

Dr. Antommarchi increased. That hand which had so often commanded victory was now arrested by death. Dr. Arnott, holding his watch, looked on it with fixed attention, to count the intervals of pulsation, and the moments between the lingering sighs. Fifteen seconds—then thirty; now a minute intervenes. We waited: we hoped. Alas! the Emperor was dead!

His lips were colourless; his mouth was slightly contracted; his eyes open, but fixed; his countenance was calm and serene.

Our tears flowed at this instant with increased force, for hitherto they had been compressed by an overpowering grief. The children of Madame Bertrand were permitted once more to kiss that hand which, during six years, had lavished on them so much tenderness. The scene of desolation was to their young heart too appalling to support: the eldest fainted, and they were all removed from the chamber.

In a few minutes Captain Croket was introduced by Dr. Arnott, to verify the hour of the Emperor's death: his countenance indicated the feelings of his heart. He immediately retired with much respect, and expressed his sorrow at the obligation imposed on him. Immediately afterwards two English doctors entered, and having placed their hands on the heart of the Emperor, withdrew to certify to Sir Hudson Lowe the report of Dr. Arnott.

Thus perished the Emperor Napoleon, surrounded by only a few faithful and devoted servants, exiled beyond the reach of those natural objects of affection which man seeks in the last and most trying moments of need—a mother, a wife, and a child. I have read in the last work published relating to St. Helena, that the Emperor, after having eulogised the Duke of Marlborough, and after presenting to Dr. Arnott, for the 20th regiment, a copy of that general's campaigns, turned the duke into ridicule after he had dismissed the English doctor, and sung the first verse of the well-known ballad, written on Marlborough: I declare that I have no knowledge of any such circumstance. I was present as well as the author of the work alluded to (the Emperor having sent for me) when the present of the books in question took place. Napoleon had passed in a sort of critical review the great generals, and stopping at the name of Marlborough, applauded his tactics and courage. With that solemn tone of voice, which Napoleon knew so well how to assume when he wished to stamp his munificence with an imposing character, he said, "Doctor, I love the brave of every nation; I wish to make a present to the 20th regiment; take these volumes, and place them from me in their library."

When at St. Helena, the Emperor honoured General Bertrand with an exchange of his own watch for that of the count; he attached even to this act a glorious recollection: "Take this,

Bertrand," said he; "it struck two in the morning when I ordered Janbert to attack Rivoli." It was thus the Emperor knew how to add a value to his gifts.

In the same volume relating to St. Helena, we read that the Emperor gave very long and minute instructions to the Abbé Vignali, respecting the room in which he was to lie in state, which ceremony was to be conducted by the abbé: "The Emperor," says the author, "saw something in my face that displeased him." My memory and my notes assist me perfectly to confirm this circumstance: but the following words said to be spoken by him, do not appear to have any just foundation: "You are above these idle weaknesses, but what would you have me do? I am neither a philosopher nor a physician." It would have been more faithful to have related the exact conversation of the Emperor with the Abbé Vignali.

I shall not here endeavour to refute the errors which have been written respecting the Emperor, but prefer concluding this sketch by the very flattering homage Napoleon paid to one of our most celebrated physicians. "Do you know Larrey?" said the Emperor one day to Dr. Arnott, during his visit. "I only know him by name," replied the latter. This question arose out of a conversation, wherein the Emperor endeavoured to ascertain whether the English lost more of their wounded soldiers after a battle, than the French army. Arnott admitted that the French surgeons were very clever, but he thought that the greater loss was almost always on the side of the Emperor. The latter believed the contrary, and gave as a reason, the great care and extraordinary talent of Larrey, of whom he spoke in the following terms: "What an intrepid and worthy man is Larrey! How sedulously did he employ himself to the army of Egypt during the painful passage of the Desert, as well as after the siege of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and in Europe. I formed an esteem and an opinion of him which he never forfeited. If the army should ever erect a monument of gratitude, it should be dedicated to Larrey!"

If we have been happy enough to collect and to gather the last words of the Emperor, let us remember that, in reciting them faithfully, we only give publicity to that which must honour a virtuous man, and one who has so well merited the good opinion of France and of her ruler.

(Signed)

MARCHAND.

Paris, 1st of June, 1835.

When at St Helena, the Emperor honoured General Bertrand with an exchange of his own watch for that of the count; he attached even to this act a glorious recollection; "Take this

THE WILL OF NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON.

*This 15th of April, 1821, at Longwood, Island of St. Helena.
This is my Testament, or Act of my last Will.*

1. I die in the Apostolical Roman religion, in the bosom of which I was born more than fifty years since.

2. It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have loved so well.

3. I have always had reason to be pleased with my dearest wife, Maria Louisa. I retain for her, to my last moment, the most tender sentiments—I beseech her to watch, in order to preserve my son from the snares which yet environ his infancy.

3. I recommend to my son, never to forget that he was born a French prince, and never to allow himself to become an instrument in the hands of the triumvirs who oppress the nations of Europe: he ought never to fight against France, or to injure her in any manner; he ought to adopt my motto;—"Every thing for the French people."

5. I die prematurely, assassinated by the English oligarchy and its * * *. The English nation will not be slow in avenging me.

6. The two unfortunate results of the invasions of France, when she had still so many resources, are to be attributed to the treason of Marmont, Augereau, Talleyrand, and Lafayette.

I forgive them—May the posterity of France forgive them as I do!

7. I thank my good and most excellent mother, the Cardinal, my brothers Joseph, Lucien, Jerome, Pauline, Caroline, Julie, Hortense, Catherine, Eugène, for the interest they have continued to feel for me. I pardon Louis for the libel he published in 1820: it is replete with false assertions and falsified documents.

8. I disavow the "*Manuscript of St. Helena*," and other works, under the title of *Maxims, Sayings, &c.*, which persons have been pleased to publish for the last six years. Such are not the rules which have guided my life. I caused the Duc d'Enghien to be arrested and tried, because that step was essential to the safety, interest, and honour of the French people, when the Count d'Artois was maintaining, by his own confession, sixty assassins at Paris. Under similar circumstances, I should act in the same way.

II.—1. I bequeath to my son the boxes, orders, and other articles; such as my plate, field-bed, saddles, spurs, chapel-plate, books, linen which I have been accustomed to wear and use, according to the list annexed (A). It is my wish that this slight bequest may be dear to him, as recalling the memory of a father, of whom the universe will discourse to him.

2. I bequeath to Lady Holland the antique cameo which Pope Pius VI. gave me at Tolentino.

3. I bequeath to Count Montholon two millions of francs, as a proof of my satisfaction for the filial attentions he has paid me during six years, and as an indemnity for the losses his residence at St. Helena has occasioned him.

4. I bequeath to Count Bertrand five hundred thousand francs.

5. I bequeath to Marchand, my first valet-de-chambre, four hundred thousand francs. The services he has rendered me are those of a friend; it is my wish that he should marry the widow, sister, or daughter of an officer of my Old Guard.

6. Item. To St. Denis, one hundred thousand francs.

7. Item. To Novarre (Noverraz), one hundred thousand francs.

8. Item. To Pieron, one hundred thousand francs.

9. Item. To Archambaud, fifty thousand francs.

10. Item. To Cursot, twenty-five thousand francs.

11. Item. To Chandellier, twenty-five thousand francs.

12. To the Abbé Vignali, one hundred thousand francs. It is my wish that he should build his house near the Ponte Novo di Rostino.

13. Item. To Count Las Cases, one hundred thousand francs.

14. Item. To Count Lavallette, one hundred thousand francs.

15. Item. To Larrey, surgeon-in-chief, one hundred thousand francs. He is the most virtuous man I have known.

16. Item. To General Brayher, one hundred thousand francs.

17. Item. To General Lefebvre-Desnouettes, one hundred thousand francs.

18. Item. To General Drouot, one hundred thousand francs.

19. Item. To General Cambrone, one hundred thousand francs.

20. Item. To the children of General Mouton Duvernet, one hundred thousand francs.

21. Item. To the children of the brave Labédoyère, one hundred thousand francs.

22. Item. To the children of General Girard, killed at Ligny, one hundred thousand francs.

23. Item. To the children of General Chartrand, one hundred thousand francs.

24. Item. To the children of the virtuous General Travôt, one hundred thousand francs.

25. Item. To General Lallemand, the elder, one hundred thousand francs.

26. Item. To Count Réal, one hundred thousand francs.

27. Item. To Costa de Bastelica, in Corsica, one hundred thousand francs.

28. Item. To General Clausel, one hundred thousand francs.

29. Item. To Baron de Menneval, one hundred thousand francs.

30. Item. To Arnault, the author of Marius, one hundred thousand francs.

31. Item. To Colonel Marbot, one hundred thousand francs. I recommend him to continue to write in defence of the glory of the French armies, and to confound their calumniators and apostates.

32. Item. To Baron Bignon, one hundred thousand francs. I recommend him to write the history of French diplomacy from 1792 to 1815.

33. Item. To Poggi di Talavo, one hundred thousand francs.

34. Item. To Surgeon Emmery, one hundred thousand francs.

35. These sums will be raised from the six millions which I deposited on leaving Paris in 1815; and from the interest at the rate of 5 per cent. since July, 1815. The account thereof will be settled with the banker by Counts Montholon and Bertrand, and Marchand.

36. Whatever that deposit may produce beyond the sum of five million six hundred thousand francs, which have been above disposed of, shall be distributed as a gratuity amongst the wounded at the battle of Waterloo, and amongst the officers and soldiers of the battalion of the Isle of Elba, according to a scale to be determined upon by Montholon, Bertrand, Drouot, Cambrone, and the surgeon Larrey.

37. These legacies, in case of death, shall be paid to the widows and children; and in default of such, shall revert to the bulk of my property.

III.—1. My private domain being my property, of which I am not aware that any French law has deprived me, an account of it will be required from the Baron de la Bouillerie, the treasurer thereof: it ought to amount to more than two hundred millions of francs; namely, 1. The portfolio, containing the savings which I made during fourteen years out of my civil list, which savings amounted to more than twelve millions per annum, if my memory be good. 2. The produce of this portfolio. 3. The furniture of my palaces, such as it was in 1814, including the palaces of Rome, Florence, and Turin. All this furniture was purchased with moneys accruing from the civil list. 4. The proceeds of my houses in the kingdom of Italy, such as money, plate, jewels, furniture, equipages; the accounts of which will be rendered by Prince Eugene and the steward of the crown, Campagnoni.

NAPOLEON.

(Second Sheet.)

2. I bequeath my private domain, one half to the surviving officers and soldiers of the French army, who have fought since 1792 to 1815 for the glory and the independence of the nation; the distribution to be made in proportion to their appointments upon active service; and one half to the towns and districts of Alsace, Lorraine, Franche-Comté, Burgundy, the Isle of France, Champagne Forest, Dauphiné, which may have suffered by either of the invasions. There shall be previously set apart from this sum, one million for the town of Brienne, and one million for that of Méry. I appoint Counts Montholon and Bertrand, and Marchand, the executors of my will.

This present will, wholly written with my own hand, is signed and sealed with my own arms.

(L.S.)

NAPOLEON.

LIST (A).

Annexed to my Will.

Longwood, Island of St. Helena,
this 15th April, 1821.

I.—1. The consecrated vessels which have been in use at my chapel at Longwood.

2. I direct Abbé Vignali to preserve them, and to deliver them to my son when he shall reach the age of sixteen years.

II.—1. My arms; that is to say, my sword, that which I wore at Austerlitz, the sabre of Sobieski, my dagger, my broad sword, my hanger, my two pair of Versailles pistols.

2. My gold dressing-case, that which I made use of on the morning of Ulm and of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Eylau, of Friedland, of the Island of Lobau, of the Moskwa, of Montmirail. In this point of view it is my wish that it may be precious in the eyes of my son. (It has been deposited with Count Bertrand since 1814.)

3. I charge Count Bertrand with the care of preserving these objects, and of conveying them to my son when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

III.—1. Three small mahogany boxes, containing, the first, thirty-three snuff-boxes or comfit-boxes; the second, twelve boxes with the imperial arms, two small eye-glasses, and four boxes found on the table of Louis XVIII. in the Tuileries, on the 20th of March, 1815; the third, three snuff-boxes, ornamented with silver medals habitually used by the Emperor; and sundry articles for the use of the toilet, according to the list numbered I. II. III.

2. My field-beds, which I used in all my campaigns.

3. My field-telescope.

4. My dressing-case, one of each of my uniforms, a dozen of shirts, and a complete set of each of my dresses, and generally of every thing used in my toilet.

5. My washhand-stand.

6. A small clock which is in my bedchamber at Longwood.

7. My two watches, and the chain of the Empress's hair.

8. I entrust the care of these articles to Marchand, my principal valet-de-chambre, and direct him to convey them to my son when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

IV.—1. My cabinet of medals.

2. My plate, and my Sèvres china, which I used at St. Helena. (List B and C.)

3. I request Count Montholon to take care of these articles, and to convey them to my son when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

V.—1. My three saddles and bridles, my spurs which I used at St. Helena.

2. My fowling-pieces, to the number of five.

3. I charge my *chasseur*, Noverraz, with the care of these articles, and direct him to convey them to my son when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

VI.—1. Four hundred volumes, selected from those in my library which I have been accustomed to use the most.

2. I direct St. Denis to take care of them, and to convey them to my son when he shall attain the age of sixteen years.

NAPOLEON.

LIST (A).

1. None of the articles which have been used by me shall be sold; the residue shall be divided amongst the executors of my will and my brothers.

2. Marchand shall preserve my hair, and cause a bracelet to be made of it, with a little gold clasp, to be sent to the Empress Maria-Louisa, to my mother, and to each of my brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, the Cardinal; and one of larger size for my son.

3. Marchand will send one pair of my gold shoe-buckles to Prince Joseph.

4. A small pair of gold knee-buckles to Prince Lucien.

5. A gold collar-clasp to Prince Jerome.

LIST (A).

Inventory of my Effects, which Marchand will take care of and convey to my son.

1. My silver dressing-case, that which is on my table, furnished with all its utensils, razors, &c.

2. My alarum-clock: it is the alarum-clock of Frederic II., which I took at Potsdam. (In box No. III.)

3. My two watches, with the chain of the Empress's hair, and a chain of my own hair for the other watch: Marchand will get it made at Paris.

4. My two seals (one the seal of France, contained in box No. III.)

5. The small gold clock which is now in my bed-chamber.

6. My washhand-stand, its water-jug, foot-bath, &c.

7. My night-tables, those I used in France, and my silver-gilt bidet.

8. My two iron bedsteads, my mattresses, and my coverlets, if they can be preserved.

9. My three silver decanters, which held my eau-de-vie, and which my *chasseurs* carried in the field.

10. My French telescope.

11. My spurs, two pair.

12. Three mahogany boxes, No. I. II. III., containing my snuff-boxes and other articles.

13. A silver-gilt perfuming pan.

Body Linen.

Six shirts. Six handkerchiefs. Six cravats. Six napkins. Six pair of silk stockings. Four black stocks. Six pair of under-stockings. Two pair of cambric sheets. Two pillow-cases. Two dressing-gowns. Two pair of night-drawers. One pair of braces. Four pair of white kerseymere breeches and vests. Six madras. Six flannel-waistcoats. Four pair of drawers. Six pair of gaiters. One small box filled with my snuff. One gold neck-buckle. One pair gold knee-buckles. One pair gold shoe-buckles, contained in the little box, No. III.

Clothes.

One uniform of the Chasseurs. One uniform of the Grenadiers. One uniform of the National Guard. Two hats. One green-and-gray great-coat. One blue cloak (that which I had at Marengo). One sable green pelisse. Two pair of shoes. Two pair of boots. One pair of slippers. Six belts.

NAPOLEON.

LIST (B).

Inventory of the Effects which I left in the possession of Monsieur the Count de Turenne.

One sabre of Sobiesky. (It is, by mistake, inserted in list (A), that being the sabre which the Emperor wore at Aboukir, and which is in the hands of Count Bertrand.)

One Grand Collar of the Legion of Honour.

One sword of silver-gilt.

One Consular sword.

One sword of steel.

One velvet belt.

One Collar of the Golden Fleece.

One small dressing-case of steel.

One night-lamp of silver.

One handle of an antique sabre.

One hat *à la* Henry IV., and a *toque*.* The lace of the Emperor

One small cabinet of medals.

Two Turkey carpets.

Two mantles of crimson velvet, embroidered, with vests, and small-clothes.

I give to my son the sabre of Sobiesky.

Do. the Collar of the Legion of Honour.

Do. the sword silver-gilt.

Do. the Consular sword.

Do. the steel sword.

Do. the collar of the Golden Fleece.

Do. the hat *à la* Henry IV., and the *toque*.

Do. the golden dressing-case for the teeth, which is in the hands of the dentist.

To the Empress Maria Louisa, my lace.

To Madame, the silver night-lamp.

To the Cardinal, the small steel dressing-case.

To Prince Eugène, the wax-candlestick, silver gilt.

To the Princess Pauline, the small cabinet of medals.

To the Queen of Naples, a small Turkey carpet.

To the Queen Hortense, a small Turkey carpet.

To Prince Jerome, the handle of the antique sabre.

To Prince Joseph, an embroidered mantle, vest, and smallclothes.

To Prince Lucien, an embroidered mantle, vest, and smallclothes.

NAPOLEON.

April 16, 1821, Longwood.

This is a Codicil to my Will.

1. It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well.

2. I bequeath to Counts Bertrand, Montholon, and to Marchand, the money, jewels, plate, china, furniture, books, arms, and generally every thing that belongs to me in the island of St. Helena.

This codicil, entirely written with my own hand, is signed and sealed with my own arms.

(L. S.)

NAPOLEON.

* A velvet hat, with a flat crown, and brims turned up.

This 24th of April, 1821, Longwood.
This is my Codicil, or Act of my last Will.

Upon the funds remitted in gold to the Empress Maria Louisa, my very dear and well-beloved spouse, at Orleans, in 1814, she remains in my debt two millions; of which I dispose by the present Codicil, for the purpose of recompensing my most faithful servants, whom moreover I recommend to the protection of my dear Maria Louisa.

1. I recommend to the Empress to cause the income of thirty thousand francs, which Count Bertrand possessed in the Duchy of Parma, and upon the Mont-Napoleon at Milan, to be restored to him, as well as the arrears due.

2. I make the same recommendation to her with regard to the Duke of Istria, Duroc's daughter, and others of my servants who have continued faithful to me, and who have never ceased to be dear to me: she knows them.

3. Out of the above-mentioned two millions I bequeath three hundred thousand francs to Count Bertrand, of which he will lodge one hundred thousand in the treasurer's chest, to be employed in legacies of conscience, according to my dispositions.

4. I bequeath two hundred thousand francs to Count Montholon, of which he will lodge one hundred thousand in the treasurer's chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

5. Item, two hundred thousand francs to Count Las Cases, of which he will lodge one hundred thousand in the treasurer's chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

6. Item, to Marchand one hundred thousand francs, of which he will place fifty thousand in the treasurer's chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

7. To Jean Jerome Levi, the Mayor of Ajaccio at the commencement of the Revolution, or to his widow, children, or grand-children, one hundred thousand francs.

8. To Duroc's daughter, one hundred thousand francs.

9. To the son of Bessières, Duke of Istria, one hundred thousand francs.

10. To General Drouot, one hundred thousand francs.

11. To Count Lavallette, one hundred thousand francs.

12. Item, one hundred thousand francs; that is to say:

Twenty-five thousand to Piéron, my *maitre d'hôtel*.

Twenty-five thousand to Noverraz, my *chasseur*.

Twenty-five thousand to St. Denis, the keeper of my books.

Twenty-five thousand to Santini, my former doorkeeper.

13. Item, one hundred thousand francs; that is to say:

Forty thousand to Planat, my orderly officer.

Twenty thousand to Hébert, lately housekeeper of Rambouillet, and who belonged to my chamber in Egypt.

Twenty thousand to Lavigné, who was lately keeper of one of my stables, and who was my *piqueur* in Egypt.

Twenty thousand to Jeanet Dervieux, who was overseer of the stables, and served me in Egypt.

14. Two hundred thousand francs shall be distributed in alms to the inhabitants of Brienne-le-Château, who have suffered most.

15. The three hundred thousand francs remaining shall be distributed to the officers and soldiers of the battalion of my guard at the

Island of Elba who may be now alive, or to their widows and children, in proportion to their appointments, and according to an estimate which shall be fixed by my testamentary executors; those who have suffered amputation, or have been severely wounded, shall receive double; the estimate to be fixed by Larrey and Emmerly.

This codicil is written entirely with my own hand, signed, and sealed with my arms.

NAPOLEON.

[On the back of the Codicil is written:]

This is my codicil, or act of my last will, the execution of which I recommend to my dearest wife, the Empress Maria Louisa.

(L.S.)

NAPOLEON.

[Attested by the following witnesses, whose seals are respectively affixed:]

MONTHOLON,
BERTRAND,
MARCHAND,
VIGNALI.

} A piece of green silk.

Sixth Codicil.

Monsieur Lafitte, I remitted to you, in 1815, at the moment of my departure from Paris, a sum of near six millions, for which you have given me a receipt in duplicate. I have cancelled one of the receipts, and I charge Count Montholon to present you with the other receipt, in order that you may pay to him, after my death, the said sum, with interest at the rate of five per cent., from the first of July, 1815, deducting the payments which you have been instructed to make by virtue of my orders.

It is my wish that the settlement of your account may be agreed upon between you, Count Montholon, Count Bertrand, and the Sieur Marchand; and this settlement being made, I give you, by these presents, a complete and absolute discharge from the said sum.

I also, at that time, placed in your hands a box, containing my cabinet of medals. I beg you will give it to Count Montholon.

This letter having no other object, I pray God, Monsieur Lafitte, to have you in his holy and good keeping.

NAPOLEON.

Longwood, Island of St. Helena
the 25th of April, 1821.

Seventh Codicil.

Monsieur le Baron Laboullerie, treasurer of my private domain, I beg you to deliver the account and the balance, after my death, to Count Montholon, whom I have charged with the execution of my will.

This letter having no other object, I pray God, Monsieur le Baron Laboullerie, to have you in his holy and good keeping.

NAPOLEON.

This 24th of April, 1821. Longwood.

This is my Codicil, or Note of my last Will.

Out of the settlement of my civil list of Italy, such as money, jewels, plate, linen, equipages, of which the viceroy is the depository, and which belonged to me, I dispose of two millions, which I bequeath to my most faithful servants. I hope that, without availing himself of any reason to the contrary, my son Eugène Napoleon will pay them faithfully. He cannot forget the forty millions which I gave him in Italy, and in the distribution of the inheritance of his mother.

1. Out of these two millions, I bequeath to Count Bertrand three hundred thousand francs, of which he will deposit one hundred thousand in the treasurer's chest, to be applied according to my dispositions in payment of legacies of conscience.

2. To Count Montholon, two hundred thousand francs, of which he will deposit one hundred thousand in the chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

3. To Count Las Cases, two hundred thousand francs, of which he will deposit one hundred thousand in the chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

4. To Marchand, one hundred thousand francs, of which he will deposit fifty thousand in the chest, for the same purpose as above mentioned.

5. To Count Lavalette, one hundred thousand francs.

6. To General Hogendorf, of Holland, my aide-de-camp, who has retired to the Brazils, one hundred thousand francs.

7. To my aide-de-camp, Corbiveau, fifty thousand francs.

8. To my aide-de-camp, General Caffarelli, fifty thousand francs.

9. To my aide-de-camp, Dejean, fifty thousand francs.

10. To Percy, surgeon-in-chief at Waterloo, fifty thousand francs.

11. Fifty thousand francs, that is to say :

Ten thousand to Piéron, my maître d'hôtel.

Ten thousand to St. Denis, my head *chasseur*.

Ten thousand to Noverraz.

Ten thousand to Cursot, my clerk of the kitchen.

Ten thousand to Archambaud, my *piqueur*.

12. To Baron de Mennevalle, fifty thousand francs.

13. To the Duke d'Istria, son of Bessières, fifty thousand francs.

14. To the daughter of Duroc, fifty thousand francs.

15. To the children of Labédoyère, fifty thousand francs.

16. To the children of Mouton Duvernet, fifty thousand francs.

17. To the children of the brave and virtuous General Travôt, fifty thousand francs.

18. To the children of Chartrand, fifty thousand francs.

19. To General Cambrone, fifty thousand francs.

20. To General Lefebvre-Desnouettes, fifty thousand francs.

21. To be distributed amongst such proscribed persons as wander in foreign countries, whether they be French, Italians, Belgians, Dutch, Spanish, or inhabitants of the departments of the Rhine, under the directions of my executors, and upon their orders, one hundred thousand francs.

22. To be distributed amongst those who suffered amputation, or were severely wounded at Ligny or Waterloo, who may be still living,

according to lists drawn up by my executors, to whom shall be added Cambrone, Larrey, Percy, and Emmerly. The guards shall be paid double; those of the island of Elba, quadruple; two hundred thousand francs.

This codicil is written entirely with my own hand, signed, and sealed with my arms.

NAPOLEON.

—
This 24th of April, 1821, at Longwood.

This is a third Codicil to my Will of the 15th of April.

1. Amongst the diamonds of the crown which were delivered up in 1814, there were some to the value of five or six hundred thousand francs, not belonging to it, but which formed part of my private property; repossession shall be obtained of them in order to discharge my legacies.

2. I had in the hands of the banker Torlonia, at Rome, bills of exchange to the amount of two or three hundred thousand francs, the product of my revenues of the island of Elba since 1815. The Sieur de la Perruse, although no longer my treasurer, and not invested with any character, possessed himself of this sum. He shall be compelled to refund it.

3. I bequeath to the Duke of Istria three hundred thousand francs, of which only one hundred thousand francs shall be reversible to his widow, should the duke be dead before payment of the legacy. It is my wish, should there be no inconvenience in it, that the duke may marry Duroc's daughter.

4. I bequeath to the Duchess of Frioul, the daughter of Duroc, two hundred thousand francs: should she be dead before the payment of this legacy, none of it shall be given to the mother.

5. I bequeath to General Rigaud (to him who was proscribed) one hundred thousand francs.

6. I bequeath to Boisnod, the intendant-commissary, one hundred thousand francs.

7. I bequeath to the children of General Letort, who was killed in the campaign of 1815, one hundred thousand francs.

8. These eight hundred thousand francs of legacies shall be considered as inserted at the end of article thirty-six of my testament, which will make the legacies I have disposed of by will amount to the sum of six millions four hundred thousand francs, without including the donations I have made by my second codicil.

This is written with my own hand, signed, and sealed with my arms.

(L.S.)

NAPOLEON.

—
[On the outside, nearly in the centre, is written:]

This is my third codicil to my will, entirely written with my own hand, signed, and sealed with my arms.

[The words are intermixed with the signatures of Bertrand, Mon-

tholon, Marchand, and Vignali, with their respective seals; and a piece of green silk runs through the centre. On the upper left corner are the following directions :]

To be opened the same day, and immediately after the opening of my will.

NAPOLEON.

This 24th of April, 1821. Longwood.

This is a fourth Codicil to my Testament.

By the dispositions we have heretofore made, we have not fulfilled all our obligations, which has decided us to make this fourth codicil.

1. We bequeath to the son or grandson of Baron Dutheil, lieutenant-general of artillery, and formerly Lord of St. André, who commanded the school of Auxonne before the revolution, the sum of one hundred thousand francs, as a memento of gratitude for the care which that brave general took of us when we were lieutenant and captain under his orders.

2. Item. To the son or grandson of General Dugomier, who commanded in chief the army of Toulon, the sum of one hundred thousand francs. We, under his orders, directed that siege, and commanded the artillery; it is a testimonial of remembrance for the marks of esteem, affection, and friendship, which that brave and intrepid general gave us.

3. Item. We bequeath one hundred thousand francs to the son or grandson of the deputy of the convention, Gasparin, representative of the people to the army of Toulon, for having protected and sanctioned with his authority the plan we had given, which procured the capture of that city, and which was contrary to that sent by the committee of public safety. Gasparin, by his protection, sheltered us from the persecution and ignorance of the general officers who commanded the army before the arrival of my friend Dugomier.

4. Item. We bequeath one hundred thousand francs to the widow, son, or grandson of our aide-de-camp, Muiron, killed at our side at Arcola, covering us with his body.

5. Item. Ten thousand francs to the subaltern officer, Cantillon, who has undergone a trial upon the charge of having endeavoured to assassinate Lord Wellington, of which he was pronounced innocent. Cantillon had as much right to assassinate that *oligarchist*, as the latter had to send me to perish upon the rock of St. Helena. Wellington, who proposed this outrage, attempted to justify it by pleading the interest of Great Britain. Cantillon, if he had really assassinated that lord, would have pleaded the same excuse, and been justified by the same motive—the interest of France—to get rid of this general, who, moreover, by violating the capitulation of Paris, had rendered himself responsible for the blood of the martyrs, Ney, Labédoyère, &c.; and for the crime of having pillaged the museums, contrary to the text of the treaties.

6. These four hundred thousand francs shall be added to the six millions four hundred thousand of which we have disposed, and will make our legacies amount to six millions eight hundred and ten thou-

and francs; these four hundred and ten thousand are to be considered as forming part of our testament, article thirty-six, and to follow in every respect the same course as the other legacies.

7. The nine thousand pounds sterling which we gave to Count and Countess Montholon, should, if they have been paid, be deducted and carried to the account of the legacies which we have given him by our testament. If they have not been paid, our notes of hand shall be annulled.

8. In consideration of the legacy given by our will to Count Montholon, the pension of twenty thousand francs granted to his wife is annulled. Count Montholon is charged with the payment of it to her.

9. The administration of such an inheritance, until its final liquidation, requiring expenses of offices, journeys, missions, consultations, and law-suits, we expect that our testamentary executors shall retain three per cent. upon all the legacies, as well upon the six millions eight hundred thousand francs, as upon the sums contained in the codicils, and upon the two hundred millions of francs of the private domains.

10. The amount of the sums thus retained shall be deposited in the hands of a treasurer, and disbursed by drafts from our testamentary executors.

11. Should the sums arising from the aforesaid deductions not be sufficient to defray the expenses, provision shall be made to that effect at the expense of the three testamentary executors and the treasurer, each in proportion to the legacy which we have bequeathed to them in our will and codicils.

12. Should the sums arising from the before-mentioned subtractions be more than necessary, the surplus shall be divided amongst our three testamentary executors and the treasurer, in the proportion of their respective legacies.

13. We nominate Count Las Cases, and in default of him his son, and in default of the latter, General Drouot, to be treasurer.

This present codicil is entirely written with our hand, signed, and sealed with our arms.

NAPOLEON.

the country, it was they who saved him one day when the camp being attacked he was swimming in great danger of being drowned.

As I was myself invested for the sake of artillery, I went through the necessary studies and it was for this purpose that I accompanied my father to Arras, where his regiment (that of the Heavy Artillery) was quartered, as well as my brother, who was then in the same regiment. I needed, as well as my brother, to be in a position to be all officers of artillery. I had, however, in my family, for twenty-two years

CHAPTER XVII.

SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF NAPOLEON.

BY THE COUNT ST. LEU (LOUIS BONAPARTE).

NAPOLEON was born under French laws and on the French territory. Reared up in its bosom he became acquainted with foreign countries and beautiful Italy, whence his family derived its origin, only when at the head of the immortal legions of France. His family which resided in a small town, was in easy circumstances, without possessing great riches; but in the 13th century his ancestors had been distinguished in Tuscany and in the Trevisian Marches, and had even enjoyed sovereign privilege in Treviso.

I am far from attaching any material importance to the circumstance of birth; I merely repeat a fact, because libellers have been pleased to spread false reports concerning our family. As to all else it appears to me that nobility may be compared to the impression on money, which is real if the metal it covers has an intrinsic value, but which is nothing and worthless if the metal be false and valueless. He was not the eldest of his family, but occupied that rank, and filled the office of chief of his house from the earliest period. In the military schools of Brienne and Paris he distinguished himself, and enjoyed an extraordinary consideration for his age both from the professors and from his companions.

It was necessary to submit to two examinations in order to receive the rank of an officer of artillery, and to pass from the military schools into a regiment; he alone went through them both at one time, and was received without opposition in the most brilliant manner at seventeen years of age, either into the regiment of La Fere or that of Grenoble, in which he served before the Revolution; he there enjoyed a reputation considerably above his years. I shall not stop at the contemptible assertion that Napoleon ran the risk of being thrown into the river by

his comrades; on the contrary, it was they who saved him one day when the cramp having attacked him in swimming, he was in great danger of perishing.

As I was myself intended for the corps of artillery, I went through the necessary studies, and it was for this purpose that I accompanied my brother to Auxonne, where his regiment (that of La Fere) was garrisoned. I recollect, as well as my extreme youth would permit me, that my brother accomplished the solution of a problem proposed to all officers of artillery, after having been shut up in his apartment for seventy-two hours in order to complete his purpose.

At the period of the Revolution, and when every thing announced approaching war, he was at Valence, in the regiment of Grenoble, to which he had been promoted. At this time all the officers who had not emigrated, had permission to return home, in order to prepare for the campaign. We returned to Corsica, where he was soon after appointed to one of the newly-levied battalions.

A law, which appears to have been made for him, allowed the fresh-levied troops to select chiefs from amongst officers of the line, and allowed the latter the liberty of afterwards returning to their old regiments, keeping the rank they had received in the year. This law was intended to induce officers at that time to enter the battalions as volunteers, in order that the latter might be promptly organized and instructed. It had, however, a particular application to Napoleon, who belonged to the privileged corps of artillery. In this corps promotion, depending entirely on seniority, he could not have attained for many years the rank of a superior officer; but having been named a chief of battalion in the newly-raised troops, he returned soon after to his regiment of Grenoble, as a superior officer, at that time scarcely twenty-four years of age. He then joined the expedition to Sardinia, under Admiral Truguet and old General Casa Bianca, and commanded a corps which was directed to attack the islands of Magdalena. His attack succeeded, and he returned to Corsica in consequence of the failure of the principal operations. It was then that old General Paoli, commandant of Corsica, delivered up the island to the English, and that Napoleon, faithful to his duty, and not to be persuaded to betray his country, rejoined his regiment in the army of Italy, the head-quarters of which were at Nice, and retained his rank of lieutenant-colonel.

A short time after, on his return from his commission of inspecting the different arsenals, he visited his family at Marseilles, where they then resided, and with whom I then was. He was retained, and to use the expression of the times, put in requisition to command the artillery at the neighbouring siege of Toulon, although he was only a lieutenant-colonel, in order

to replace General Dommartin, who had just been severely wounded.

I am astonished that Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Napoleon*, should not only venture to criticise him, but that he should even go so far as to give him lessons in tactics. As these instructions were not published in the time of Napoleon, it is not surprising that the latter did not profit by them. The author cannot conscientiously reproach him for it; nevertheless, he must allow that he whose actions he sometimes denominates *extravagances*, and sometimes *the effects of the rarest talent*, had something more than this in him! Let him observe Napoleon at the age of twenty-four, before a seaport town occupied by a strong combined army, and defended by a numerous fleet, at the head of a few troops, in part newly levied, driving away the enemy's ships, and seizing upon the place, with a weak artillery, not by opening the trenches, and observing the long rules of circumvallation, intrenchments, &c., which were not applicable to the situation, but by a superior and perfectly novel act. His eagle eye marked out the spot, the possession of which would enable him to disperse the fleet, and render the place untenable.

Having joined the army of Italy as commandant of artillery, he gave council to the aged and valetudinarian General-in-chief du Merbion, and directed the movements of the troops: the impregnable position of Saorgio was stormed; Oneille Garesio, Ormea were occupied, the battle of Cairo was won, and the route into Italy was laid open. But the general-in-chief and the representatives, who possessed all the power, became alarmed at the plan of the campaign he presented to them, and the success of the army was thus stopped. A short time afterwards, being in Paris, and summoned to the assistance of Government, which was threatened by the greater part of the population of the capital, he commanded in chief, although nominally only second in command, repulsed every attack, and quelled the sedition.

Being soon afterwards raised to the principal command of the army in Italy, he put into execution the plan he had previously proposed to du Merbion. He conquered in the very places he had previously pointed out, divided the Piedmontese and Austrian armies, detached Piedmont from the coalition formed against France, invaded Italy, which he progressively conquered advanced into Germany, and succeeded in forcing the Emperor of Austria, whose capital he threatened, into a peace. Intrusted after the peace with the command of the French army in the east, he crossed the Mediterranean at the head of a squadron and of a considerable armament, in defiance of the English fleet; seized on the island of Malta, hitherto reputed impregnable, almost under the eyes of Nelson, and

one day conquered all the strong places of Piedmont, one of

in spite of the English fleet. He departed from Malta, landed in Egypt, and seized on Alexandria.

A few weeks after he gained several general actions, destroyed the Mamelukes, and conquered the whole of Egypt. When far from his sight, his fleet was destroyed near Alexandria, which the Ottomans and the English prepared to attack on all sides, he crossed the desert, and possessed himself of the whole of Syria, except St. Jean d'Acre. There he experienced his first reverse; but, far from being cast down, he returned into Egypt to defend his conquest against a powerful Mussulman army, which he defeated at Aboukir. A mere general of the Directory or Government of France, he was informed of its distresses, and ventured to return to its succour. He once again crossed the Mediterranean in despite of Nelson and the English fleet, and disembarked at Frejus. He was received and led in triumph to Paris, where he was placed with two colleagues at the head of the Government. France had lost Italy; the suppressed factions again became powerful; the finances were in distress, the treasury empty, credit lost, the territory menaced on all sides. In a few weeks afterward the treasury was replenished, credit restored, the nation reassured, and the armies recruited and strengthened. In the mean time the Austrians had advanced upon the Var, and threatened Provence. Genoa in the occupation of the French, and defended by the intrepid Masséna, the conqueror of Zurich, was pressed by the victorious armies of the enemy, who had become masters of the whole of Italy, and of the numerous strong places of that beautiful territory. The Italians, whom the French had formerly summoned to independence by the voice of Napoleon, turned towards them with hopeless regret; could they a second time perform what they had achieved in 1796, except through a series of extraordinary successes?

The allies were on the frontiers of France; the whole of Italy in the power of the coalition, their strong places, their armies, twice as numerous as those of France, deprived the Italians of all hope. If even the French could have regained their superiority, could they venture to hope that they should again conquer Italy and renew the same prodigies?

Nevertheless Napoleon set out on his campaign, and by a conception which surpassed that of Hannibal and Cæsar, he passed the Alps in the rear of the enemy, and whilst the latter advanced upon Provence, Napoleon, whose progress the Alps, defended by natural and impregnable fortresses, could not arrest, occupied the vast plains of Piedmont, obliged the enemy to retrace his steps, and in the plains of Marengo, in a single day, notwithstanding the fall of Genoa, which Masséna had defended against every thing but absolute famine, he gained the brilliant victory of Marengo over Melas, forced him to capitulate, and in one day conquered all the strong places of Piedmont, one of

which alone might have occupied his army during a whole campaign. At a later period when a new coalition was formed, he passed the Rhine, possessed himself of Germany and Vienna, the capital of Austria, and concluded a peace after having defeated the united armies of Prussia and Austria, at Austerlitz. The following year, when threatened by the powerful and warlike monarchy of Prussia, he marched, and in a single day at Jena, he destroyed the armies of Frederick and took possession of the monarchy and the capital. Two years afterwards another coalition was again formed, and though he was in the midst of Spain with his veteran legions, he accepted the defiance of Austria, and flew in person with prodigious celerity from Burgos to Ratisbon; and at the head of a body of troops, principally composed of Bavarians, he defeated the Austrian armies, and advanced upon Vienna, which he occupied a second time, and threatened for the fourth.

He dared to conceive the prodigious Russian campaign, and formed a combined army with astonishing rapidity, for the attack of that great empire, unaided by Poland, that is to say, without the independence of that country, and despite of every obstacle he arrived at the ancient capital of the Northern empire; when alike deceived by the policy of the enemy, by flattery, and perhaps by perfidious suggestions, he ventured to remain on the ruins of the burning city of Moscow. What energy, what perseverance, what activity, what vigilance, in short, what genius did it not require to resist in this position all that simultaneously attacked him!

I repeat, that it was scarcely to be expected that a single man could have escaped this frightful catastrophe, and whatever may be said against Napoleon, he cannot be denied the merit of having preserved every link in the chain of command, and of having saved the feeble remains of the grand army which escaped either in the march to Smolensko or the astonishing passage of the Beresina. Instead of his detractors accusing him of undergoing any alteration in his moral faculties, they ought rather to be astonished at their vigour, since they sufficed to save him from so extraordinary a situation. In fact, every individual member of the grand army, defeated by the elements, by unheard-of fatigues, by bodily suffering, by innumerable enemies, in short, by misfortunes great as the imagination can reach, must have been morally overwhelmed by so many fatalities. What was not due then to him to whom all looked up, who was intrusted with the command, with the general direction, and who was obliged to think for all, and to provide in the best manner against every evil, who had only the physical faculties of others, and experienced the same wants and the same sufferings? I do not think history, in its greatest military details, possesses any thing comparable to the Russian campaign, nor any thing which can equal the sublimity, for the right expression fails me, with

which the French army rose from the catastrophe in the plains of Bautzen and Lutzen. Imagine an army hastily formed, consisting of youths, from the age of eighteen to twenty, and of men from the depots with a few companies of marines, who had never served in the line; imagine an army, I say, united and formed under the eye of Napoleon, and manœuvring without cavalry, and with heavy besieging artillery, in an open country, supplying every thing by enthusiasm, courage, and genius, arresting the veteran legions of the north and depriving them of victory. Next contemplate Napoleon at Dresden, betrayed and surrounded on all sides, boldly encountering every thing, and it will be granted that this spectacle was the greatest ever recorded in the annals of war. At Leipsic, it is true, he was near falling under the double weight of his accumulated enemies, and of the allies who abandoned him, but he passed over their bodies at Hanau, and a second time regained his frontiers, as if by enchantment, and when it would seem he must have perished with the last of his soldiers. Let us view him during the campaign of France, facing innumerable armies with a handful of brave soldiers, seizing again upon victory the moment she escaped from him, despite of both open and secret treachery.

During his campaigns in Italy he protected the priests and emigrants; he would not destroy the petty princes whom the fate of war placed in some sort at the mercy of the army, and signed with them treaties which cost them, it is true, contributions in money and in works of art, but which assured to them their political existence, at least for a time, and as long as Napoleon could command it. Subordinate to the Directory, he both resisted the orders of the latter, who desired the destruction of the Holy See and the dictates of false glory, by halting at Tolentino, and as it were at the gates of Rome; he there concluded a peace with the Holy See, and saved it from the overthrow, which the Directory effected at a later period when Napoleon no longer commanded in Italy. When he subscribed the armistice of Leoben, and afterwards of Campo Formio, he outstepped his instructions, and acted as if he had been the governor of France.

He every where showed himself just, severe, economical, an enemy to pillage, and the terror of depredators. In conquered countries he was really a governor, and there first manifested the superior talent and genius which he fully displayed at a later period. When he attained the Consulate, his colleagues were eclipsed, and he alone governed France.

On his promotion to the empire it was not France only that he governed, but all the allied countries, and his influence soon extended throughout Europe, and even beyond it.

We thus find that he was at an early age an exception to general rules. One may affirm, without exaggeration, that he was born with the instinct for command and superiority. The

character of Napoleon announced itself from its infancy, and never belied itself; he was eminently French: perhaps he pushed this affection to extremes.

He undoubtedly loved glory passionately. We may address to him the reproaches which Alexander, Charlemagne, and so many other heroes, have deserved infinitely more. He has, moreover, explained himself on this head in the most precise manner, and no one but himself would so reply and justify himself; but it will be averred by those who knew him personally, as well as by those who will judge his memory impartially, that no one amongst those upon whom depended the fate of nations, was less vindictive and less cruel. He was sober, and possessed only the nobler passions. It is vain to dwell upon the horrors with which it has been attempted to taint his manners; since the accusations rest solely upon the reports and the sarcasms of libels, they may well be the appendage of such ephemeral writings, but they do not belong to the province of history. It is undeniable that, as the husband of a first wife much older than himself, he lived with her as a husband in the greatest harmony until the last day of their union, without giving her any cause of complaint.

It is also undeniable that he cannot be reproached with any titled mistress, nor any scandal, and that when he married a second time, at forty-two years of age, he displayed towards his second wife a courtesy, an amiability, a gracefulness, and an attention, which never failed. We must, in answer to an accusation of Sir Walter Scott, respecting the egotism of Napoleon, here relate what passed before the birth of his son, when the celebrated Dubois reported to him that the alarming circumstances of the accouchement endangered both the mother and child, and that he must submit to the loss of either one or the other. He replied, *above all things save the mother*. Is not such conduct a sufficiently formal contradiction given the author beforehand?

His field sports were neither injurious nor burdensome to the public. Even the luxury of his court had for its object the advancement of arts and manufactures, while its simplicity was extreme. His administration was admirable; it bore the stamp of genius, and deserves as much study as his campaigns; and his enemies must allow that they were despite themselves his pupils.

From him may be dated the increased activity and vigilance of governments; and since his time, utility and improvement have become their principal objects; and his enemies will vainly deny that they are compelled to follow in the track which he has laid down. It cannot be forgotten that he was the promoter of the general and uniform codes which govern France. What difficulties had he not to encounter and overcome, in wounded self-love and private interests? With what perseverance did he not

attain to this noble and generous end? His genius is displayed in all his actions, and chiefly in those immortal assemblies in which the most distinguished men of France met together to discuss its code of laws. He mingled in their discussions as if he had been a consummate lawyer. On quitting the cabinet, where he had just combined his plans of campaign, or discussed the difficult affairs of policy and administration, he entered the council of state, and put himself on a level with the Portalis and Tronchets. Whatever changes may occur in these immortal codes, it will never be forgotten that he was their author, for if this title justly belongs to princes who have conceived the idea of collecting and classifying the laws, it appertains by a still greater reason to him who took an active part in their composition. Perfection belongs to God alone; every mortal who approaches towards it is wise, but he who pretends to have attained it, proves himself to be a madman. Where is the hero, the conqueror, who is irreproachable? Titus, who is considered as the best of princes, may he not, as I have already remarked, be accused of the death of more than a million Jews? Did he not crucify his unfortunate prisoners in sight of the desolate people of Jerusalem. War and the cares of government not only demand a firm but an almost insensible heart, and this is the lot of great men. As for me, I scarcely envy those who are crowned with the *halo* of glory; but while I render full justice to the beauty, the splendour, and the merit of great actions, I confess that fame is only acquired at a price too painful for and incompatible with a sensitive heart.

Let those who accuse Napoleon of having held the reins with too firm a hand, and of having neglected all secondary considerations, in order to advance the general interests of France, think upon the extreme difficulty of the times and of his situation, and chiefly of the almost impossibility of escape from the snares of flattery and the systems of intestine intrigue carried on against the commencement of his power, perhaps even from his campaigns in Italy, and he will be fully justified.

He fell at length beneath long premeditated treason, and vicissitudes of fortune, at a time when the boldest and most skilful of his manœuvres would have produced the most brilliant and decisive victories, if Paris had held out for a few days.

He fell, but armed, and possessing the esteem and even the respect of his enemies, the tears of his warriors and the fond regrets of the great majority of the nation. He was recalled only a few months previously by these wishes and regrets, and almost alone he reappeared upon the soil of his ancient empire against a powerful king, who was supported by the right of birth and the armies of all Europe. He reappeared, and in twenty days was re-established on the throne, carried almost in triumph, and without shedding a single drop of blood.

The coalition was formed anew he appeared on the field of

battle and victory gave him a passing acknowledgment, out as if she were taking her last farewell. He sunk at Waterloo, at Paris, and more deeply still at Rochfort, where he took the fatal resolution of placing himself in the hands of his most powerful, but the most ancient and the most infuriated of his enemies.

He perished after six years of agony, confined two thousand leagues from Europe—he whom so many battles had respected! He perished, but enmity itself, whilst overwhelming him with its last attacks, contributed to his triumph.

What greater proof could be given of the influence of his genius and of the affection of France than of the precaution of placing between her and Napoleon the immensity of the ocean?

What more conclusive proof can be afforded of the value and merit of such a prisoner than the precautions adopted to guard a single individual! The two thousand leagues of sea did not suffice; a body of troops and a fleet were also necessary. This was not even judged sufficient, and the belligerent powers sent a resident minister, commissioned to assure himself that Napoleon should not escape them. If Sir Walter Scott and the numerous cohort of periodical writers would for one instant be impartial, they would easily be convinced, that since the world was created there has never appeared a captain, a conqueror, a king, who could be compared with Napoleon.

L. DE SAINT LEU.

Florence, May 26th, 1828.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON,

BY DR. CHANNING.

THE Life of Napoleon Bonaparte by Sir Walter Scott has been anticipated with an eagerness, proportioned to the unrivalled power of the author, and to the wonderful endowments and fortunes of the hero. That the general expectation has been satisfied, we cannot affirm. But few will deny, that the writer has given us a monument of his great talents. The rapidity with which such a work has been thrown off astonishes us. We think, however, that the author owed to himself and to the public a more deliberate execution of this important undertaking. He should either have abandoned it, or have bestowed on it the long and patient labour which it required. The marks of negligence and haste, which are spread through the work, are serious blemishes, perhaps inexpiable defects. It wants compression and selection throughout. Many passages are encumbered with verbiage. Many thoughts are weakened by useless expansion, and worse than useless repetition. Comparisons are accumulated to excess, and whilst many are exquisite, perhaps as many are trite and unworthy of history. The remarks are generally just, but obvious, and we fear we must add, often superficial. We state these defects plainly, that we may express the more freely our admiration of the talents which have executed so rapidly a work so extensive and various, so rich in information, so fresh and vivid in description, and furnishing such abundant specimens of a free, graceful, and vigorous style.

The work has the great merit of impartiality. It is probably inaccurate in many of its details, but singularly free from prejudice and passion. Not a few, who considered that the author was both a Briton and a friend of the principles and policy of Pitt, were expecting from his pen a discoloured delineation of the implacable foe of England and of that great minister. But the rectitude of his mind, and his reverence for historical truth, have effectually preserved him from abusing the great power, conferred on him by his talents, over public opinion. We think that his laudable fear of wronging the enemy of his country, joined to an admiration of the dazzling qualities of Napoleon,

has led him to soften unduly the crimes of his hero, and to give more favourable impressions than truth will warrant.

But enough of the author, who needs not our praise, and can suffer little by our censure. Our concern is with his subject. A just estimate of the late Emperor of France seems to us important. That extraordinary man, having operated on the world with unprecedented power during his life, is now influencing it by his character. That character we apprehend is not viewed as it should be. The kind of admiration which it inspires, even in free countries, is a bad omen. The greatest crime against society, that of spoiling it of its rights, and loading it with chains, still fails to move that deep abhorrence which is its due; and which if really felt, would fix on the usurper a brand of indelible infamy. Regarding freedom as the chief interest of human nature, as essential to its intellectual, moral, and religious progress, we look on men who have signalized themselves by their hostility to it, with an indignation at once stern and sorrowful, which no glare of successful war, and no admiration of the crowd, can induce us to suppress. We mean then to speak freely of Napoleon. But if we know ourselves, we could on no account utter one unjust reproach. We speak the more freely, because conscious of exemption from every feeling like animosity. We war not with the dead. We would resist only what we deem the pernicious influence of the dead. We would devote ourselves to the cause of freedom and humanity a cause perpetually betrayed by the admiration lavished on prosperous crime and all-grasping ambition. Our great topic will be the character of Napoleon; and with this we shall naturally intersperse reflections on the great interests which he perpetually influenced.

We begin with observing, that it is an act of justice to Bonaparte to remember, that he grew up under disastrous influences, in a troubled day, when men's minds were convulsed, old institutions overthrown, old opinions shaken, old restraints snapped asunder; when the authority of religion was spurned, and youth abandoned to unwonted licence; when the imagination was made feverish by visions of indistinct good, and the passions swelled by the sympathy of millions to a resistless torrent. A more dangerous school for the character cannot well be conceived. That All-seeing Being, who knows the trials of his creatures and the secrets of the heart, can alone judge to what degree crimes are extenuated by circumstances so inauspicious. This we must remember in reviewing the history of men, who were exposed to trials unknown to ourselves. But because the turpitude of an evil agent is diminished by infelicities of education or condition, we must not therefore confound the immutable distinctions of right and wrong, and withhold our reprobation from atrocities which have spread misery and slavery far and wide.

It is also due to Napoleon to observe, that there has always existed, and still exists, a mournful obtuseness of moral feeling in regard to the crimes of military and political life. The wrongdoing of public men on a large scale, has never drawn upon them that sincere, hearty abhorrence which visits private vice. Nations have seemed to court aggression and bondage by their stupid, insane admiration of successful tyrants. The wrongs, from which men have suffered most, in body and mind, are yet unpunished. True, Christianity has put into our lips censures on the aspiring and the usurping. But these reproaches are as yet little more than sounds, and unmeaning commonplaces. They are repeated for form's sake. When we read or hear them, we feel that they want depth and strength. They are not inward, solemn, burning convictions, breaking from the indignant soul with a tone of reality, before which guilt would cower. The true moral feeling in regard to the crimes of public men is almost to be created. We believe, then, that such a character as Bonaparte's is formed with very little consciousness of its turpitude; and society, which contributes so much to its growth, is responsible for its existence, and merits in part the misery which it spreads.

Of the early influences under which Bonaparte was formed, we know little. He was educated in a military school, and this, we apprehend, is not an institution to form much delicacy, or independence of moral feeling; for the young soldier is taught, as his first duty, to obey his superior without consulting his conscience; to take human life at another's bidding; to perform that deed, which above all others requires deliberate conviction, without a moment's inquiry as to its justice, and to place himself a passive instrument in hands which, as all history teaches, often reek with blood causelessly shed.

His first political association was with the Jacobins, the most sanguinary of all the factions which raged in France, and whose sway is emphatically called "the reign of terror." The service which secured his command in Italy, was the turning of his artillery on the people, who, however dangerous when acting as a mob, happened in the present case to understand their rights, and were directing their violence against manifest usurpation.

His first campaign was in Italy, and we have still a vivid recollection of the almost rapturous admiration, with which we followed his first triumphs; for then we were simple enough to regard him as the chosen guardian of liberty. His peculiar tactics were not then understood; the secret of his success had not reached us; and his rapid victories stimulated the imagination to invest him with the mysterious powers of a hero of romance. We confess that we cannot now read the history of his Italian wars without a quickened movement in the veins. The rapidity of his conceptions; the inexhaustibleness of his invention; the energy of his will; the decision which suffered not

a moment's pause between the purpose and its execution ; the presence of mind, which, amidst sudden reverses, and on the brink of ruin, devised the means of safety and success ; these commanding attributes, added to a courage, which, however suspected afterwards, never faltered then, compel us to bestow, what indeed we have no desire to withhold, the admiration which is due to superior power.

Let not the friends of peace be offended. We have said, and we repeat it, that we have no desire to withhold our admiration from the energies which war often awakens. Great powers, even in their perversion, attest a glorious nature, and we may feel their grandeur, whilst we condemn with our whole strength of moral feeling, the evil passions by which they are depraved. We are willing to grant that war, abhor it as we may, often develops and places in strong light, a force of intellect and purpose, which raises our conception of the human soul. There is perhaps no moment in life, in which the mind is brought into such intense action, in which the will is so strenuous, and in which irrepressible excitement is so tempered with self-possession, as in the hour of battle. Still the greatness of the warrior is poor and low compared with the magnanimity of virtue. It vanishes before the greatness of principle. The martyr to humanity, to freedom, or to religion ; the unshrinking adherent of despised and deserted truth ; who alone, unsupported, and scorned, with no crowd to infuse into him courage, no variety of objects to draw his thoughts from himself, no opportunity of effort or resistance to rouse and nourish energy, still yields himself, calmly, resolutely, with invincible philanthropy, to bear prolonged and exquisite suffering, which one retracting word might remove ; such a man is as superior to the warrior, as the tranquil and boundless heavens above us, to the low earth we tread beneath our feet.

We have spoken of the energies of mind called forth by war. If we may be allowed a short digression, which, however, bears directly on our main subject, the merits of Napoleon, we would observe, that military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius ; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. We grant that a mind, which takes in a wide country at a glance, and understands almost by intuition the positions it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general, who disposes his forces so as to counteract a greater force ; who supplies by skill, science, and genius, the want of numbers ; who dives into the counsels of his enemy, and who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast sphere of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, manifests great power. But still the chief work of a general is to apply physical force ; to remove physical obstructions ; to

avail himself of physical aids and advantages ; to act on matter ; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles ; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order ; and accordingly nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, in large views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly great generals away from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanician taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking on general and great topics they cannot comprehend. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents, but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet ; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world, without adding one new thought on the great themes, on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men and Milton, Bacon, and Shakespeare, is almost an insult to these illustrious names.

Who can think of these truly great intelligences ; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth ; of their deep intuition into the soul ; of their new and glowing combinations of thought ; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose, the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford ; who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds ; of the calm wisdom and fervid impetuous imagination which they conjoined ; of the dominion which they have exerted over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure ; of the voice of power, in which, though dead, they still speak to nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres ; who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects, on which a powerful mind can be employed ?

We return to Napoleon. His splendid victories in Italy spread his name like lightning through the civilized world. Unhappily they imboldened him to those unprincipled and open aggressions, to the indulgence of that lawless, imperious spirit which marked his after course, and kept pace with his growing power. In his victorious career, he soon came in contact with States, some of which, as Tuscany and Venice, had acknowledged the French Republic, whilst others, as Parma and Modena, had observed a strict neutrality. The old-fashioned laws of nations, under which such States would have found shelter, seemed never to have crossed the mind of the young victor. Not satisfied with violating the neutrality of all, he seized the port of Leghorn, and ruined the once flourishing commerce of Tuscany; and having exacted heavy tribute from Parma and Modena, he compelled these powers to surrender, what had hitherto been held sacred in the utmost extremities of war, some of their choicest pictures, the chief ornaments of their capitals. We are sometimes told of the good done by Napoleon to Italy. But we have heard his name pronounced as indignantly there as here. An Italian cannot forgive him for robbing that country of its noblest works of art, its dearest treasures and glories, which had made it a land of pilgrimage to men of taste and genius from the whole civilized world, and which had upheld and solaced its pride under conquest and humiliation. From this use of power in the very dawn of his fortunes, it might easily have been foretold what part he would act in the stormy day which was approaching, when the sceptre of France and Europe was to be offered to any strong hand, which should be strong enough to grasp it.

Next to Italy, Egypt became the stage for the display of Napoleon; Egypt a province of the Grand Signior, with whom France was in profound peace; and who, according to the long established relations of Europe, was her natural ally. It would seem, that this expedition was Bonaparte's own project. His motives are not very distinctly stated by his biographer. We doubt not that his great aim was conspicuousness. He chose a theatre where all eyes could be turned upon him. He saw that the time for usurpation had not yet come in France. To use his own language, 'the fruit was not yet ripe.' He wanted a field of action which would draw upon him the gaze of the world, and from which he might return at the favourable moment for the prosecution of his enterprises at home. At the same time he undoubtedly admitted into his mind, which success had already intoxicated, some vague wild hope of making an impression on the Eastern world, which might place its destinies at his command, and give him a throne more enviable than Europe could bestow. His course in the East exhibited the same lawlessness, the same contempt of all restraints on his power, which we have already noted. No means which pro-

mised success, were thought the worse for their guilt. It was not enough for him to boast of his triumphs over the cross, or to profess Mahometanism. He claimed inspiration, and a commission from God, and was anxious to join the character of prophet to that of hero. This was the beginning of the great weaknesses and errors into which he was betrayed by that spirit of self-exaggeration, which under the influence of past success and of unbounded flattery, was already growing into a kind of insanity. In his own view he was fit to be a compeer with Mahomet. His greatness in his own eyes made him blind to the folly of urging his supernatural claims on the Turk, who contemned, even more than he abhorred, a Frank; and who would sooner have sold himself a slave to Christians, than have acknowledged a renegade Christian as a sharer of the glories of Mahomet. It was not enough for Bonaparte, on this expedition, to insult God, to show an impiety as foolish as it was daring; he proceeded to trample on the sentiments and dictates of humanity with equal hardihood. The massacre of Jaffa is universally known. Twelve hundred prisoners, and probably more, who had surrendered themselves to Napoleon, and were apparently admitted to quarter, were two days afterwards marched out of the fort, divided into small bodies, and then deliberately shot; and, in case the musket was not effectual, were despatched by bayonets. This was an outrage, which cannot be sheltered by the laws and usages of war, barbarous as they are. It was the deed of a bandit and savage, and ought to be execrated by good men, who value and would preserve the mitigations which Christianity has infused into the conduct of national hostilities.

The next great event in Bonaparte's history was the usurpation of the supreme power of the state, and the establishment of military despotism over France. On the particulars of this criminal act we have no desire to enlarge, nor are we anxious to ascertain, whether our hero, on this occasion, lost his courage and self-possession, as he is reported to have done. We are more anxious to express our convictions of the turpitude of this outrage on liberty and justice. For this crime, but one apology can be offered. Napoleon, it is said, seized the reins, when, had he let them slip, they would have fallen into other hands. He enslaved France at a moment, when, had he spared her, she would have found another tyrant. Admitting the truth of the plea, what is it but the reasoning of the highwayman, who robs and murders the traveller, because the booty was about to be seized by another hand, or because another dagger was ready to do the bloody deed? We are aware that the indignation, with which we regard this crime of Napoleon, will find a response in few breasts; for to the multitude a throne is a temptation which no virtue can be expected to withstand. But moral truth is immovable amidst the sophistry, ridicule, and abject reasonings of men, and the time will come, when it will find a meet voice to

give it utterance. Of all crimes against society, usurpation is the blackest. He who lifts a parricidal hand against his country's rights and freedom ; who plants his foot on the necks of thirty millions of his fellow-creatures ; who concentrates in his single hand the powers of a mighty empire, and who wields its powers, squanders its treasures, and pours forth its blood like water, to make other nations slaves and the world his prey ; this man, as he unites all crimes in his sanguinary career, so he should be set apart by the human race for their unmingled and unmeasured abhorrence, and should bear on his guilty head a mark as opprobrious as that which the first murderer wore. We cannot think with patience of one man fastening chains on a whole people, and subjecting millions to his single will ; of whole regions overshadowed by the tyranny of a frail being like ourselves. In anguish of spirit we exclaim, How long will an abject world kiss the foot which tramples it ? How long shall crime find shelter in its very aggravations and excess ?

Perhaps it may be said, that our indignation seems to light on Napoleon, not so much because he was a despot, as because he became a despot by usurpation ; that we seem not to hate tyranny itself, so much as a particular mode of gaining it. We do indeed regard usurpation as a crime of peculiar blackness, especially when committed, as in the case of Napoleon, in the name of liberty. All despotism, however, whether usurped or hereditary, is our abhorrence. We regard it as the most grievous wrong and insult to the human race. But towards the hereditary despot we have more of compassion than indignation. Nursed and brought up in delusion, worshipped from his cradle, never spoken to in the tone of fearless truth, taught to look on the great mass of his fellow beings as an inferior race, and to regard despotism as a law of nature and a necessary element of social life ; such a prince, whose education and condition almost deny him the possibility of acquiring healthy moral feeling and manly virtue, must not be judged severely. Still, in absolving the despot from much of the guilt which seems at first to attach to his unlawful and abused power, we do not the less account despotism a wrong and a curse. The time for its fall, we trust, is coming. It cannot fall too soon. It has long enough wrung from the labourer his hard earnings ; long enough squandered a nation's wealth on its parasites and minions ; long enough warred against the freedom of the mind, and arrested the progress of truth. It has filled dungeons enough with the brave and good, and shed enough of the blood of patriots. Let its end come. It cannot come too soon.

We have now followed Bonaparte to the moment of possessing himself of the supreme power. Those who were associated with him in subverting the government of the Directory, essayed to lay restraints on the First Consul, who was to take their place. But he indignantly repelled them. He held the sword,

and with this, not only intimidated the selfish, but awed and silenced the patriotic, who saw too plainly that it could only be wrested from him by renewing the horrors of the revolution.— We now proceed to consider some of the means, by which he consolidated his power, and raised it into the imperial dignity. We consider these as much more important illustrations of his character than his successive campaigns, to which accordingly we shall give little attention.

One of his first measures for giving stability to his power, was certainly a wise one, and was obviously dictated by his situation and character. Having seized the first dignity in the state by military force, and leaning on a devoted soldiery, he was under no necessity of binding himself to any of the parties which had distracted the country—a vassalage to which his domineering spirit could ill have stooped. Policy and his love of mastery pointed out to him an indiscriminate employment of the leading men of all parties: and not a few of these had become so selfish and desperate in the disastrous progress of the revolution, that they were ready to break up old connexions, and to divide the spoils of the republic with a master. Accordingly he adopted a system of comprehension and lenity, from which even the emigrants were not excluded, and had the satisfaction of seeing almost the whole talent which the revolution had quickened, leagued in the execution of his plans. Under the able men whom he called to his aid, the finances and the war department, which had fallen into a confusion that threatened ruin to the state, were soon restored to order, and means and forces provided for retrieving the recent defeats and disgraces of the French armies.

This leads us to mention another most important and effectual means by which Napoleon secured and enlarged his power. We refer to the brilliant campaign immediately following his elevation to the consulate, and which restored to France the ascendancy which she had lost during his absence. On his success at this juncture his future fortunes wholly depended. It was in this campaign that he proved himself the worthy rival of Hannibal. The energy which conducted an army, with its cavalry, artillery, and supplies, across the Alps, by untried paths, which only the chamois hunter, born and bred amidst glaciers and everlasting snows, had trodden, gave the impression, which of all others he most desired to spread, of his superiority to nature, as well as to human opposition. This enterprise was in one view a fearful omen to Europe. It showed a power over the minds of his soldiers, the effects of which were not to be calculated. The conquest of St. Bernard by a French army was the boast of the nation; but a still more wonderful thing was, the capacity of the general to inspire into that army the intense force, confidence, resolution, and patience, by which alone the work could be accomplished. The victory of

Marengo, gained by one of the accidents of war in the moment of apparent defeat and ruin, secured to Bonaparte the dominion which he coveted. France, who in her madness and folly had placed her happiness in conquest, now felt that the glory of her arms was safe only in the hands of the First Consul; whilst the soldiery, who held the sceptre in their gift, became more thoroughly satisfied that triumph and spoils waited on his standard.

Another important and essential means of securing and building up his power, was the system of *espionage*, called the police, which, under the Directory, had received a development worthy of those friends of freedom, but which was destined to be perfected by the wisdom of Napoleon. It would seem as if despotism, profiting by the experience of ages, had put forth her whole skill and resources in forming the French police, and had forged a weapon, never to be surpassed, for stifling the faintest breathings of disaffection, and chaining every free thought. This system of *espionage* (we are proud that we have no English word for the infernal machine) had indeed been used under all tyrannies. But it wanted the craft of Fouché, and the energy of Bonaparte, to disclose all its powers. In the language of our author, "it spread through all the ramifications of society;" that is, every man, of the least importance in the community, had the eye of a spy upon him. He was watched at home as well as abroad, in the boudoir and theatre, in the brothel and gaming-house; and these last-named haunts furnished not a few ministers of the Argus-eyed police. There was an ear open through all France to catch the whispers of discontent; a power of evil, which aimed to rival, in omnipresence and invisibleness, the benignant agency of the Deity. Of all instruments of tyranny, this is the most detestable; for it chills the freedom and warmth of social intercourse; locks up the heart; infects and darkens men's minds with mutual jealousies and fears; and reduces to system a wary dissimulation, subversive of force and manliness of character. We find, however, some consolation in learning that tyrants are the prey of distrust, as well as the people over whom they set this cruel guard; that tyrants cannot confide in their own spies, but must keep watch over the machinery which we have described, lest it recoil upon themselves. Bonaparte, at the head of an army, is a dazzling spectacle; but Bonaparte, heading a horde of spies, compelled to doubt and fear these base instruments of his power, compelled to divide them into bands, and to receive daily reports from each, so that, by balancing them against each other, and sifting their testimony, he might gather the truth; Bonaparte, thus employed, is any thing but imposing. It requires no great elevation of thought to look down on such an occupation with scorn; and we see, in the anxiety and degradation which it involves, the beginning of that retribution which tyranny cannot escape.

Another means by which the First Consul protected his power can excite no wonder. That he should fetter the press, should banish or imprison refractory editors, should subject the journals and more important works of literature to jealous superintendence, these were things of course. Free writing and despotism are such implacable foes, that we hardly think of blaming a tyrant for keeping no terms with the press. He cannot do it. He might as reasonably choose a volcano for the foundation of his throne. Necessity is laid upon him, unless he is in love with ruin, to check the bold and honest expression of thought. But the necessity is his own choice; and let infamy be that man's portion who seizes a power which he cannot sustain, but by dooming the mind, through a vast empire, to slavery, and by turning the press, that great organ of truth, into an instrument of public delusion and debasement.

We pass to another means of removing obstructions to his power and ambition, still worse than the last. We refer to the terror which he spread by his severities, just before assuming the imperial power. The murder of the Duke d'Enghien was justified by Napoleon as a method of striking fear into the Bourbons, who, as he said, were plotting his death. This may have been one motive; for we have reason to think that he was about that time threatened with assassination. But we believe still more that he intended to awe into acquiescence the opposition, which, he knew, would be awakened in many breasts, by the prostration of the forms of the republic, and the open assumption of the imperial dignity. There were times when Bonaparte disclaimed the origination of the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. But no other could have originated it. It bears internal marks of its author. The boldness, decision, and overpowering rapidity of the crime, point unerringly to the soul where it was conceived. We believe that one great recommendation of this murder was, that it would strike amazement and terror into France and Europe generally, and show that he was prepared to shed any blood, and to sweep before him every obstruction in his way to absolute power. Certain it is, that the open murder of the Duke d'Enghien, and the justly suspected assassinations of Pichegru and Wright, did create a dread, such as had not been felt before; and whilst on previous occasions some faint breathings of liberty were to be heard in the legislative bodies, only one voice, that of Carnot, was raised against investing Bonaparte with the imperial crown, and laying France, an unprotected victim, at his feet.

There remain for our consideration other means employed by Bonaparte for building up and establishing his power, of a different character from those we have named, and which on this account we cannot pass without notice. One of these was the concordat which he extorted from the pope, and which professed to re-establish the Catholic religion in France. Our

religious prejudices have no influence on our judgment of this measure. We make no objections to it, as the restoration of a worship which, on many accounts, we condemn. We view it now simply as an instrument of policy, and, in this light, it seems to us no proof of the sagacity of Bonaparte. It helps to confirm in us an impression which other parts of his history give us, that he did not understand the peculiar character of his age, and the peculiar and original policy which it demanded. He always used commonplace means of power, although the unprecedented times in which he lived required a system which should combine untried resources and touch new springs of action. Because old governments had found a convenient prop in religion, Napoleon imagined that it was a necessary appendage and support of his sway, and resolved to restore it. But at this moment there were no foundations in France for a religious establishment, which could give strength, and a character of sacredness, to the supreme power. There was comparatively no faith, no devout feeling, and, still more, no superstition to supply the place of these. The time for the reaction of the religious principle had not yet arrived; and a more likely means of retarding it could hardly have been devised, than the nursing care extended to the church by Bonaparte, the recent Mussulman, the known despiser of the ancient faith, who had no worship at heart but the worship of himself. Instead of bringing religion to the aid of the state, it was impossible that such a man should touch it without loosening the faint hold which it yet retained on the people. There were none so ignorant as to be the dupes of the First Consul in this particular. Every man, woman, and child, knew that he was playing the part of a juggler. Not one religious association could be formed with his character or government. It was a striking proof of the self-exaggerating vanity of Bonaparte, and of his ignorance of the higher principles of human nature, that he not only hoped to revive and turn to his account the old religion, but imagined that he could, if necessary, have created a new one. "Had the pope never existed before, he should have been made for the occasion," was the speech of this political charlatan; as if religious opinion and feeling were things to be manufactured by a consular decree. Ancient legislators, by adopting and sympathizing with popular and rooted superstitions, were able to press them into the service of their institutions. They were wise enough to build on a pre-existing faith, and studiously to conform to it. Bonaparte, in a country of infidelity and atheism, and whilst unable to refrain from sarcasms on the system which he patronized, was weak enough to believe that he might make it a substantial support of his government. He undoubtedly congratulated himself on the terms which he exacted from the pope, and which had never been conceded to the most powerful monarchs; forgetting that his apparent success was the defeat of his plans; for just as far

as he severed the church from the supreme pontiff, and placed himself conspicuously at its head, he destroyed the only connexion which could give it influence. Just so far its power over opinion and conscience ceased. It became a coarse instrument of state, contemned by the people, and serving only to demonstrate the aspiring views of its master. Accordingly the French bishops in general refused to hold their dignities under this new head, preferred exile to the sacrifice of the rights of the church, and left behind them a hearty abhorrence of the concordat among the more zealous members of their communion. Happy would it have been for Napoleon had he left the pope and the church to themselves. By occasionally recognising and employing, and then insulting and degrading the Roman pontiff, he exasperated a large part of Christendom, fastened on himself the brand of impiety, and awakened a religious hatred, which contributed its full measure to his fall.

As another means employed by Bonaparte for giving strength and honour to his government, we may name the grandeur of his public works, which he began in his consulate and continued after his accession to the imperial dignity. These dazzled France, and still impress travellers with admiration. Could we separate these from his history, and did no other indication of his character survive, we should undoubtedly honour him with the title of a beneficent sovereign; but connected as they are, they do little or nothing to change our conceptions of him as an all-grasping, unprincipled usurper. Paris was the chief object of these labours; and surely we cannot wonder, that he who aimed at universal dominion, should strive to improve and adorn the metropolis of his empire. It is the practice of despots to be lavish of expense on the royal residence and the seat of government. Travellers in France, as in other countries on the continent, are struck and pained by the contrast between the magnificent capital and the mud-walled village, and uninteresting province. Bonaparte had a special motive for decorating Paris, for "Paris is France," as has often been observed; and in conciliating the vanity of the great city, he secured the obedience of the whole country. The boasted internal improvements of Napoleon scarcely deserve to be named, if we compare their influence with the operation of his public measures. The conscription, which drew from agriculture its most effective labourers, and his continental system, which sealed up every port and annihilated the commerce of his empire, drained and exhausted France to a degree, for which his artificial stimulants of industry, and his splendid projects afforded no compensation. Perhaps the most admired of all his public works is the road over the Simplon, to which all travellers concur in giving the epithet, stupendous. But it ought not to amaze us, that he, who was aspiring at unlimited dominion, should establish communications between the different provinces of his empire. It

ought; not to amaze us, that he, who had scaled the glaciers of St. Bernard, should covet some easier passage for pouring his troops into Italy; nor is it very wonderful, that a sovereign, who commanded the revenues of Europe, and who lived in an age when civil-engineering had been advanced to a perfection before unknown, should accomplish a bolder enterprise than his predecessors. We would add, that Napoleon must divide with Fabbroni the glory of the road over the Simplon; for the genius which contrived and constructed, is more properly its author, than the will which commanded it.

There is, however, one great work, which gives Bonaparte a fair claim on the gratitude of posterity, and entitles him to an honourable renown. We refer to the new code of laws, which was given to France under his auspices. His participation in this work has indeed been unwarrantably and ridiculously magnified. Because he attended the meetings of the commissioners to whom it was assigned, and made some useful and sagacious suggestions, he has been praised, as if he had struck out, by the miraculous force of his genius, a new code of laws. The truth is, that he employed for this work, as he should have done, the most eminent civilians of the empire; and it is also true, that these learned men have little claim to originality; for, as our author observes, the code "has few peculiarities making a difference betwixt its principles and those of the Roman law." In other words, they preferred wisdom to novelty. Still Bonaparte deserves great praise for his interest in the work, for the impulse he gave to those to whom it was committed, and for the time and thought which, amidst the cares of a vast empire, he bestowed upon it. That his ambition incited him to this labour, we doubt not. He meant to entwine the laurels of Justinian with those of Alexander. But we will not quarrel with ambition, when it is wise enough to devote itself to the happiness of mankind. In the present case he showed that he understood something of true glory; and we prize the instance more, because it stands almost alone in his history. We look on the conqueror, the usurper, the spoiler of kingdoms, the insatiable despot, with disgust, and see in all these characters an essential vulgarness of mind. But when we regard him as a Fountain of Justice to a vast empire, we recognise in him a resemblance to the just and benignant Deity, and cheerfully accord to him the praise of bestowing on a nation one of the greatest gifts, and of the most important means of improvement and happiness, which it is permitted to man to confer. It was, however, the misery of Bonaparte, a curse brought on him by his crimes, that he could touch nothing without leaving on it the polluting mark of despotism. His usurpation took from him the power of legislating with magnanimity, where his own interest was concerned. He could provide for the administration of justice between man and man, but not between the citizen and the ruler. Political

offences, the very class which ought to be submitted to a jury, were denied that mode of trial. Juries might decide on other criminal questions; but they were not to be permitted to interpose between the despot and the ill-fated subjects who might fall under his suspicion. These were arraigned before "special tribunals, invested with a half military character," the ready ministers of nefarious prosecutions, and only intended to cloak by legal forms the murderous purpose of the tyrant.

We have thus considered some of the means by which Bonaparte consolidated and extended his power. We now see him advanced to that imperial throne, on which he had long fixed his eager eye. We see France now awed and now dazzled by the influence we have described, and at last surrendering, by public, deliberate acts, without a struggle or a show of opposition, her rights, liberties, interests, and power to an absolute master and to his posterity for ever. Thus perished the name and forms of the republic. Thus perished the hopes of philanthropy. The air, which a few years ago resounded with the shouts of a great people casting away their chains, and claiming their birthright of freedom, now rung with the servile cries of long life to a blood-stained usurper. There were indeed generous spirits, true patriots, like our own La Fayette, still left in France. But few, and scattered, they were left to shed in secret the tears of sorrowful and indignant despair. By this base and disastrous issue of their revolution, the French nation not only renounced their own rights, but brought reproach on the cause of freedom, which years cannot wash away. This is to us a more painful recollection than all the desolations which France spread through Europe, and than her own bitter sufferings when the hour of retribution came upon her. The fields which she laid waste are again waving with harvest; and the groans which broke forth through her cities and villages, when her bravest sons perished by thousands and ten thousands on the snows of Russia, have died away, and her wasted population is renewed. But the wounds which she inflicted on freedom by the crimes perpetrated in that sacred name, and by the abject spirit with which that sacred cause was deserted, are still fresh and bleeding. France not only subjected herself to a tyrant, but what is worse, she has given tyranny every where new pleas and arguments, and imboldened it to preach openly, in the face of heaven, the impious doctrines of absolute power and unconditional submission.

Napoleon was now Emperor of France; and a man unacquainted with human nature, would think that such an empire, whose bounds now extended to the Rhine, might have satisfied even an ambitious man. But Bonaparte obeyed that law of progress, to which the highest minds are peculiarly subjected; and acquisition inflamed, instead of appeasing the spirit of dominion. He had long proposed to himself the conquest of

Europe, of the world; and the title of Emperor added intense-ness to this purpose. Did we not fear that by repetition we might impair the conviction which we are most anxious to impress, we would enlarge on the enormity of the guilt involved in the project of universal empire. Napoleon knew distinctly the price which he must pay for the eminence which he coveted. He knew that the path to it lay over wounded and slaughtered millions, over putrefying heaps of his fellow-creatures, over ravaged fields, smoking ruins, pillaged cities. He knew that his steps would be followed by the groans of widowed mothers and famished orphans; of bereaved friendship and despairing love; and that in addition to this amount of misery, he would create an equal amount of crime, by multiplying indefinitely the instruments and participators of his rapine and fraud. He knew the price, and resolved to pay it. But we do not insist on a topic which few, very few as yet, understand or feel. Turning then for the present from the moral aspect of this enterprise, we will view it in another light, which is of great importance to a just estimate of his claims on admiration. We will inquire into the nature and fitness of the measures and policy which he adopted for compassing the subjugation of Europe and the world.

We are aware that this discussion may expose us to the charge of great presumption. It may be said that men, having no access to the secrets of the cabinets, and no participation in public affairs, are not the best judges of the policy of such a man as Napoleon. This we are not anxious to disprove, nor shall we quarrel with our readers for questioning the soundness of our opinions. But we will say, that though distant, we have not been indifferent observers of the great events of our age, and that though conscious of exposure to many errors, we have a strong persuasion of the substantial correctness of our views. We express then, without reserve, our belief that the policy of Napoleon was wanting in sagacity, and that he proved himself incapable, as we before suggested, of understanding the character and answering the demands of his age. His system was a repetition of old means, when the state of the world was new. The sword and the police, which had sufficed him for enslaving France, were not the only powers required for his designs against the human race. Other resources were to be discovered or created; and the genius for calling them forth did not, we conceive, belong to Napoleon.

The circumstances under which Napoleon aspired to universal empire differed in many respects from those under which former conquerors were placed. It was easy for Rome, when she had subdued kingdoms, to reduce them to provinces and to govern them by force; for nations at that period were bound together by no tie. They had little communication with each other. Differences of origin, of religion, of manners, of language, of modes of

warfare; differences aggravated by long and ferocious wars, and by the general want of civilization,—prevented joint action, and almost all concern for one another's fate. Modern Europe, on the other hand, was an assemblage of civilized states, closely connected by commerce, by literature, by a common faith, by interchange of thoughts and improvements, and by a policy which had for ages proposed, as its chief object, the establishment of such a balance of power as would secure national independence. Under these influences the human mind had made great progress; and in truth the French revolution had resulted from an unprecedented excitement and development of men's faculties, and from the extension of power and intelligence through a vastly wider class than had participated in them at any former period. The very power which Napoleon was wielding, might be traced to an enthusiasm essentially generous, and manifesting a tendency of the civilized world to better institutions. It is plain that the old plans of conquests, and the maxims of comparatively barbarous ages, did not suit such a state of society. An ambitious man was to make his way by allying himself with the new movements and excitements of the world. The existence of a vast maritime power like England, which by its command of the ocean and its extensive commerce, was brought into contact with every community, and which at the same time enjoyed the enviable pre-eminence of possessing the freest institutions in Europe, was of itself a sufficient motive for a great modification of the policy, by which one state was now to be placed at the head of the nations. The peculiar character and influence of England, Bonaparte seemed indeed never able to comprehend; and the violent measures by which he essayed to tear asunder the old connexions of that country with the continent, only gave them strength, by adding to the ties of interest, those of sympathy, of common suffering, and common danger.

Force and corruption were the great engines of Napoleon, and he plied them without disguise or reserve, not caring how far he insulted, and armed against himself, the moral and national feelings of Europe. His great reliance was on the military spirit and energy of the French people. To make France a nation of soldiers was the first and main instrument of his policy; and here he was successful. The revolution indeed had in no small degree done this work to his hands. To complete it, he introduced a national system of education, having for its plain end to train the whole youth of France to a military life, to familiarize the mind to this destination from its earliest years, and to associate the idea of glory almost exclusively with arms. The conscription gave full efficacy to this system; for as every young man in the empire had reason to anticipate a summons to the army, the first object in education naturally was, to fit him for the field. The public honours bestowed on military talent, and a rigorous impartiality in awarding promotion to merit, so that no origin, however ob-

seure, was a bar to what were deemed the highest honours of Europe, kindled the ambition of the whole people into a flame, and directed it exclusively to the camp. It is true, the conscription, which thinned so terribly the ranks of her youth and spread anxiety and bereavement through all her dwellings, was severely felt in France. But Napoleon knew the race whom it was his business to manage; and by the glare of victory, and the title of the Grand Empire, he succeeded in reconciling them for a time to the most painful domestic privations, and to an unexampled waste of life. Thus he secured, what he accounted the most important instrument of dominion, a great military force. But, on the other hand, the stimulants which for this purpose he was forced to apply perpetually to French vanity, the ostentation with which the invincible power of France was trumpeted to the world, and the haughty, vaunting style which became the most striking characteristic of that intoxicated people, were perpetual irritations of the national spirit and pride of Europe, and implanted a deep hatred towards the new and insulting empire, which waited but for a favourable moment to repay with interest the debt of humiliation.

The condition of Europe forbade, as we believe, the establishment of universal monarchy by mere physical force. The sword, however important, was now to play but a secondary part. The true course for Napoleon seems to us to have been indicated, not only by the state of Europe, but by the means which France in the beginning of her revolution had found most effectual. He should have identified himself with some great interests, opinion, or institutions, by which he might have bound to himself a large party in every nation. He should have contrived to make at least a specious cause against all old establishments. To contrast himself most strikingly and most advantageously with former governments, should have been the key of his policy. He should have placed himself at the head of a new order of things, which should have worn the face of an improvement of the social state. Nor did the subversion of republican forms prevent his adoption of this course, or of some other which would have secured to him the sympathy of multitudes. He might still have drawn some broad lines between his own administration and that of other states, tending to throw the old dynasties into the shade. He might have cast away all the pageantry and forms of courts, distinguished himself by the simplicity of his establishments, and exaggerated the relief which he gave to his people, by saving them the burdens of a wasteful and luxurious court. He might have insisted on the great benefits that had accrued to France from the establishment of uniform laws, which protected alike all classes of men; and he might have virtually pledged himself to the subversion of the feudal inequalities which still disfigured Europe. He might have insisted on the favourable changes to be introduced into property, by abolishing the entails.

which fettered it, the rights of primogeniture, and the exclusive privileges of a haughty aristocracy. He might have found abuses enough against which to array himself as a champion. By becoming the head of new institutions, which would have involved the transfer of power into new hands, and would have offered to the people a real improvement, he might every where have summoned to his standard the bold and enterprising, and might have disarmed the national prejudices to which he fell a prey. Revolution was still the true instrument of power. In a word, Napoleon lived at a period, when he could only establish a durable and universal control through principles and institutions of some kind or other, to which he would seem to be devoted.

It was impossible, however, for such a man as Napoleon to adopt, perhaps to conceive, a system such as has now been traced; for it was wholly at war with that egotistical, self-relying, self-exaggerating principle, which was the most striking feature of his mind. He imagined himself able, not only to conquer nations, but to hold them together by the awe and admiration which his own character would inspire; and this bond he preferred to every other. An indirect sway, a control of nations by means of institutions, principles, or prejudices, of which he was to be only the apostle and defender, was utterly inconsistent with that vehemence of will, that passion for astonishing mankind, and that persuasion of his own invincibleness, which were his master feelings, and which made force his darling instrument of dominion. He chose to be the great, palpable, and sole bond of his empire; to have his image reflected from every establishment; to be the centre in which every ray of glory should meet, and from which every impulse should be propagated. In consequence of this egotism, he never dreamed of adapting himself to the moral condition of the world. The sword was his chosen weapon, and he used it without disguise. He insulted nations as well as sovereigns. He did not attempt to gild their chains, or to fit the yoke gently to their necks. The excess of his extortions, the audacity of his claims, and the insolent language in which Europe was spoken of as the vassal of the great empire, discovered that he expected to reign, not only without linking himself with the interests, prejudices, and national feelings of men, but by setting all at defiance.

It would be easy to point out a multitude of instances in which he sacrificed the only policy by which he could prevail, to the persuasion that his own greatness could more than balance whatever opposition his violence might awaken. In an age in which Christianity was exerting some power, there was certainly a degree of deference due to the moral convictions of society. But Napoleon thought himself more than a match for the moral instincts and sentiments of our nature. He thought himself able to cover the most atrocious deeds by the splendour

of his name, and even to extort applause for crimes by the brilliancy of his success. He took no pains to conciliate esteem: In his own eyes he was mightier than conscience; and thus he turned against himself the power and resentment of virtue in every breast where that divine principle yet found a home.

Through the same blinding egotism he was anxious to fill the thrones of Europe with men bearing his own name, and to multiply every where images of himself. Instead of placing over conquered countries efficient men, taken from themselves, who, by upholding better institutions, would carry with them large masses of the people, and who would still, by their hostility to the old dynasties, link their fortunes with his own, he placed over nations such men as Jerome and Murat. He thus spread a jealousy of his power, whilst he rendered it insecure; for as none of the princes of his creation, however well disposed, were allowed to identify themselves with their subjects, and to take root in the public heart, but were compelled to act openly and without disguise, as satellites and prefects of the French emperor, they gained no hold on their subjects, and could bring no strength to their master in his hour of peril. In none of his arrangements did Napoleon think of securing to his cause the attachment of nations. Astonishment, awe, and force, were his weapons, and his own great name the chosen pillar of his throne.

So far was Bonaparte from magnifying the contrast and distinctions between himself and the old dynasties of Europe, and from attaching men to himself by new principles and institutions, that he had the great weakness, for so we view it, to revive the old forms of monarchy, and to ape the manners of the old court, and thus to connect himself with the herd of legitimate sovereigns. This was not only to rob his government of that imposing character which might have been given to it, and of that interest which it might have inspired, as an improvement on former institutions, but was to become competitor in a race in which he could not but be distanced. He could indeed pluck crowns from the heads of monarchs; but he could not by any means infuse their blood into his veins, associate with himself the ideas which are attached to a long line of ancestry, or give to his court the grace of manners which belongs to older establishments. His true policy was, to throw contempt on distinctions which he could not rival; and had he possessed the genius and spirit of the founder of a new era, he would have substituted for a crown, and for other long worn badges of power, a new and simple style of grandeur, and new insignia of dignity, more consonant with an enlightened age, and worthy of one who disdained to be a vulgar king. By the policy which he adopted, if it be worthy of that name, he became a vulgar king, and showed a mind incapable of answering the wants and demands of his age. It is well known that the progress of intelligence had done

much in Europe to weaken men's reverence for pageantry and show. Nobles had learned to lay aside their trappings in ordinary life, and to appear as gentlemen. Even royalty had begun to retrench its pomp; and, in the face of all this improvement, Bonaparte stooped from his height to study costumes, to legislate about court-dresses and court-manners, and to outshine his brother monarchs in their own line. He desired to add the glory of master of ceremonies to that of conqueror of nations. In his anxiety to belong to the caste of kings, he exacted scrupulously the observance and etiquette with which they are approached. Not satisfied with this approximation to the old sovereigns, with whom he had no common interest, and from whom he could not have removed himself too far, he sought to ally himself by marriage with the royal families in Europe, to ingraft himself and his posterity on an old imperial tree. This was the very way to turn back opinion into its old channels; to carry back Europe to its old prejudices; to facilitate the restoration of its old order; to preach up legitimacy; to crush every hope that he was to work a beneficent change among nations. It may seem strange that his egotism did not preserve him from the imitation of antiquated monarchy. But his egotism, though excessive, was not lofty, nor was it seconded by a genius, rich and inventive, except in war.

We have now followed Napoleon to the height of his power, and given our views of the policy by which he hoped to make that power perpetual and unbounded. His fall is easily explained. It had its origin in that spirit of self-reliance and self-exaggeration of which we have seen so many proofs. It began in Spain. That country was a province in reality. He wanted to make it one in name; to place over it a Bonaparte; to make it a more striking manifestation of his power. For this purpose he "kidnapped" its royal family, stirred up the unconquerable spirit of its people, and after shedding on its plains and mountains the best blood of France, lost it for ever. Next came his expedition against Russia, an expedition against which his wisest counsellors remonstrated, but which had every recommendation to a man who regarded himself as an exception to his race, and able to triumph over the laws of nature. So insane were his self-confidence and impatience of opposition, that he drove, by his outrages, Sweden, the old ally of France, into the arms of Russia, at the very moment that he was about to throw himself into the heart of that mighty empire. On his Russian campaign we have no desire to enlarge. Of all the mournful pages of history, none are more sad than that which records the retreat of the French army from Moscow. We remember that when the intelligence of Napoleon's discomfiture in Russia first reached this country, we were among those who exulted in it, thinking only of the results. But when subsequent and minuter accounts brought distinctly before our eyes that unequalled

army of France, broken, famished, slaughtered, seeking shelter under snowdrifts, and perishing by intense cold, we looked back on our joy with almost a consciousness of guilt, and expiated by a sincere grief our insensibility to the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. We understand that many interesting notices of Napoleon, as he appeared in this disastrous campaign, are given in the *Memoirs of Count Segur*—a book from which we have been repelled by the sorrows and miseries which it details. We can conceive few subjects more worthy of Shakspeare than the mind of Napoleon, at this moment, when his fate was sealed; when the tide of his victories was suddenly stopped and rolled backwards; when his dreams of invincibleness were broken as by a peal of thunder; when the word which had awed nations died away, on the bleak waste, a powerless sound; and when he, whose spirit Europe could not bound, fled in fear from a captive's doom. The shock must have been tremendous to a mind so imperious, scornful, and unschooled to humiliation. The intense agony of that moment when he gave the unusual orders to retreat; the desolateness of his soul, when he saw his brave soldiers and his chosen guards sinking in the snows, and perishing in crowds around him; his unwillingness to receive the details of his losses, lest self-possession should fail him; the levity and badinage of his interview with the Abbé de Pradt, at Warsaw, discovering a mind labouring to throw off an insupportable weight, wrestling with itself, struggling against misery; and, though last not least, his unconquerable purpose still clinging to lost empire as the only good of life; these workings of such a spirit would have furnished to the great dramatist a theme worthy of his transcendent powers.

By the irretrievable disasters of the Russian campaign, the empire of the world was effectually placed beyond the grasp of Napoleon. The tide of conquest had ebbed, never to return. The spell which had bound the nations was dissolved. He was no longer the Invincible. The weight of military power, which had kept down the spirit of nations, was removed, and their long-smothered sense of wrong and insult broke forth like the fires of a volcano. Bonaparte might still perhaps have secured the throne of France; but that of Europe was gone. This, however, he did not, could not, would not understand. He had connected with himself too obstinately the character of the world's master, to be able to relinquish it. Amidst the dark omens which gathered round him, he still saw in his past wonderful escapes, and in his own exaggerated energies, the means of rebuilding his fallen power. Accordingly the thought of abandoning his pretensions does not seem to have crossed his mind, and his irreparable defeat was only a summons to new exertion. We doubt, indeed, whether Napoleon, if he could have understood fully his condition, would have adopted a different course. Though despairing, he would probably have raised new armies,

and fought to the last. To a mind which has placed its whole happiness in having no equal, the thought of descending to the level even of kings is intolerable. Napoleon's mind had been stretched by such ideas of universal empire, that France, though reaching from the Rhine to the Alps, seemed narrow to him. He could not be shut up in it. Accordingly, as his fortunes darkened, we see no signs of relenting. He could not wear, he said, "a tarnished crown," that is, a crown no brighter than those of Austria and Russia. He continued to use a master's tone. He showed no change but such as opposition works in the obstinate. He lost his temper, and grew sour. He heaped reproaches on his marshals and the legislative body. He insulted Metternich, the statesman, on whom, above all others, his fate depended. He irritated Murat by sarcasms, which rankled within him, and accelerated, if they did not determine, his desertion of his master. It is a striking example of retribution, that the very vehemence and sternness of his will, which had borne him onward to dominion, now drove him to the rejection of terms which would have left him a formidable power, and thus made his ruin entire. Refusing to take counsel of events, he persevered in fighting with a stubbornness which reminds us of a spoiled child, who sullenly grasps what he knows he must relinquish, struggles without hope, and does not give over resistance until his little fingers are, one by one, unclenched from the object on which he has set his heart. Thus fell Napoleon. We shall follow his history no further. His retreat to Elba, his irruption into France, his signal overthrow, and his banishment to St. Helena, though they add to the romance of his history, throw no new light on his character, and would, of course, contribute nothing to our present object. There are, indeed, incidents in this portion of his life which are somewhat inconsistent with the firmness and conscious superiority which belonged to him. But a man, into whose character so much impulse, and so little principle entered, must not be expected to preserve unblemished, in such hard reverses, the dignity and self-respect of an emperor and a hero.

In the course of these remarks, our views of the conqueror, of the First Consul, and of the Emperor, have been given plainly and freely. The subject, however, is so important and interesting, that we have thought it worth our while, though at the hazard of some repetition, to bring together in a narrower compass what seem to us the great leading features of the intellectual and moral character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

His intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood by a glance what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own and his enemy's positions; and combined at once the

movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of an army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible, to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by rule, and he discovered the true characteristic of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them. He understood thoroughly the immense moral power which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralyzed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which the storm of battle burst upon them; and whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, breathed into them by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. The power of disheartening the foe, and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence, and exhilarating courage, which made war a pastime, and seemed to make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

The wonderful effects of that rapidity of thought by which Bonaparte was marked, the signal success of his new mode of warfare, and the almost incredible speed with which his fame was spread through nations, had no small agency in fixing his character, and determining for a period the fate of empires. These stirring influences infused a new consciousness of his own might. They gave intensity and audacity to his ambition; gave form and substance to his indefinite visions of glory, and raised his fiery hopes to empire. The burst of admiration, which his early career called forth, must in particular have had an influence in imparting to his ambition that modification by which it was characterized, and which contributed alike to its success and to its fall. He began with *astonishing* the world, with producing a sudden and universal *sensation*, such as modern times had not witnessed. To *astonish* as well as to sway by his energies, became the great aim of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking, bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results. To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him, if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object; but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and, by the suddenness of its new creations, should awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires.

Such seems to us to have been the distinction or charac-

teristic modification of his love of fame. It was a diseased passion for a kind of admiration, which, from the principles of our nature, cannot be enduring, and which demands for its support perpetual and more stimulating novelty. Mere esteem he would have scorned. Calm admiration, though universal and enduring, would have been insipid. He wanted to electrify and overwhelm. He lived for effect. The world was his theatre, and he cared little what part he played, if he might walk the sole hero on the stage, and call forth bursts of applause which would silence all other fame. In war, the triumphs which he coveted were those in which he seemed to sweep away his foes like a whirlwind; and the immense and unparalleled sacrifice of his own soldiers, in the rapid marches and daring assaults to which he owed his victories, in no degree diminished their worth to the victor. In peace he delighted to hurry through his dominions; to multiply himself by his rapid movements; to gather at a glance the capacities of improvement which every important place possessed; to suggest plans which would startle by their originality and vastness; to project in an instant works which a life could not accomplish, and to leave behind the impression of a superhuman energy.

Our sketch of Bonaparte would be imperfect indeed, if we did not add that he was characterized by nothing more strongly than by the spirit of *self-exaggeration*. The singular energy of his intellect and will, through which he had mastered so many rivals and foes, and overcome what seemed insuperable obstacles, inspired a consciousness of being something more than man. His strong original tendencies to pride and self-exaltation, fed and pampered by strange success and unbounded applause, swelled into an almost insane conviction of superhuman greatness. In his own view, he stood apart from other men. He was not to be measured by the standard of humanity. He was not to be retarded by difficulties to which all others yielded. He was not to be subjected to laws and obligations which all others were expected to obey. Nature and the human will were to bend to his power. He was the child and favourite of fortune; and if not the lord, the chief object of destiny. His history shows a spirit of *self-exaggeration*, unrivalled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an oriental king to whom incense had been burnt from his birth as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood, which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him. His heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of

moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and for this selfish, solitary good, parted with peace and imperishable renown.

This insolent exaltation of himself above the race to which he belonged, broke out in the beginning of his career. His first success in Italy gave him the tone of a master, and he never laid it aside to his last hour. One can hardly help being struck with the *natural* manner with which he arrogates supremacy in his conversation and proclamations. We never feel as if he were putting on a lordly air, or borrowing an imperious tone. In his proudest claims, he speaks from his own mind, and in native language. His style is swollen, but never strained, as if he were conscious of playing a part above his real claims. Even when he was foolish and impious enough to arrogate miraculous powers and a mission from God, his language showed that he thought that there was something in his character and exploits to give a colour to his blasphemous pretensions. The empire of the world seemed to him to be in a measure his due, for nothing short of it corresponded with his conceptions of himself; and he did not use mere verbiage, but spoke a language to which he gave some credit, when he called his successive conquests "the fulfilment of his destiny."

This spirit of self-exaggeration wrought its own misery, and drew down upon him terrible punishments; and this it did by vitiating and perverting his high powers. First, it diseased his fine intellect, gave imagination the ascendancy over judgment, turned the inventiveness and fruitfulness of his mind into rash, impatient, restless energies, and thus precipitated him into projects, which, as the wisdom of his counsellors pronounced, were fraught with ruin. To a man whose vanity took him out of the rank of human beings, no foundation for reasoning was left. All things seemed possible. His genius and his fortune were not to be bounded by the barriers which experience had assigned to human powers. Ordinary rules did not apply to him. His imagination, disordered by his egotism, and by unbounded flattery, leaped over appalling obstacles to the prize which inflamed his ambition. He even found excitement and motives in obstacles, before which other men would have wavered; for these would enhance the glory of triumph, and give a new thrill to the admiration of the world. Accordingly he again and again plunged into the depths of an enemy's country, and staked his whole fortune and power on a single battle. To be rash was indeed the necessary result of his self-exalting and self-relying

spirit ; for to dare what no other man would dare, to accomplish what no other man would attempt, was the very way to display himself as a superior being in his own and others' eyes.—To be impatient and restless was another necessary issue of the attributes we have described. The calmness of wisdom was denied him. He, who was next to omnipotent in his own eyes, and who delighted to strike and astonish by sudden and conspicuous operations, could not brook delay, or wait for the slow operations of time. A work, which was to be gradually matured by the joint agency of various causes, could not suit a man who wanted to be felt as the great, perhaps only cause ; who wished to stamp his own agency in the most glaring characters on whatever he performed ; and who hoped to rival by a sudden energy the steady and progressive works of nature. Hence so many of his projects were never completed, or only announced. They swelled however the tide of flattery, which ascribed to him the completion of what was not yet begun, whilst his restless spirit, rushing to new enterprises, forgot its pledges, and left the promised prodigies of his creative genius to exist only in the records of adulation. Thus the rapid and inventive intellect of Bonaparte was depraved, and failed to achieve a growing and durable greatness, through his self-exaggerating spirit. It reared indeed a vast and imposing structure, but disproportioned, disjointed, without strength, without foundations. One strong blast was enough to shake and shatter it, nor could his genius uphold it. Happy would it have been for his fame had he been buried in its ruins.

One of the striking properties of Bonaparte's character was decision ; and this, as we have already seen, was perverted, by the spirit of self-exaggeration, into an inflexible stubbornness, which counsel could not enlighten, nor circumstances bend. Having taken the first step, he pressed onward. His purpose he wished others to regard as a law of nature, or a decree of destiny. It *must* be accomplished. Resistance but strengthened it ; and so often had resistance been overborne, that he felt as if his unconquerable will, joined to his matchless intellect, could vanquish all things. On such a mind the warnings of human wisdom and of Providence were spent in vain ; and the man of destiny lived to teach others, if not himself, the weakness and folly of that all-defying decision, which arrays the purposes of a mortal with the immutableness of the counsels of the Most High.

A still more fatal influence of the spirit of self-exaggeration which characterized Bonaparte, remains to be named. It depraved to an extraordinary degree his moral sense. It did not obliterate altogether the ideas of duty, but, by a singular perversion, it impelled him to apply them exclusively to others. It never seemed to enter his thought, that he was subject to the great obligations of morality, which all others are called to respect. He was an exempted being. Whatever stood in his

way to empire, he was privileged to remove. Treaties only bound his enemies. No nation had rights but his own France. He claimed a monopoly in perfidy and violence. He was not naturally cruel; but when human life obstructed his progress, it was a lawful prey, and murder and assassination occasioned as little compunction as war. The most luminous exposition of his moral code was given in his counsels to the king of Holland: "Never forget, that in the situation to which my political system and the interests of my empire have called you, your first duty is towards ME, your second towards France. All your other duties, even those towards the people whom I have called you to govern, rank after these." To his own mind he was the source and centre of duty. He was too peculiar and exalted to be touched by that vulgar stain called guilt. Crimes ceased to be such when perpetrated by himself. Accordingly he always speaks of his transgressions as of indifferent acts. He never imagined that they tarnished his glory, or diminished his claim on the homage of the world. In St. Helena, though talking perpetually of himself, and often reviewing his guilty career, we are not aware that a single word of compunction escapes him. He speaks of his life as calmly as if it had been consecrated to duty and beneficence, whilst in the same breath he has the audacity to reproach unsparingly the faithlessness of almost every individual and nation with whom he had been connected. We doubt whether history furnishes so striking an example of the moral blindness and obduracy to which an unbounded egotism exposes and abandons the mind.

His spirit of self-exaggeration was seen in his openness to adulation. Policy indeed prompted him to put his praises into the mouths of the venal slaves who administered his despotism. But flattery would not have been permitted to swell into exaggerations, now nauseous, now ludicrous, and now impious, if, in the bosom of the chief, there had not lodged a flatterer who sounded a louder note of praise than all around him. He was remarkably sensitive to opinion, and resented as a wrong the suppression of his praises. The press of all countries was watched, and free states were called upon to curb it for daring to take liberties with his name. Even in books published in France on general topics, he expected a recognition of his authority. Works of talent were suppressed, when their authors refused to offer incense at the new shrine. He wished indeed to stamp his name on the literature, as on the legislation, policy, warfare of his age, and to compel genius, whose pages survive statues, columns, and empires, to take a place among his tributaries.

We close our view of Bonaparte's character, by saying, that his original propensities, released from restraint, and pampered by indulgence, to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, grew up into a spirit of despotism as stern and absolute as ever usurped

the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him. No other passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before this, duty, honour, love, humanity fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence of her imperial son.* He was sometimes softened, we are informed, by the sight of the field of battle strewn with the wounded and dead. But if the Moloch of his ambition claimed new heaps of slain to-morrow, it was never denied. With all his sensibility, he gave millions to the sword, with as little compunction as he would have brushed away so many insects, which had infested his march. To him, all human will, desire, power, were to bend. His superiority, none might question. He insulted the fallen, who had contracted the guilt of opposing his progress; and not even woman's loveliness, and the dignity of a queen, could give shelter from his contumely. His allies were his vassals, nor was their vassalage concealed. Too lofty to use the arts of conciliation, preferring command to persuasion, overbearing, and all-grasping, he spread distrust, exasperation, fear, and revenge through Europe; and when the day of retribution came, the old antipathies and mutual jealousies of nations were swallowed up in one burning purpose to prostrate the common tyrant, the universal foe.

Such was Napoleon Bonaparte. But some will say, he was still a great man. This we mean not to deny. But we would have it understood, that there are various kinds or orders of greatness, and that the highest did not belong to Bonaparte. There are different orders of greatness. Among these, the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy by which the soul, subdued by the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom, virtue, and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever "ready to be offered up" on the altar of its country or of mankind. Of this

* See "America," p. 57. We should not give this very unamiable trait of Napoleon's domestic character, but on authority which we cannot question.

moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace or spark in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a God, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice appears not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live a day for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself a theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world. Next to moral, comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together, by innumerable affinities and relations, all the objects of its knowledge, and, not satisfied with what exists and with what is finite, frames to itself ideal excellence, loveliness, and grandeur. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, inspired poets, and to the master spirits in the fine arts. Next comes the greatness of *action*; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving and executing bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object, a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man, who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossack, and the deserts of the Arab;—a man, who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question, whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.

We are not disposed, even in this order of greatness, to gain his ascendancy in the field for the highest was conscious of this

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general of his age would not have satisfied him. He would have scorned to take his place by the side of Marlborough or Turenne. It was as the founder of an empire, which threatened for a time to comprehend the world, and which demanded other talents besides that of war, that he challenged unrivalled fame. And here we question his claim. Here we cannot award him supremacy. The project of universal empire, however imposing, was not original. The revolutionary governments of France had adopted it before; nor can we consider it as a sure indication of greatness, when we remember that the weak and vain mind of Louis XIV. was large enough to cherish it. The question is, did Napoleon bring to this design the capacity of advancing it by bold and original conceptions, adapted to an age of civilization, and of singular intellectual and moral excitement? Did he discover new foundations of power? Did he frame new bonds of union for subjugated nations? Did he discover, or originate, some common interests by which his empire might be held together? Did he breathe a spirit which should supplant the old national attachments, or did he invent any substitutes for those vulgar instruments of force and corruption, which any and every usurper would have used? Never, in the records of time, did the world furnish such materials to work with, such means of modelling nations afresh, of building up a new power, of introducing a new era, as did Europe at the period of the French revolution. Never was the human mind so capable of new impulses. And did Napoleon prove himself equal to the condition of the world? Do we detect one original conception in his means of universal empire? Did he seize on the enthusiasm of his age, that powerful principle, more efficient than arms or policy, and bend it to his purpose? What did he do but follow the beaten track? but apply force and fraud in their very coarsest forms? Napoleon showed a vulgar mind when he assumed self-interest as the sole spring of human action. With the sword in one hand and bribes in the other, he imagined himself absolute master of the human mind. The strength of moral, national, and domestic feeling, he could not comprehend. The finest, and, after all, the most powerful elements in human nature, hardly entered into his conceptions of it; and how then could he have established a durable power over the human race? We want little more to show his want of originality and comprehensiveness as the founder of an empire, than the simple fact, that he chose as his chief counsellors Talleyrand and Fouché, names which speak for themselves. We may judge of the greatness of the master-spirit from the minds which he found most congenial with his own. In war, Bonaparte was great; for he was bold, original, and creative. Beyond the camp he indeed showed talent, but not superior to that of other eminent men.

There have been two circumstances which have done much to

disarm or weaken the strong moral reprobation with which Bonaparte ought to have been regarded, and which we deem worthy of notice. We refer to the wrongs which he is supposed to have suffered at St. Helena, and to the unworthy use which the allied powers have made of their triumph over Napoleon. First, his supposed wrongs at St. Helena have excited a sympathy in his behalf, which has thrown a veil over his crimes. We are not disposed to deny that an unwarrantable, because unnecessary severity, was exercised towards Bonaparte. We deem it not very creditable to the British government that it tortured a sensitive captive by refusing him a title which he had long worn. We think that not only religion and humanity, but self-respect forbids us to inflict a single useless pang on a fallen foe. But we should be weak, indeed, if the moral judgments and feelings with which Napoleon's career ought to be reviewed, should give place to sympathy with the sufferings by which it was closed. With regard to the scruples, which not a few have expressed as to the right of banishing him to St. Helena, we can only say that our consciences are not yet refined to such exquisite delicacy as to be at all sensitive on this particular. We admire nothing more in Bonaparte than the effrontery with which he claimed protection from the laws of nations. That a man who had set these laws at open defiance should fly to them for shelter; that the oppressor of the world should claim its sympathy as an oppressed man, and that his claim should find advocates; these things are to be set down among the extraordinary events of this extraordinary age. Truly the human race is in a pitiable state. It may be trampled on, spoiled, loaded like a beast of burden, made the prey of rapacity, insolence, and the sword; but it must not touch a hair, or disturb the pillow of one of its oppressors, unless it can find chapter and verse in the code of national law, to authorize its rudeness towards the privileged offender. For ourselves, we should rejoice to see every tyrant, whether a usurper or hereditary prince, fastened to a lonely rock in the ocean. Whoever gives clear, undoubted proof, that he is prepared and sternly resolved to make the earth a slaughterhouse, and to crush every will adverse to his own, ought to be caged like a wild beast; and to require mankind to proceed against him according to written laws and precedents, as if he were a private citizen in a quiet court of justice, is just as rational as to require a man, in imminent peril from an assassin, to wait and prosecute his murderer according to the most protracted forms of law. There are great solemn rights of nature which precede laws, and on which law is founded. There are great exigences in human affairs which speak for themselves, and need no precedent to teach the right path. There are awful periods in the history of our race, which do not belong to its ordinary state, and which are not to be governed and judged by ordinary rules. Such a period was that

when Bonaparte, by infraction of solemn engagements, had thrown himself into France, and convulsed all Europe; and they who confound this with the ordinary events of history, and see in Bonaparte but an ordinary foe to the peace and independence of nations, have certainly very different intellects from our own.

We confess, too, that we are not only unable to see the wrong done to Napoleon in sending him to St. Helena, but that we cannot muster up much sympathy for the inconveniences and privations which he endured there. Our sympathies in this particular are wayward and untractable. When we would carry them to that solitary island, and fasten them on the illustrious victim of British cruelty, they will not tarry there, but take their flight across the Mediterranean to Jaffa, and across the Atlantic to the platform where the Duke d'Enghien was shot, to the prison of Toussaint, and to the fields of battle where thousands at his bidding lay weltering in blood. When we strive to fix our thoughts upon the sufferings of the injured hero, other and more terrible sufferings, of which he was the cause, rush upon us; and his complaints, however loud and angry, are drowned by groans and execrations which fill our ears from every region which he traversed. We have no tears to spare for fallen greatness, when that greatness was founded in crime, and reared by force and perfidy. We reserve them for those on whose ruin it rose. We keep our sympathies for our race, for human nature in its humbler forms, for the impoverished peasant, the widowed mother, the violated virgin; and are even perverse enough to rejoice that the ocean has a prison-house, where the author of those miseries may be safely lodged. Bonaparte's history is to us too solemn, the wrongs for which humanity and freedom arraign him, are too flagrant to allow us to play the part of sentimentalists around his grave at St. Helena. We leave this to the more refined age in which we live; and we do so in the hope that an age is coming of less tender mould, but of loftier, sterner feeling, and of deeper sympathy with the whole human race. Should our humble page then live, we trust with an undoubting faith, that the uncompromising indignation with which we plead the cause of our oppressed and insulted nature, will not be set down to the account of our vindictiveness and hardness of heart.

We observed that the moral indignation of many towards Bonaparte had been impaired or turned away, not only by his supposed wrongs, but by the unworthy use which his conquerors made of their triumph. We are told, that bad as was his despotism, the holy alliance is a worse one; and that Napoleon was less a scourge than the present coalition of the continental monarchs, framed for the systematic suppression of freedom. By such reasoning his crimes are cloaked, and his fall made the theme of lamentation. It is not one of the smallest errors and

sins of the allied sovereigns, that they have contrived, by their base policy, to turn the resentments and moral displeasure of men from the usurper upon themselves. For these sovereigns we have no defence to offer. We yield to none in detestation of the holy alliance, profanely so called. To us its doctrines are as false and pestilent as any broached by jacobinism. The allied monarchs are adding to the other wrongs of despots that of flagrant ingratitude; of ingratitude to the generous and brave nations to whom they owe their thrones, whose spirit of independence and patriotism, and whose hatred of the oppressor, contributed more than standing armies to raise up the fallen, and to strengthen the falling monarchies of Europe. Be it never forgotten in the records of despotism, let history record it on her most durable tablet, that the first use made by the principal continental sovereigns of their regained or confirmed power, was to conspire against the hopes and rights of the nations by whom they had been saved; and to combine the military power of Europe against free institutions, against the press, against the spirit of liberty and patriotism which had sprung up in the glorious struggle with Napoleon against the right of the people to exert an influence on the governments by which their dearest interests were to be controlled. Never be it forgotten that such was the honour of sovereigns, such their requital for the blood which had been shed freely in their defence. Freedom and humanity send up a solemn and prevailing cry against them to that tribunal where kings and subjects are soon to stand as equals.

But still we should be strangely blind if we were not to feel that the fall of Napoleon was a blessing to the world. Who can look, for example, at France, and not see there a degree of freedom which could never have grown up under the terrible frown of the usurper? True, Bonaparte's life, though it seemed a charmed one, must at length have ended; and we are told that then his empire would have been broken, and that the general crash, by some inexplicable process, would have given birth to a more extensive and durable liberty than can now be hoped. But such anticipations seem to us to be built on a strange inattention to the nature and inevitable consequences of Napoleon's power. It was wholly a military power. He was literally turning Europe into a camp, and drawing its best talent into one occupation—war. Thus Europe was retracing its steps to those ages of calamity and darkness when the only law was the sword. The progress of centuries, which had consisted chiefly in the substitution of intelligence, public opinion, and other mild and rational influences, for brutal force, was to be reversed. At Bonaparte's death his empire must, indeed, have been dissolved; but military chiefs, like Alexander's lieutenants, would have divided it. The sword alone would have shaped its future communities; and after years of desolation and bloodshed,

Europe would have found, not repose, but a respite, an armed truce, under warriors whose only title to empire would have been their own good blades, and the weight of whose thrones would have been upheld by military force alone. Amidst such convulsions, during which the press would have been every where fettered, and the military spirit would have triumphed over and swallowed up the spirit and glory of letters and liberal arts, we greatly fear that the human intellect would have lost its present impulse, its thirst for progress, and would have fallen back towards barbarism. Let not the friends of freedom bring dishonour on themselves, or desert their cause, by instituting comparisons between Napoleon and legitimate sovereigns, which may be construed into eulogies on the former. For ourselves, we have no sympathy with tyranny, whether it bear the name of usurpation or legitimacy. We are not pleading the cause of the allied sovereigns. In our judgment they have contracted the very guilt against which they have pretended to combine. In our apprehension, a conspiracy against the rights of the human race, is as foul a crime as rebellion against the rights of sovereigns; nor is there less of treason in warring against public freedom, than in assailing royal power. Still we are bound in truth to confess, that the allied sovereigns are not to be ranked with Bonaparte, whose design against the independence of nations, and the liberties of the world, in this age of civilization, liberal thinking, and Christian knowledge, is in our estimation the most nefarious enterprise recorded in history.

The series of events, which it has been our province to review, offers subjects of profound thought and solemn instruction to the moralist and politician. We have retraced it with many painful feelings. It shows us a great people, who had caught some indistinct glimpses of freedom, and of a nobler and a happier political constitution, betrayed by their leaders, and brought back, by a military despot, to heavier chains than those they had broken. We see with indignation one man, a man like ourselves, subjecting whole nations to his absolute rule. It is this wrong and insult to our race which has chiefly moved us. Had a storm of God's ordination passed over Europe, prostrating its capitals, sweeping off its villages, burying millions in ruins, we should have wept, we should have trembled. But in this there would have been only wretchedness. Now we also see debasement. To us there is something radically, and increasingly shocking, in the thought of one man's will becoming a law to his race; in the thought of multitudes, of vast communities, surrendering conscience, intellect, their affections, their rights, their interests, to the stern mandate of a fellow-creature. When we see one word of a frail man on the throne of France, tearing a hundred thousand sons from their homes, breaking asunder the sacred ties of domestic life, sentencing myriads of the young to make murder their calling, and rapacity th

means of support, and extorting from nations their treasures to extend this ruinous sway, we are ready to ask ourselves, Is not this a dream? And when the sad reality comes home to us, we blush for a race which can stoop to such an abject lot. At length, indeed, we see the tyrant humbled, stripped of power; but stripped by those who, with one exception, are not unwilling to play the despot on a narrower scale, and to break down the spirit of nations under the same iron sway.

How is it, that tyranny has thus triumphed? that the hopes with which we greeted the French revolution have been crushed? that an usurper plucked up the last roots of the tree of liberty, and planted despotism in its place? The chief cause is not far to seek, nor can it be too often urged on the friends of freedom. France failed through the want of that moral preparation for liberty, without which the blessing cannot be secured. She was not ripe for the good she sought. She was too corrupt for freedom. France had indeed to contend with great political ignorance; but had not ignorance been reinforced by deep moral defect, she might have won her way to free institutions. Her character forbade her to be free; and it now seems strange that we could ever have expected her to secure this boon. How could we believe, that a liberty of which that heartless scoffer, Voltaire, was a chief apostle, could have triumphed? Most of the preachers of French liberty had thrown off all the convictions which ennoble the mind. Man's connexion with God they broke, for they declared that there was no God, in whom to trust in the great struggle for liberty. Human immortality, that truth which is the seed of all greatness, they derided. To their philosophy, man was a creature of chance, a compound of matter, an ephemeron, a worm, who was soon to rot and perish for ever. What insanity was it to expect that such men were to work out the emancipation of their race! that in such hands the hopes and dearest rights of humanity were secure. Liberty was tainted by their touch, polluted by their breath, and yet we trusted that it was to rise in health and glory from their embrace. We looked to men who openly founded morality on private interest, for the sacrifices, the devotion, the heroic virtue, which freedom always demands from her assertors.

The great cause of the discomfiture of the late European struggle for liberty is easily understood by an American, who recurs to the history of his own revolution. This issued prosperously, because it was begun and was conducted under the auspices of private and public virtue. Our liberty did not come to us by accident, nor was it the gift of a few leaders; but its seeds were sown plentifully in the minds of the whole people. It was rooted in the conscience and reason of the nation. It was the growth of deliberate convictions and generous principles liberally diffused. We had no Paris, no metropolis, which a few leaders swayed, and which sent forth its influences, like "a

mighty heart," through dependent and subservient provinces. The country was all heart. The living principle pervaded the community, and every village added strength to the solemn purpose of being free. We have here an explanation of a striking fact in the history of our revolution; we mean the want or absence of that description of great men, whom we meet in other countries; men, who, by their distinct and single agency, and by their splendid deeds, determine a nation's fate. There was too much greatness in the American people, to admit this overshadowing greatness of leaders. Accordingly the United States had no liberator, no political saviour. Washington indeed conferred on us great blessings. But Washington was not a hero in the common sense of that word. We never spoke of him as the French did of Bonaparte, never talked of his eagle-eyed irresistible genius, as if this were to work out our safety. We never lost our self-respect. We felt, that under God, we were to be free through our own courage, energy, and wisdom, under the animating and guiding influences of this great and good mind. Washington served us chiefly by his sublime moral qualities, and not by transcendent talent, which, we apprehend, he did not possess. To him belonged, the proud distinction of being the leader in a revolution, without awakening one doubt or solicitude as to the spotless purity of his purpose. His was the glory of being the brightest manifestation of the spirit which reigned in his country; and in this way he became a source of energy, a bond of union, the centre of an enlightened people's confidence. In such a revolution as that of France, Washington would have been nothing; for that sympathy which subsisted between him and his fellow-citizens, and which was the secret of his power, would have been wanting. By an instinct which is unerring, we call Washington, with grateful reverence, the Father of his Country, but not its Saviour. A people, which wants a saviour, which does not possess an earnest and pledge of freedom in its own heart, is not yet ready to be free.

A great question here offers itself, at which we can only glance. If a moral preparation is required for freedom, how, it is asked, can Europe ever be free? How, under despotisms which now crush the continent, can nations grow ripe for liberty? Is it to be hoped that men will learn, in the school of slavery, the spirit and virtues which we are told can alone work out their deliverance? In the absolute governments of Europe, the very instruments of forming an enlightened and generous love of freedom are bent into the service of tyranny. The press is an echo of the servile doctrines of the court. The schools and seminaries of education are employed to taint the young mind with the maxims of despotism. Even Christianity is turned into a preacher of legitimacy, and its temples are desecrated by the abject teaching of unconditional submission. How then is the spirit of a wise and moral freedom to be generated and diffused? We have stated the difficulty in its full force; for nothing is

gained by winking out of sight the tremendous obstacles with which liberal principles and institutions must contend. We have not time at present to answer the great question now proposed. We will only say, that we do not despair; and we will briefly suggest what seems to us the chief expedient, by which the cause of freedom, obstructed as it is, must now be advanced. In despotic countries, those men, whom God hath inspired with lofty sentiments and a thirst for freedom (and such are spread through all Europe), must, in their individual capacity, communicate themselves to individual minds. The cause of liberty on the continent cannot now be forwarded by the action of men in masses. But in every country there are those who feel their degradation and their wrongs, who abhor tyranny as the chief obstruction of the progress of nations, and who are willing and prepared to suffer for liberty. Let such men spread around them their own spirit by every channel which a jealous despotism has not closed. Let them give utterance to sentiments of magnanimity in private conference, and still more by the press; for there are modes of clothing and expressing kindling truths, which, it is presumed, no censorship would dare to proscribe. Let them especially teach that great truth, which is the seminal principle of a virtuous freedom, and the very foundation of morals and religion; we mean the doctrine, that conscience, the voice of God in every heart, is to be listened to above all other guides and lords; that there is a sovereign within us clothed with more awful powers and rights than any outward king; and that he alone is worthy the name of a man, who gives himself up solemnly, deliberately, to obey this internal guide through peril and in death. This is the spirit of freedom; for no man is wholly and immutably free, but he who has broken every outward yoke, that he may obey his own deliberate conscience. This is the lesson to be taught, alike in republics and despotisms. As yet it has but dawned on the world. Its full application remains to be developed. They who have been baptized, by a true experience into this vital and all-comprehending truth, must every where be its propagators; and he who makes one convert to it near a despot's throne, has broken one link of that despot's chain. It is chiefly in the diffusion of this loftiness of moral sentiment, that we place our hope of freedom; and we have a hope, because we know that there are those who have drunk into this truth, and are ready, when God calls, to be its martyrs. We do not despair, for there is a contagion, we would rather say, a divine power in sublime moral principle. This is our chief trust. We have less and less hope from force and bloodshed, as the instruments of working out man's redemption from slavery. History shows us not a few princes, who have gained or strengthened thrones by assassination or war. But freedom, which is another name for justice, honour, and benevolence, scorns to use the private dagger, and wields with trembling the public sword. The true conspiracy, before which tyranny is to fall, is that of

virtuous elevated minds, which shall consecrate themselves to the work of awakening in men a consciousness of the rights, powers, purposes, and greatness of human nature : which shall oppose to force the heroism of intellect and conscience, and the spirit of self-sacrifice. We believe that, at this moment, there are virtue and wisdom enough to shake despotic thrones, were they as confiding as they should be in God and their own might, and were they to pour themselves through every channel into the public mind.

We close our present labours with commending to the protection of Almighty God the cause of human freedom and improvement. We adore the wisdom and goodness of his providence, which has ordained that liberty shall be wrought out by the magnanimity, courage, and sacrifices of men. We bless him for the glorious efforts which this cause has already called forth ; for the intrepid defenders who have gathered round it, and whose fame is a most precious legacy of past ages ; for the toils and sufferings by which it has been upheld ; for the awakening and thrilling voice which comes to us from the dungeon and scaffold, where the martyrs of liberty have pined or bled. We bless him that even tyranny has been overruled for good by exciting a resistance, which has revealed to us the strength of virtuous principle in the human soul. We beseech this great and good Parent, from whom all pure influences proceed, to enkindle, by his quickening breath, an unquenchable love of virtue and freedom in those favoured men, whom he hath enriched and signalized by eminent gifts and powers, that they may fulfil the high function of inspiring their fellow-beings with a consciousness of the birth-right and destination of human nature. Wearied with violence and blood, we beseech him to subvert oppressive governments by the gentle yet awful power of truth and virtue : by the teachings of uncorrupted Christianity ; by the sovereignty of enlightened opinion, by the triumph of sentiments of magnanimity, by mild, rational, and purifying influences, which will raise the spirit of the enslaved, and which sovereigns will be unable to withstand. For this peaceful revolution we earnestly pray. If, however, after long forbearing, and unavailing applications to justice and humanity, the friends of freedom should be summoned by the voice of God within, and by his providence abroad, to vindicate their rights with other arms, to do a sterner work, to repel despotic force by force, may they not forget, even in this hour of provocation, the spirit which their high calling demands ! Let them take the sword with awe, as those on whom a holy function is devolved. Let them regard themselves as ministers and delegates of Him, whose dearest attribute is mercy. Let them not stain their sacred cause by one cruel deed, by the infliction of one needless pang, by shedding without cause one drop of human blood.

APPENDIX.

CONVERSATIONS OF NAPOLEON WITH CANOVA.

THE permanent, or at least temporary, residence of Canova, at Paris, had long been a desideratum with its inhabitants; and in the month of September, 1809, the Duchess of Bracciano, who was in that capital, communicated this wish to her husband in Italy, adding that Madam Mère would receive that great artist in her palace with the most flattering distinction and respect. Whilst, therefore, Canova was engaged upon his statue of Venus, he received, in the name of Napoleon, who was then in Holland, a formal invitation to proceed to Paris. Great hopes were held out to him should he consent. Canova politely excused himself, alleging, among other reasons, that were he required to change his mode of life, he should be lost both to himself and his art, for which alone he lived. We begged Cardinal Fesch and the Chevalier Denon to prevent his being further pressed upon the subject; but, at length, he determined upon going himself to inform the Emperor of his sentiments. His arrival at Paris was announced in great form. On the 11th of October, 1810, he arrived at Fontainebleau, and the next day was presented to Napoleon. The Emperor, says the Abbé Missirini, the biographer of the Italian Phidias, at this time attracted the attention of all Europe; and every circumstance connected with that extraordinary man excited universal admiration. Canova, therefore, having had several very familiar conversations with him, determined upon taking notes of them, under the impression that one day they might be of some importance; he likewise hoped, as he himself said, that they would present a proof of his firmness, since, being neither seduced by flattering offers, nor alarmed by danger, he boldly declared the truth to so powerful a monarch.

On the 12th of October, about noon, Marshal Duroc presented me (says Canova) to Napoleon, who had just sat down to breakfast, and, with the exception of the empress, was alone. "You have grown rather thinner, M. Canova," were the first words he said to me. I replied, that it was the natural effect of my incessant application; after which I respectfully thanked him for the honour he had conferred on me by requiring my attendance, for the purpose of employing me professionally, and of learning my opinions upon the fine arts; I did not, however, conceal, that it was impossible for me to fix my residence out of Rome, the reasons for which I explained to him.

"Paris," said he, "is the capital of the world—you must remain here : we shall make much of you."—"Sire, you may command me, but if it please your Majesty that my life should be devoted to your service, permit me, Sire, to return to Rome, after having completed the object of my visit here." At these words he smiled, and said, "In Paris you will be in your element; for here are all the chef-d'œuvres of art, the Farnese Hercules alone excepted; but we shall soon have that too."—"May it please your Majesty," replied I, "to leave Italy, at least, something. These monuments of antiquity are inseparably connected with many others, which it would be impossible to remove, either from Rome or Naples."—"Italy can indemnify herself by excavations," said he; "I shall order some to be commenced at Rome. Pray has the Pope been at much expense in excavations?"

I informed him that, owing to the want of funds, his Holiness had, at present, expended but little upon this object; but that he was of a generous disposition, and was favourably inclined towards all great undertakings; and that, thanks to his ardent love for science, and to a well-regulated economy, he had succeeded in forming a new Museum.

Napoleon here interrupted me by asking if the Borghese family had been at much expense in excavations; to which I replied that they had not, as they generally undertook them in conjunction with other persons, whose shares they afterwards purchased. I availed myself of this opportunity to convince him, that the people of Rome possessed a sacred right over all the monuments of antiquity which might be discovered on their territory; this being a species of property inherent in the soil, so that neither the noble families of Rome, nor even the Pope himself, had a right to remove these precious remains from Rome, to which city they belonged, as the inheritance of their ancestors, and the reward of their victories. "The Borghese marbles," said he, "cost me fourteen millions. How much does the Pope annually expend upon the fine arts? A hundred thousand crowns?"—"Not so much; for he is extremely poor."—"Great things, then, may be done with much less?"—"Certainly."

The conversation then turned upon the colossal statue of Napoleon, executed by me, and he seemed to wish that it had been in the modern dress. "Omnipotence itself," replied I, "would have failed, had it attempted to represent your Majesty as I now see you, with small clothes, boots, &c. in short, in the French costume. In statuary, as in all other arts, we have our sublime style; the sculptor's sublimity is nakedness, and a kind of drapery peculiar to our art." I then quoted to him several examples from the poets and the ancient monuments. The Emperor appeared convinced by them: happening, however, to speak of the other equestrian statue which I was about to model for him, and knowing that it was with drapery, Napoleon said to me, "And why is not this also represented naked?"—"It must be in the heroic costume," replied I; "nor is it correct that it should be naked in the act in which your Majesty is represented, that of a general on horseback, at the head of his army." I added, that such was the custom of the ancients, and still so that of the moderns; that the ancient kings of France in their equestrian statues had always been so represented, as was likewise that of Joseph II. at Vienna.

"Have you seen," said he, "the bronze statue of General Desaix? It appears to be very ill executed: his sash is ridiculous."

I was about to answer; but he resumed, "Is my statue a full length?"—"It is, Sire, and is already cast very successfully: an engraving has also been executed from it, and the artist wishes to have the honour of dedicating his work to your Majesty. He is an excellent young man, and your magnificence is interested in encouraging young artists, during a period so unpropitious to them."—"I wish to visit Rome," said he. I answered, "That country well deserves to be seen by your Majesty, who will find in it many objects capable of warming your imagination, such as the Capitol, the Forum of Trajan, the Sacred Way, the columns, triumphal arches," &c. &c. I then described to him some magnificent monuments, particularly the Appian Way, from Rome to Brindisi, both sides of which, like the other consular roads, are bordered with tombs. "What is there astonishing in this," said he, "the Romans were masters of the world?"—"It was not only the power," rejoined I, "but Italian genius and our love of the sublime, which produced so many magnificent works. Let your Majesty be pleased to reflect upon what the Florentines alone have done, who possessed but a very straitened territory; what also the Venetians. The Florentines had the courage to raise their wonderful cathedral by an additional tax of one penny in the pound upon the manufacture of woollen stuffs; and this alone was found sufficient for the erection of an edifice, the expenses of which would be too much for the treasury of any modern power. They also caused the gates of St. John to be executed in bronze, by Ghiberti, at the expense of forty thousand sequins, equivalent in the present day to several millions of francs. Let your Majesty also consider their industry, and at the same time their public spirit."

Such was the first conversation, after which I received the necessary orders for commencing the statue of the Empress.

On the 15th of October I began my labours, and continued during several sittings, in which I had always an opportunity of speaking with the Emperor upon different subjects, as I saw him constantly at his breakfast hour, a time in which he was totally unoccupied.

He began by asking me, "If the air of Rome was as bad and unhealthy in the time of the ancients as in our days?"—"It appears to have been so," I replied, "according to the historians. The ancients, it is clear, took precautions against the unwholesome air by means of woods and forests, which they called sacred; besides, the immense population which covered the country diminished the fatal effects of this scourge. I remember to have read in Tacitus, that upon the return of the troops of Vitellius from Germany, they fell ill, from having slept on the Vatican Mount." The Emperor immediately rang for his librarian to bring him Tacitus. We could not meet with the passage, but I sent it him shortly afterwards. He resumed by telling me, that soldiers, who arrived at Rome from distant countries, always fell ill during the first year; but that they afterwards recovered their health. In speaking of Rome, I described to him the desolation of that city; I showed him that this country could not recover itself without the assistance of some great power; that after Rome had lost the Pope, all the foreign ministers, forty cardinals, and more

than two hundred prelates, besides a great number of canons and other ecclesiastics, had already set off; and that the consequence of this emigration would be, that grass would grow in the streets. I observed to him, that a desire for his glory emboldened me to speak candidly to him, and to supplicate him to remedy the want of so much treasure that formerly flowed into Rome from all parts, but which now no longer entered it. "This treasure was not very considerable latterly," said he, "and the cultivation of cotton must be productive of some profit."—"But very little," returned I; "Lucien alone has made a few experiments in its culture: besides, Rome is in want of every thing, and your Majesty's protection is all that is now left it."—"We will make it the capital of Italy," said he, smiling, "and we will also join Naples with it. Well, what do you say? will that please you?"—"The arts," added I, "would also be productive of great prosperity to Rome; but the arts at present languish; and, with the exception of your Majesty and the imperial family, who have given some commissions, artists are now without employment. Religion, which at one time so much contributed to the prosperity of the arts, has nearly become lukewarm and indifferent." Here I proved, by examples drawn from the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, that religion alone had caused the arts to flourish; that vast sums had been employed in the construction of the Parthenon, in the statues of the Olympian Jove, Minerva, &c. &c.; that not only conquerors, but even courtizans, offered their statues to the gods; that the Romans had acted in the same manner; that they had impressed the seal of religion upon all their works, in order to throw round them greater awe and respect; and I cited as examples, their courts, statues, theatres, &c. &c. I afterwards mentioned the master-pieces of modern art, executed from religious motives; the church of St. Marc, at Venice—the cathedrals of Pisa and Orvieto—the Campo Santo of Pisa—and numberless other wonders, filled with statuary and beautiful paintings. My deduction was, that every religion has been favourable to the arts, and the Roman Catholic much more than any other; a chapel and a simple cross suffice for the protestant, and consequently afford no encouragement to the arts. Then the Emperor, turning to Maria Louisa, said, "He is right, religion always promotes the arts, and the protestants can produce nothing great."

The conversation falling upon my benefactor, Pius VII., I thought it my duty to say: "Why does not your Majesty become reconciled, in some degree, with the Pope?"—"Because priests wish to command every where," replied he; "because they wish to meddle with every thing and be masters of everything, like Gregory VII."—"It seems to me that, at present, there is no reason to apprehend this, since your Majesty's power is every where supreme."—"The Popes," added he, "have always hindered the resuscitation of the Italian nation, even when they were not the absolute masters of Rome; and this they effected by means of the factions of the Colonnas and the Orsini."—"Truly," rejoined I, "If the Popes had had your Majesty's courage, they might have found many favourable opportunities of making themselves masters of all Italy."—"As to that, this is what is wanted," cried he, placing his hand on his sword, "this is the one thing needful."—"That is true," replied I: "we have" if

Alexander VI. had lived, Duke Valentino would have commenced the conquest of Italy. The attempts of this kind made by Julian II. and Leo X., were, likewise, not unsuccessful; but in general the Popes were elected at too advanced an age, and if one of them was enterprising, the succeeding one, perhaps, was mild and pacific.—“It is the sword that is wanted.”—“Not the sword only,” replied I, “but also the pastoral staff. Machiavelli himself dared not to decide which of the two had more contributed to the aggrandisement of Rome, the arms of Romulus or the religion of Numa. So true it is, that these two means should be employed simultaneously. If the Pontiffs did not always signalize themselves by military exploits, they however, performed such brilliant actions, as always to excite the admiration of the world.”

“What a great people were the Romans!” cried he.—“So they were, undoubtedly, till the second Punic War,” added I.—“Cæsar, Cæsar, was the great man,” he continued; “not Cæsar only, but some of the succeeding Emperors, such as Titus, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius. . . . The Romans were always great,” said he, “till the time of Constantine. The Popes were wrong in fomenting discord in Italy; and in always being the first to call in the French and Germans. They were not capable of being soldiers themselves, and they have lost much.”—“Since it is so,” rejoined I, “your Majesty will not permit our evils to increase; but I can assure your Majesty, that unless you come to Rome’s assistance, this city will become what it was when the Popes transferred the Papal seat to Avignon. Before that time it had immense supplies of water and many fountains; but the aqueducts fell into ruins, and the water of the Tiber was sold in the streets: the city was a desert.” At these words he appeared affected, and then said with much vivacity, “Obstacles are thrown in my way: and this too, when I am master of France, Italy, and three-fourths of Germany; I am the successor of Charlemagne. If the present Pope were like his predecessor of that day, all might be arranged. And have not your Venetians also quarrelled with him?”—“Not in the same manner as your Majesty,” replied I. “You are so great, Sire, that you could easily grant the Pontiff some spot in which his independence might be conspicuous, and in which he could have the free exercise of his ministry.”

“What!” said he, “do I not allow him to do every thing he pleases, so long as he does not interfere in temporal concerns?”—“Yes, but your ministers do not follow your example. As soon as the Pope publishes any order which is displeasing to the French Government, it is immediately annulled.”—“How,” replied he, “do I not permit the bishops to govern the church as they think fit? Is there no religion here? Who restored the altars? Who protected the clergy?”—“If your Majesty,” said I, “had pious subjects, they would be still more attached and submissive to your person.”—“This is what I desire,” replied he; “but the Pope is German all over;” and so saying this, he looked at the Empress, who said, “I can assure you, that when I was in Germany, the Pope was said to be wholly French.”—“He would not,” added Napoleon, “drive either the Russians or the English from his dominions. That is the cause of our misunderstanding.”

Then I took the liberty of saying, that I had read the papers and justificative pieces printed by the Pope, together with the official documents, and that he appeared to me to have reason on his side. At this instant Marshal Duroc entered; but Napoleon interrupting me, went on—"He has even pretended to excommunicate me. Is he not aware that we might become the same as the English and the Russians?"—"I humbly crave your Majesty's pardon; but the zeal which animates me, inspires me with confidence to speak with freedom: you must allow, Sire, such a schism is contrary to your interests. I sincerely pray that Heaven may grant you a long life; but when misfortune arrives, it is to be feared that some ambitious person might suddenly appear, who for his own views, embracing those of the Pope, might occasion great disturbance in the state. In a short time, Sire, you will be a father; you should think of fixing things upon a solid basis. I earnestly entreat your Majesty to effect, in some shape or other, a reconciliation with the Pope."

"You are then anxious to see us reconciled,—so am I too; but recollect what the Romans were before they had Popes."—"Let your Majesty also reflect how religious the Romans were when they were great. That Cæsar, who is so much celebrated, ascended on his knees the steps of the Capitol to approach the Temple of Jupiter. Armies never engaged unless the religious auspices were favourable; and if a battle were fought, or even gained without them, the general was punished. Marcellus' zeal for sacred things is well known; also how a consul was condemned for having taken off the tiles from the temple of Jupiter, in Greece. In God's name, I entreat your Majesty to protect religion and its chief, and to preserve the beautiful temples of Italy and Rome. It is far more delightful to be the object of affection than that of fear."—"That is what I wish," said he, breaking off the conversation.

Upon another occasion, Venice, its artists and monuments, were the subject of conversation; and he said that he had met with excellent geographical maps in Italy. He inquired of me the names of the architects, and I mentioned the principal ones, giving to each the praise he merited. I then spoke to him of the architect Soli, who was superintending the new edifices, and who had prevented the destruction of the beautiful edifices, as had been proposed. I also mentioned Palladio, and eulogized the engraved plates with which he had enriched Cæsar's Commentaries. I also brought to his remembrance the superb edifices built by him throughout the Venetian state. My recommendation of Venice was so warm that the emotion I felt made my eyes swim with tears, and I said to him, "I assure your Majesty, that the Venetians are a worthy people."—"You speak the truth, I believe them to be so."—"But they are not happy, Sire; commerce is proscribed—the taxes are heavy; in some departments people cannot sustain life: this is the case with Passereano, in favour of which a celebrated pamphlet has been published, which perhaps your Majesty has seen."—"No," said he. I summoned courage, and added; "I have a copy, which I will present to your Majesty, if it be your pleasure." I immediately opened my portfolio, and put the pamphlet into his hands.

Napoleon, looking at the paper, said, "It is short;" and, inter-

rupting his breakfast, read it; after which, "I will speak to Aldini about it," said he. He placed it by his side, and took it away with him when he left the room. Resuming our conversation upon Venice, I expatiated upon the form and spirit of its government, and observed to him, that according to Machiavelli's opinion, it did not appear possible to me that Venice could ever fall. This great politician, going in quality of the Minister from Florence to the Emperor of Germany, wrote thus to Vettore Vettorito: "My dear Friend—it appears to me, that the Venetians are disposed to take the right road, as they have described Saint Marc with the sword; and truly the book is not sufficient." I added that the Venetians, fearing lest a Cæsar might arise among them, had never consented to having a native general on terra firma; and that, if they had one, without, however, ever enlarging the term of his functions, they would have performed exploits far more brilliant.

"It is true," replied the Emperor, "the prolongation of command is a very dangerous thing; I myself told the Directory, that if they wished continually for war, they would at last find a person who would dictate to them."

Another time the conversation turned upon the Florentines, occasioned by his asking me where I had placed Alfieri's monument. "In the church of Santa Croce," replied I; "where are also those of Michael Angelo and Machiavelli."—"Who paid for it?"—"The Countess of Albany."—"Who paid for Machiavelli's monument?"—"I believe it was raised by subscription."—"And that of Galileo?"—"His relations, if I am not mistaken. The church of Santa Croce," continued I, "is in a wretched condition; the rain penetrates through the roof, and a thorough repair is necessary. Your Majesty's glory is interested in the preservation of these fine monuments; if the government takes the revenues, it is but just to leave the donations for the necessary repairs of the building. It is the same with the cathedral of Florence; dilapidations have already commenced, for want of funds to keep it in order. As we are upon the subject of churches, the repositories of interesting works of art, I beg to say, that I am charged to supplicate your Majesty, that you will not permit the monuments of art to be sold to the Jews."—"How sold?" cried he: "all that is worth any thing shall be brought here."

"May it graciously please your Majesty to leave Florence in possession of all its monuments, which are a necessary accompaniment to the works in fresco, which it is impossible to remove. It would even be advisable, that the president of the academy of Florence might be at liberty to take the necessary measures for the preservation of these beautiful specimens, both of architecture and of fresco."

"I am very willing," said he. "It will be glorious for your Majesty; the more so, as I have heard it reported, that your Majesty's family is Florentine." At these words, the Empress turned round and said, "You are not a Corsican then?" "Yes," replied he, "but of Florentine origin." I then added, "that the president of the Academy of Florence, who interested himself with so much zeal in the preservation of the monuments, was the senator of Alessandri, descended from one of the most illustrious families in Florence, one

of whose daughters had formerly been married to a branch of the Bonaparte family. Thus you are an Italian, Sire, and we pride ourselves upon it." "I am so certainly," replied he. I thus immediately interested him in the Academy of Florence.

Another day also, I spoke to him for a considerable time in favour of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, which was without a school, revenues, or resources, representing to him the necessity of organizing it on the plan of that of Milan: I again introduced the subject, observing, "Let your Majesty suppose you are minus one musician, or cantatrice, and then endow the Academy of St. Luke." This I said, because I knew that he had given Crescentini a pension of thirty-six thousand francs a-year. Finding him well disposed, I wrote to M. Menneval, the Emperor's private secretary, to inform him, that his Majesty was much inclined to favour the arts at Rome, and that he had promised a decree, of which I desired to be myself the bearer. On the 8th of November, M. Menneval forwarded me, from the Minister Marescalchi, a letter, containing his Majesty's arrangements for the Roman Academy.

Speaking of the Academy and the Roman artists, the Emperor said, "Italy is ill provided with painters; we have much better ones in France." I replied, "That it was some years since I had seen the productions of the French artists, and that therefore I could draw no comparison, but notwithstanding, we had some very distinguished men: Cammuccini and Landi, at Rome; Benvenuti, at Florence; Appiani and Bossi, at Milan; were all very eminent painters." He said, that the French were deficient in colouring; but that they surpassed the Italians in design. I did not fail to observe, that ours also were excellent designers; that leaving Camuccini out of the question, whose great merit is acknowledged, Bossi had produced some delightful outlines, and Appiano had painted in fresco the saloon of his Majesty's palace at Milan, in a style of excellence which, in my opinion, could not be surpassed. "You are right as to fresco; but not as to oil," answered he. I again undertook the defence of our artists, and observed, "That he should remember that the French artists received far greater encouragement; that they were far more numerous; and that if reckoned, their number would be found to exceed that of all the artists in the rest of Europe."

He questioned me about the saloon, and the other architectural works which were executing in Paris; and I eulogized in the manner they deserved, the French artists and their productions. "Have you seen the bronze column?"—"It strikes me as very fine, Sire."—"I do not like those eagles at the corners."—"The same ornament, however, is found on the Trajan column, of which this is an imitation."

"Will the arch constructing in the Wood de Boulogne be a fine one?"—"Particularly so. There are so many of your Majesty's works which are truly worthy of the ancient Romans, especially the magnificent roads."—"Next year," said he, "the Cornice road will be completed, by which you may travel from Paris to Genoa without crossing the snow. I shall make another from Parma to the Gulf of La Spezia, where I intend forming a large harbour."—"These are grand projects," replied I, "worthy of your Majesty's vast genius;

but the preservation of the fine productions of the ancients should not be forgotten."

On the 4th of November, in the evening, I went to the Empress, with her bust in plaister; she placed herself in the same attitude, in order to enable the ladies, who were playing with her, to form a better judgment; and they were all unanimous as to the resemblance. Napoleon was not there. The Empress, therefore, said she would show it him the next morning at breakfast. She then added, "Is it, indeed, true, M. Canova, that you will not remain here?"—"I wish to return immediately to Rome," answered I, "in order that your Majesty, upon your arrival, which I hope will not be long, may find the model of your full-length statue complete." Here the Empress put many questions to me about the manner of making the cast, and of executing it in stone. My statue of the Princess Leopoldina Læwenstein was spoken of, and the Empress observed, "It was indeed there that ideal beauty was to be found."

Some days afterwards, the Emperor saw the bust: he placed the Empress in the attitude, made her smile, and was much pleased with my work. I told him that the cheerful expression was more consonant with the character of Concord, which I had chosen for the Empress, it being to her that we were indebted for the peace.

The Empress had a slight cold, and I took the liberty of telling her, that she appeared to me to take but little care of her health; that she went a-hunting in an open carriage, which was dangerous, particularly as she was in the family-way.

"You see what she is," said Napoleon: "every one is astonished at it; but women, (striking his forehead with the end of his finger,) women will have their own way. Listen, she now insists upon going to Cherbourg, which is at so great a distance; for my part, I am always telling her to take care of herself. Are you married?"—"No, Sire," replied I; "I have been often on the point of marriage, but several circumstances have preserved me my freedom; add to which, the fear of not meeting with a woman who would love as I should have loved, deterred me from altering my condition, that I might be more at liberty to devote myself completely to my art."—"Ah! woman, woman!" said Napoleon, smiling and continuing to eat.

As I had several times expressed to him my wish to return to Rome, after having modelled the bust of the Empress, repeating that I wished nothing for myself, it appeared to me that my refusals displeased the Emperor; for, upon my again mentioning the circumstance of my departure, he dismissed me by saying, "Go then, since you will have it so."

NAPOLEON DURING THE HUNDRED DAYS.

REVIEW OF HIS TROOPS BY NAPOLEON, AT THE TUILERIES.

I HAVE seen him twice : the first time, on Sunday, April 16, 1815, at the review of the national guards ; the second time, at the Français, on the following Friday, April 21, at his first visit to that theatre since his return. Having witnessed the first appearance of the Bourbon princes last year in front of the national guard and at the same theatre, I am able to make some comparison between the two receptions, and what is called the popularity, of each dynasty. The first occasion was a trial which some of the female partisans of Napoleon appeared to dread. A rumour had gone about that some violence would be attempted against the Emperor's person by the republicans on the day of the review. Several people whispered the suspicion to me, and added, that the deed was to be done by a female. The time naturally selected for the purpose was the moment when the national guards were to be all under arms, as that body, whatever may be their politics, would, it is thought, defend their properties, and the peace of the city, rather than fly to the revenge of any individual act. I was in the apartments in the Tuileries, allotted to Me. La Reine Hortense, who was present at one of the windows, together with some ladies of the court. The beautiful ——— was of the party : she manifested the utmost inquietude ; told me that she had no alarm from the guards, but was uneasy at the appearance of several persons in plain clothes, crowding round the steps of the great porch of the palace, where the Emperor was to mount his horse : however, she recovered herself, and seemed to forget her fears when the discharges of cannon at the Invalides announced the surrender of Marseilles, and the pacification of the whole empire. By half-past one, twenty-four battalions of the guard had marched into the court of the Tuileries. There were no troops of the line or of the Imperial guard under arms on that day, but there were several military men amongst the spectators about the porch, who consisted chiefly of women, and of the above-mentioned persons, apparently of the lower classes. Your friend ——— and myself were, I think, the only gentlemen in plain clothes. We waited silently, and for some time, at the window—the anxiety of the ladies was renewed, but instantly dissipated by the shouts of *vive l'Empereur*, which announced that Napoleon was on horseback. He rode off to the left of the line, but the approaching shouts told that he was returning. An officer rode quickly past the windows, waving his sword to the lines to fall back a little, and shortly afterwards followed Napoleon himself, with his suite, and distinguished, from amidst their waving plumes and glittering uniforms, by the far-famed unornamented hat, and his simple coat, and single star and cross. He cantered down the lines ; as he passed near the spot at which I had placed myself for a better view, he suddenly drew up and spoke to a man in the ranks.

an old soldier near me said aloud, without addressing himself to any one (the tears glistening in his eyes), "see how he stops to read the petition of the meanest of his army." I caught repeated glances of him as he glided through the ranks, at the end of each of which he stopped a short time, as well as before several soldiers in the line, who held out petitions for his acceptance. His progress was announced from right to left, and left to right, by continued acclamations. The battalions then moved nearer towards the palace in close order; the gates in front of the triumphal arch were thrown open, and the remaining twenty-four battalions, marching from the *Place du Carousal* into the court, were inspected in the same manner by the Emperor. Afterwards a space was made vacant in the midst of the court, half way between the palace and the triumphal arch. Napoleon advanced thither with his staff drawn round behind him. A large body of the officers of the national guard then quitted their ranks, and rushed towards the Emperor, who addressed them in the speech which you have seen in the *Moniteur* of the 17th, and which was frequently interrupted by shouts, and received at the close, when he added, "*vous jurez enfin de tout sacrifier à l'honneur et à l'indépendance de la France,*" by a thousand voices exclaiming, "we swear." After some thronging and movements, the Emperor wheeled round into an open space before the porch of the Tuileries, and put himself in front of his staff to review the whole body of the troops who prepared to pass by in columns of companies; two officers of the guard were kind enough to push me forwards within ten paces of him; many of the spectators were about the same distance from him on his right and his left, whilst a whole line of them stood opposite, just far enough to allow the columns to march between them and the Emperor. The staff were behind; Count Lobau was close upon his left, with his sword drawn: scarcely had a regiment passed when he suddenly threw his foot out of the stirrup, and coming heavily to the ground, advanced in front of his horse, which was led off by an aide-de-camp, who rushed forwards, but was too late to take hold of his stirrup. The marshals and the staff dismounted, except Count Lobau. A grenadier of the guard, without arms, stood at the Emperor's left hand, a little behind; some spectators were close to his right. The gendarmerie on horseback took but little pains to keep them at a respectful distance. The troops were two hours passing before him; during the whole of which time any assassin, unless disarmed by his face of *fascination*, might have shot or even stabbed him.

His face was of a deadly pale; his jaws overhung, but not so much as I had heard; his lips thin, but partially curled, so as to give to his mouth an inexpressible sweetness. He had the habit of retracting the lips, and apparently chewing, in the manner observed and objected to in our great actor, Mr. Kean. His hair was of a dark dusky brown, scattered thinly over his temples: the crown of his head was bald. One of the names of affection given him of late by his soldiers is "*notre petit tondu.*" He was not fat in the upper part of his body, but projected considerably in the abdomen, so much so, that his linen appeared beneath his waistcoat. He generally stood with his hands knit behind or folded before him, but sometimes unfolded them; played with his nose; took snuff three or four times, and looked at

his watch. He seemed to have a labouring, in his chest, sighing or swallowing his spittle. He very seldom spoke, but when he did, smiled, in some sort, agreeably. He looked about him, not knitting but joining his eye-brows as if to see more minutely, and went through the whole tedious ceremony with an air of sedate impatience. As the front columns of each regiment passed him, he lifted the first finger of his left hand quickly to his hat, to return the salute, but did not move either his hat or his head. As the regiments advanced, they shouted, some loudly, some feebly, "*vive l'Empereur*," and many soldiers ran out of their ranks with petitions, which were taken by the grenadier on the Emperor's left hand: once or twice, the petitioner, afraid to quit his rank, was near losing his opportunity, when Napoleon beckoned to the grenadier to step forward and take his paper. A little child, in true French taste, tricked out in regimentals, marched before one of the bands, and a general laugh ensued. Napoleon contrived to talk to some one behind him at that moment, that the ridicule might not reach, nor be partaken by him. A second child, however, of six years old perhaps, dressed out with a beard like a pioneer, marching in front of a regiment, strode directly up to him with a petition on the end of a battle-axe, which the Emperor took and read very complacently. Shortly after, an ill-looking fellow, in a half suit of regimentals, with a sword by his side, ran from the crowd of spectators, opposite or from amidst the national guards, I could not see which, and rushed directly towards the Emperor. He was within arm's length, when the grenadier on the left and an officer jumped forwards, and seizing him by the collar, pushed him farther back. Napoleon did not move a muscle of his body; not a line, not a shade of his face shifted for an instant. Perfectly unstartled, he beckoned the soldiers to let loose their prisoner; and the poor fellow approaching so close as almost to touch his person in front, talked to him for some time with eager gestures, and his hand on his heart. The Emperor heard him without interruption, and then gave him an answer, which sent him away apparently much satisfied with his audience. I see Napoleon at this moment. The unruffled calmness of his countenance, at the first movement of the soldier, relaxing softly into a look of attention and of kindness, will never be erased from my memory.

During the review, hearing a movement amongst his staff, he turned round, and seeing that it arose from a very pretty countrywoman of ours, whom one of his aides-de-camp was placing near him, replied to her courtesies with a very low bow.

The last regiment of the national guards was followed by ninety boys of the Imperial Lyceum, who came rushing by, shouting, and running, many of them out of their ranks, with petitions. Then, for the first time, Napoleon seemed delighted; he opened his mouth almost to a laugh, and turned round to his attendants on the right and left with every sign of satisfaction. These youths wished to fight the last year at the defence of Paris, and they are now again enrolled.

As to Napoleon's reception at the *Français*, it is impossible to give any idea of the joy by which he was hailed. The house was choked with spectators, who crowded into the orchestra. The play was Hector. Previously to the rising of the curtain, the airs of *La Victoire* and the *Marseillaise* were called for and performed amidst thunders of applause,

the spectators joining in the burden of the song. An actor of the Feydeau rose in the balcony and sung some occasional words to the Marseillaise, which were received in raptures, and accompanied by the whole house at the end of each verse. The enthusiasm was at its utmost pitch. Napoleon entered at the third scene. The whole mass rose with a shout which still thunders in my ears. The *vives* continued till the Emperor, after bowing to the right and left, had seated himself, and the play was recommenced. The audience received every speech which had the least reference to their returned hero with unnumbered plaudits. The words "*enfin il reparoit,*" and "*c'étoit lui,*" — *Achille*, raised the whole parterre, and interrupted the actor for some moments. Napoleon was very attentive; whilst I saw him, he spoke to none of those who stood behind him, nor returned the compliments of the audience: he withdrew suddenly at the end of the play, without any notice or obeisance, so that the multitude had hardly time to salute him with a short shout. As I mentioned before, I saw the Bourbon princes received, for the first time, in the same place last year. Their greeting will bear no comparison with that of Napoleon, nor will any of those accorded to the heroes of the very many ceremonies I have witnessed in the course of my life. Mr. Talma played Hector in his usual powerful style; and having mentioned the name of this great actor, I cannot forbear adding a story I heard from him, which shows that Napoleon has some ability in turning a kind compliment. At the first meeting between the Emperor and actor since the return from Elba, the former, addressing him with his usual familiarity, said, "So, Talma, Chateaubriand says that you gave me lessons how to act the Emperor: I take his hint as a compliment, for it shows I must at least have played my part well."

The intimacy between the master and the scholar has been of long standing: the reputation of the former was established when the latter was scarcely known; and the young officer accepted of admissions for the theatre from his acquaintance. At that time one of the principal amusements of the two friends, together with that of a third person, a Mr. Le Noire, afterwards a general, was the relation of stories of ghosts and old castles, into which (the candles being extinguished) the future conqueror of Europe entered with all his heart, and was seriously offended when his companions interrupted him by tripping up his chair, shaking the table, or any other practical pleasantry.

PARIS ON THE ENTRANCE OF NAPOLEON.

Paris, on the entry of Napoleon, presented but a mournful spectacle. The crowd which went out to meet the Emperor remained in the outskirts of the city; the shops were shut; no one appeared at the windows; the boulevards were lined with a multitude collected about the many mountebanks, tumblers, &c., which for the two last days had been placed there in greater numbers than usual by the police, in order to divert the populace. There was no noise nor any acclamations; a few low murmurs and whispers were alone heard, when the spectators of these open shows turned round to look at the string of six or eight carriages, which preceded the imperial troops. The regiments then passed along, and cried out *Vive l'Empereur*;—

not a word from any one. They tried the more popular and ancient exclamation, *Vive Bonaparte*;—all still silent. The patience of the dragoons was exhausted; some brandished their swords, others drew their pistols, and rode into the alleys amidst the people, exclaiming, "*crie, donc, Vive l'Empereur!*" but the crowd only gave way, and retreated without uttering a word.

UNION OF THE WORKMEN OF ST. ANTOINE.

On Sunday last, May 14, a body of the workmen of St. Antoine and St. Marceau, representing a federation, which had two days before formed itself in those suburbs, to the number of 30,000, marched before the Emperor at the Tuileries. The express purpose of this union is to form a body of sharpshooters to fight in advance of the national guard, in case the enemy shall present itself before the capital. They demand arms, with which they promise to guarantee Paris against the reappearance of the allies. The number of those who were ranged in order of battle at the court of the Tuileries, and passed Napoleon previously to his review of some regiments of the line and of the young guard, amounted to 12,000; they had demanded this presentation, but had made no preparation for appearing before their Emperor, the greater part being in their labouring dresses, and in their dustmen's hats: nevertheless, when drawn up and when marching, they fell so easily into their ranks, and proceeded in such order, that they might, in any other country, have been taken for old soldiers; indeed, many of them have served.

On the 30th of March, the works of Paris were re-commenced at the fountain of the Elephant, the Louvre, the new market-place of St. Germain, and the office of foreign affairs: the next week the workmen were doubled; the streets recovered their former names; the public buildings their imperial inscriptions; the theatres were declared on their ancient footing; and the imperial conservatory, for the education and maintenance of actors and singers of both sexes, restored. This is the only establishment of the kind in Europe; it was commenced under the republic, but received its present endowment chiefly from Napoleon. The representations take place every other Sunday, at two o'clock, when the pupils, in their usual dresses, sing and recite portions of operas and plays to an audience which pays for admission, and thus contributes to support the institution. M. Talma is the principal professor of declamation. The suppression of the conservatory by the Bourbons was a measure the economy of which was not sufficiently considerable to be set off against the odium occasioned by this declaration against the amusements of the Parisians, who had rather be limited to their ounces of bread, as in the days of terror, than be deprived of their shows.

FÊTE GIVEN BY THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

On this Sunday, the 2d, the imperial guard gave a fête to the national guard and garrison of Paris, in the Champ de Mars. The common soldiers, to the number of 15,000, were placed at tables in the open air; whilst the officers dined in the galleries of the palace of the mi-

litary school. After the repast, which was served up in presence of an immense multitude, on the sloping sides of the plain, and which was interrupted by many military songs and other toasts to the health of the Emperor, the Empress, and the imperial prince (for so the King of Rome is now denominated), repeated to the sound of music, and discharges of artillery, the whole mass of guests and spectators rose to the shout of some voices which cried out, "To the column !" The procession, carrying a bust of the Emperor, with music, moved towards the Tuileries, and presented itself under the imperial apartments with unceasing acclamations, to which Napoleon replied by appearing at the window, and saluting the enthusiastic multitude, who then repaired to the column of the grand army in the square Vendôme, under which the bust of Napoleon received a solemn inauguration ; at which moment the pedestal of the pillar and the houses of the square were spontaneously illuminated, and rings of soldiers, national guards, and citizens, danced round the monument of their former glories. The evening ended with a procession round the boulevards, the palais royal, and principal streets of the neighbouring quarter. No excesses, no insulting of royalists, no turbulent shouts, or menacing gestures ; in short, no sign of the triumph of one citizen over another was displayed during this fête.—*Letters written from Paris during the last reign of Napoleon.*

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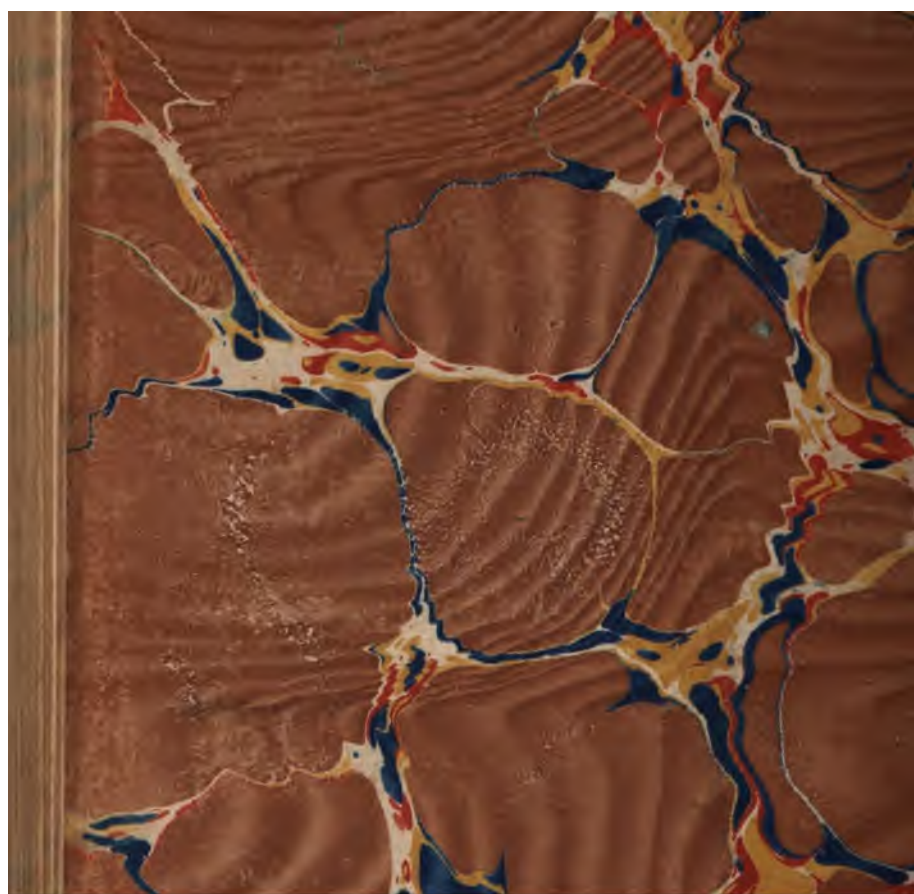
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